ANNUAL UNIVERSITY PRESS ISSUE:
Book Publishing and the New Technologies—By Herbert Bailey

Saturday Review

June 11, 1966 35¢

LIBRARY
MARLBORO COLLEGE
MARLBORO, VT.

MARLBORO COLLEGE
LIBRARY
MARLBORO VT

Howard Bay's setting for "Man of La Mancha," cited by Henry Hewes in his "Bests of the 1965-66 Theater" (see Theater)

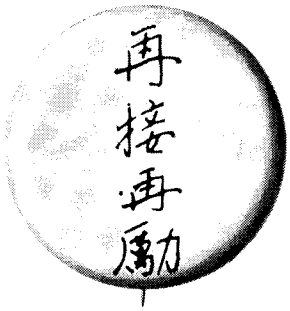
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bulova made.
Bulova made.
Bulova made.

The American Traveler®. By Gleneagles. Only a tiny 24 ounces of raincoat. To pack, throw over your shoulder, wear anywhere. Fits in perfectly at a castle, sidewalk cafe, or outdoor concert. Made of exclusive 33% imported typewriter cloth, 67% polyester. Water repellent, of course. About $43. For men and women. In lots of colors. At well-informed stores everywhere. **Gleneagles** 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y.C.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arabic



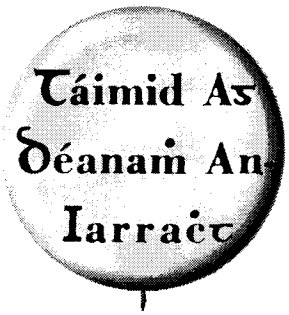
Chinese

Danish

Dutch

Flemish

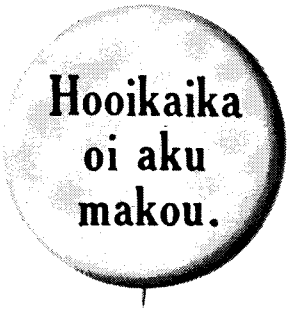
French



Gaelic

German

Greek



Hawaiian

Hebrew

Italian

Japanese

Norwegian

Portuguese

Spanish

Swedish

Tahitian

Thai

Welsh

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Avis tries harder all over the world.

English

This ad might just ruin our image as the underdog in rent a cars.

But Avis has operations in 38 countries and we can't see keeping it a secret.

No. 2 is still what we are. And No. 1 is still ahead of us. Which means the Simca we rent in Nice has to be as clean as the Plymouth we rent in Newark.

We must say we had some trouble translating our Avis button. The closest the Germans can get to We Try Harder is, "We give of ourselves more effort."

In Italian, it comes out, "We will do more and better."

All of which is close enough to keep our foreign agents on the ball. (Wearing a sign saying that you try harder puts you on the spot to do it.)

If you'd like any of these buttons yourself, drop into an Avis agency. There's no car attached.

© AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

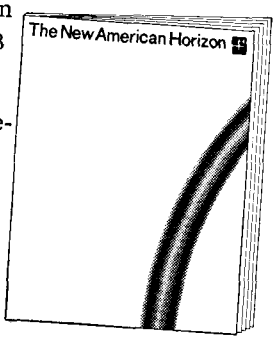
COLOR THE HORIZON — BRIGHT!

Headlines have been tipping the story right along. "Millions sign up for Medicare." "Thousands register for Project Head Start." "Giant urban renewal project begun."

And as the story of the Great Society unfolds, one thing becomes clear: Not only will the lot of millions of Americans be improved, but important economic forces will be set in motion.

What effect all this will have on various industries makes exciting reading for any investor. That's why you may want a copy of our brand new booklet, *"The New American Horizon."*

Take education. The huge increase in the number of school-age children means new schools, new desks, new libraries, new books, new teaching tools and techniques. Expenditures for education in 1975 are estimated at $61 billion, compared with $38 billion last year.



New federal health programs also promise great benefits to business. Medicare payments in the first full year alone should total something like $3.5 billion for 19 million senior citizens. There'll be new hospitals and nursing homes, too. And a parade of new drugs.

Then there's the challenge of urbanization—the slums, the transportation snarls, the problems of water and air pollution. Federal funds for community development are estimated at $1.2 billion next year, and expenditures will increase in the years ahead.

Want to know more about the probable impact of the Great Society on the American economy and the stock market? Just write for our new booklet, *"The New American Horizon."* It carefully explores six industries and the companies which stand to benefit most, gives you enough facts and figures to help you reach sensible investment decisions.

"The New American Horizon" is yours for the asking. Just send us the coupon below.

JB-55

Yes, please send me a copy of The New American Horizon.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY & STATE_____ ZIP_____

YOUR PHONE NO._____

MERRILL LYNCH, PIERCE, FENNER & SMITH INC

MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10005

Saturday Review

June 11, 1966

Cover sketch by Howard Bay

SR: Ideas

22 A Fresh Look at Faulkner, by Malcolm Cowley
26 Annual *SR*-Anisfield-Wolf Awards, by James F. Fixx
28 Classics Revisited: Kenneth Rexroth
29 Duncan Phillips—A Guiding Force, by Katharine Kuh
30 No Dollar Wall: An Editorial
35 Bests of the 1965-1966 Theater, by Henry Hewes

SR: Communications

90 The Coming Cable TV War, by Albert Warren
94 A New Look at Curtis: John Tebbel
102 Books in Communications

SR: Books

39 *SR*'s Annual University Press Issue
39 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks. Index of Books Reviewed

SR: Departments

6 Phoenix Nest: Martin Levin
10 State of Affairs: Henry Brandon
14 Top of My Head: Goodman Ace
16 Trade Winds: A guest column by Dorothy B. Sutherland
19 Manner of Speaking: John Ciardi
21 Chess Corner: Al Horowitz
31 Letters to the Editor
34 The Theater: Henry Hewes
34 Literary I.Q.
43 Literary Crypt
77 Movies: Hollis Alpert
78 Booked for Travel: Horace Sutton
81 TV-Radio: Robert Lewis Shayon
82 Mid-Month Recordings
188 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1679

Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017. Chairman of the Board, J. R. Cominsky; President, Norman Cousins; Vice President and Treasurer, Nathan Cohn; Vice President and Secretary, W. D. Patterson; Advertising Director, Harry T. Morris; Director of Advertising Services, Robert A. Burghardt; Circulation Director, R. F. Goodman; Circulation Consultant, Bert Garmise; Assistant to the Publisher, Marion Urmy; Advertising Promotion Manager, William Donald Garson. Subscription $8 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. XLIX, No. 24, June 11, 1966. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

© 1966 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages), without permission is prohibited.

Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage. **Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of addresses to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017.**

BRANCH ADVERTISING OFFICES: Chicago, Raymond W. Welch, Jr., 401 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois; Detroit, Bruce E. Miller, New Center Building, Detroit, Michigan 48202; West Coast Offices: Fletcher S. Udall & Company, 417 Montgomery Street, Suite 1005, San Francisco, California 94104; and 422 South Western Avenue, Los Angeles 5, California; Southeast Office: Ray Rickles & Co., 3783 Pine Tree Drive, Miami Beach, Florida 33140.

Printed by the McCall Corporation, Dayton, Ohio.

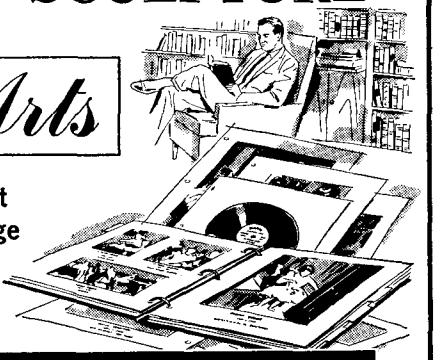
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now for the first time, a single Home Study Course in spectacular Portfolios every month—helps you

Enrich your life with new understanding of the world's great masterpieces in *all* the Arts

LITERATURE-MUSIC-PAINTING-SCULPTURE

Adventures in the Arts



Send coupon to examine FREE for 30 days first magnificent monthly Portfolio, in handsome lifetime binder with 50-page section of glowing color and monochrome illustrations.

How often have you wished you had, in earlier years, acquired the background to help you truly understand the world's art masterpieces, or enjoy with deep and complete appreciation man's rich legacy of music and literature? How poignant is the realization that these treasures of the past may be forever beyond your grasp simply because you lack a comprehensive, well-planned program of self-enlightenment—one you can readily fit into your already busy life?

Now, the National Institute of Education has created just such a program—ADVENTURES IN THE ARTS!

Covers All of Man's Great Artistic Achievements

Your first Portfolio is a revealing introduction into the spectacular world of the past—and your key to understanding and enjoying your own world of today and tomorrow.

You will find it a most remarkable tour through all the arts—as you begin, more than thirty centuries ago, to explore and examine the great art of antiquity. You journey onward through time, marveling at the glory and grandeur of Greek and Roman sculpture, architecture, and painting—the classical background of European art. You discover, with delight, obscure symbolism in great literature, gain insight into why Homer, Shakespeare, Voltaire, James, and Arnold are considered "The Giants of Literature" . . . and truly understand why they have been read, quoted, and acclaimed throughout the years.

You meet the great masters of musical composition—Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner, Mozart. Your understanding of what these musical giants were trying to say in their music will add immeasurably to your listening pleasure. You will learn why Verdi's masterpiece "Aida" wasn't premiered in the composer's homeland, Italy . . . discover the inspired melodies of Vivaldi, the ordained priest whose every work became a hymn to God . . . learn the elemental meaning the first four notes in Beethoven's Fifth Symphony had for the composer.

Remember—the more you know about music—its history, personalities, masterworks and great moments—the greater will be your enjoyment, the deeper your own personal satisfaction.

Adds Wisdom and Pleasure to Your Life

ADVENTURES IN THE ARTS brings you every month a new and exciting adventure in art, architecture, drama, music, sculpture, and great literature. Each Portfolio impresses upon your intellect the why and how of the greatness surrounding these immortal works. And, your cultural horizons broaden rapidly through quickly grasped monthly Portfolios—each one easy to understand, fascinating and enjoyable to read.

As you begin to absorb and understand these great treasures and ideas by which man has survived and progressed, you will begin to reflect their mastery in your own ability to think, speak, and act with new and knowledgeable authority. You will express sounder judgment when discussing literature and drama, new art forms, contemporary music and writing—judgment that will gain increased respect from those with whom you come in contact because your life has been enriched by the great minds of the ages.

A Heritage of Good Taste For Your Children

And, perhaps most satisfying of all, you will be able to pass on to your children an invaluable appreciation of the good and lasting things in life, preparing them in a wonderful way for the realities of adulthood in an ever more complex and changing world.

A Treasury of Ageless Culture—Yours to enjoy for 30 days FREE

To let you prove to yourself that ADVENTURES IN THE ARTS can help you stretch your mental horizons—and help you view life in a new and more wonderful way—we would like you to accept the first Portfolio in the program for 30 days' examination, entirely without cost or obligation.

This first Portfolio comes to you in a permanent binder, handsomely bound in white buckram and stamped in gold. It includes four fascinating sections on Literature, Music, Painting and Sculpture—and a special 50-page section of illustrations, many in magnificent glowing colors that capture with wonderful accuracy the most delicate tones and shades of the world-famous originals.

Mail Coupon Today—Send No Money

Just send the coupon to receive your first Portfolio of ADVENTURES IN THE ARTS for 30 days' free trial. Read and enjoy this unusual program at your leisure. You must agree with us that it is the most stimulating and valuable self-enrichment program ever offered outside the university or you may return the Portfolio and pay nothing, owe nothing. Only if you are completely satisfied need you continue the program at the low cost of $1.00 a month. Accept this Special Invitation today. Send coupon now!

—NO-RISK COUPON—MAIL TODAY—

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION
Dept. 6753-H6, 24 Rope Ferry Rd.
Waterford, Conn. 06385

Please send me the first Portfolio in the new self-enrichment program, ADVENTURES IN THE ARTS, for 30 days' free examination. At the end of that time if I am not satisfied in every way I may return the Portfolio to you and owe you nothing. If I keep the Portfolio you may begin my one-year subscription to ADVENTURES IN THE ARTS. A new Portfolio will come to me once every month at the low cost of just $1.00 per month, plus a few cents postage and handling.

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip (if known)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Surprise!
It's earlier
than
you think.

Tricorn is one of our newest Cologne Waters. But men are happy to find the fragrance is colonial to the bitter end. Indeed, a rare kind of Indian sandalwood, called bitterwood, helps give Tricorn a spicy Early American air that belies its true age. Which we should probably keep under our hat.

Cologne and After Shave Lotion from $4; Toilet Water from $10.

At the best men's shops and department stores, or write:

Caswell-Massey
Co. Ltd.

America's Oldest Chemists & Perfumers, Est. 1752
114 East 25th St., New York, N. Y. 10010

Edited by Martin Levin

Came The Dawn

I CANNOT VOUCH for the truth of this. It was told to me in Hollywood shortly after sound came in. It seems incredible, but most of what happened in Hollywood in those days was incredible.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer got the jump on all the others by having the lion in its trademark roar. Only one other film had an animal as its trademark and that was the rooster of Pathé. It is not surprising that the heads of Pathé were determined to compete with Metro; they felt that it would be wonderful if their pictures started with a live rooster throwing back his head and uttering a triumphal cock-a-doodle-doo.

They made their plans. They got a handsome rooster from a man who rented out animals to picture firms, and considered the problem of photographing him as he crowed. It is well known that roosters crow at dawn, so the solution seemed simple. They telephoned the weather bureau in Washington to find out when it would be dawn the next day in Los Angeles. They were told it would be at 4:47.

The crew was called to the studio at 4:00 a.m. The rooster had his feet fixed to a small board with electricians' tape, and he was lighted with great care. The microphone was hung just over his head. Everyone was ready by 4:45. They held their breaths for the next two minutes. But when 4:47 came, and with it the dawn, the rooster was quite unaware of it. His inability to move his feet had made him indignant, and the heat of the lamps had made him unhappy; so he just sulked.

There followed a conference. One of the group, who had been born on a farm, assured the others that if one rooster heard another rooster crow he would crow in answer. But how to get the other rooster to crow? "That wouldn't be necessary," the country boy answered. There was an actor well known in Hollywood who imitated the sounds of animals. He was very good at it. All the studios had used him at one time or another. They would have him crow to the rooster who was representing Pathé and the Pathé rooster would crow in answer to him. So simple!

To ensure the success of this it was decided it had better be done again at dawn the following day. Again they telephoned Washington to make sure of the exact time. Again the crew was called for four o'clock. So was the actor who imitated animals. They had a rehearsal. What they felt was necessary was that the rooster should be able to hear this imitation cockcrow but that it shouldn't be picked up on the microphone. The animal imitator was placed farther and farther away from the microphone. The result was not successful until they opened the studio doors and had him out on the sidewalk. When he crowed from the sidewalk everyone including the rooster would hear him, but the microphone wouldn't pick up his voice. The rooster, strapped to his board, was brought in, he was carefully lighted, and the cameras focused.

This was all worked out ten or fifteen minutes before the time of dawn, so there was a hiatus before the magic moment. The actor used this time to rehearse. As dawn approached they turned to signal the actor out on the sidewalk but he was not in sight. They ran out to get his attention and bring him back to his designated spot, but he was nowhere to be seen. There was a search of the neighborhood but he had completely disappeared. The Pathé rooster again had failed to respond to the time of dawn and everyone was dismissed.

The head of the studio was very downhearted and went home to bed. He didn't turn up at his office that day until close to noon. There were the usual telephone messages for him, including one from the chief of police, whose call he returned. The chief said, "I wish you would straighten out something for me. Early this morning one of our squad cars picked up a man who was out on the street crowing like a rooster. He's been telling our psychiatrist that you hired him to do this. Is this true, and can you explain it to me?"

"Yes, it's true," the Pathé executive answered, "But I won't explain it." He just wasn't going to try. He was too discouraged. Neither he nor the rooster did any crowing. —HOWARD LINDSAY.

After the Deluge, What?

Excuse Me, But My Ardor Is Dampening

I'M HEREBY PROTESTING against a burgeoning movie cliché: the underwater sex scene. When a guy and gal make love on the screen, there's supposed to be empathy between them and us popcorn-munchers, right? Well, I'm an empathizer. But when *l'amour* leaves dry land, it loses me.

Thus, in *Thunderball,* when a flip-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No one dares enter Chase Vault in the cemetery near Christ Church, anymore. And all because of what happened over a hundred years ago.

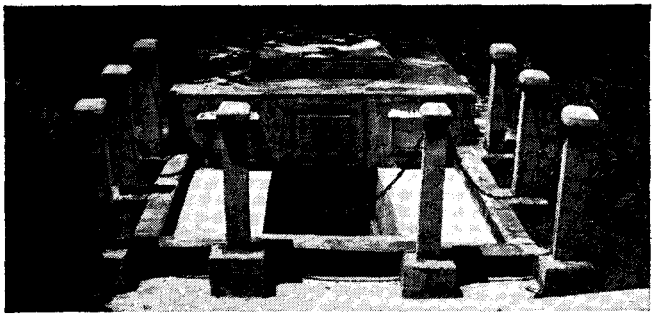
For it was early in the last century that the heavy, leaden coffins within the vault were moved violently about the crypt.

And no living thing had touched them.

Each time the vault was opened, the coffins inside were found to have been tossed about. Yet the cement seal on the door had not been broken.

Finally, on July 7, 1819, the vault was sealed with cement, into which hidden markings were etched. Then, on April 18, 1820, the vault was investigated by Barbadian officials.

And once again the coffins were strewn about. But the marks in the seal had not been disturbed.



Small wonder that Bajans stay clear of Chase Vault at night. And small wonder that many tourists come to view the tomb with fascination. But always in the daytime.

There are plenty of happy things to do when the sun comes up in Barbados. Like lie under it, on one of the silkiest beaches that's ever trickled through your toes.

Or watch the colorful flying-fish fleets put out to sea about the time the sun rises. If that's too early for you, wait until dinner and have what the fishermen brought back with them. (Served by the friendliest people you ever saw.) Flying fish is Barbados' national dish and you'll soon taste why.

Perhaps you'd like to swim in the serene Caribbean or surf in the lively Atlantic. We have both off our shores. (Try horseback riding in the surf. It's kind of wild.)

Barbados is a night people's paradise, too. In fact, it's one of the few Caribbean islands that has afterhours spots; clubs that don't even open until the night clubs close.

And then watch out.

Another great thing about Barbados is its summer temperatures. Which are the same as its winter temperatures. That's because Barbados is located farther east than any other Caribbean island. So it gets the cooling Eastern Trade Winds from Africa and Europe first.

While Barbados' temperatures stay the same in summer, our hotel prices don't. They shrink by about 1/3.

Maybe that's one of the reasons Barbados has become as "in" in the summer as it is in the winter.

BARBADOS

For FREE booklet write: Barbados Tourist Board, Dept. SR-2, 355 Lexington Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10017. Or talk to your travel agent.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

Herbal

Country simples and botanicals, laid out neatly in soft monotones. The dress itself, with tucked front, short sleeves, and pan collar, has a tidy village look, gentle and secure, as of long custom and usage. A peaceful dress, to slow the pace of one's days. Cactus Green, Persimmon, Foggy Blue, Copper Penny. Sizes 6 to 16.

About twenty dollars at good stores and college shops

The Villager

1407 Broadway, New York 10018

© THE VILLAGER, INC., 1966, MANNEQUIN DES. REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

pered, scuba-masked James Bond gropes for his cutie's navel thirty feet below the Atlantic, I get the bends. In *Dear John,* when the passionate couple writhe in the depths of the Skaggerak, I get chilblains. And there've been many others. In fact, every time a camera gets down to Davy Jones's locker, it finds a couple smooching inside. I guess the trend started way back in *From Here To Eternity,* when Burt Lancaster scored with Deborah Kerr on the beach, with the surf booming symbolically nearby. But even then I worried that they'd get their feet wet.

You see, movie-makers, some of us landlubbers are scared of the water. We had ear trouble and sinus conditions when we were kids, see? As trembling midgets at Camp Matapasaukee, we were traumatized when some brawny dropout posing as a swimming counselor shoved us into the lake, see?

Don't go telling me that water is a sex symbol. It's a trouble-maker, too. What about undertow? What about the Johnstown flood and the *Titanic*? For that matter, look what happened to poor old Marat in his bathtub.

I realize what movie-directors are up against. With the sex scene growing so commonplace, matings have to be spiced up by unconventional locales. Since the old-fashioned bedroom is from hunger, where will the couple couple? The hammock is obsolete, the auto is unsafe, the stretcher is macabre. It's a problem, all right.

No doubt the virtue of filming sex under water is that swimming is *another* popular sport. In this way you appeal to *two* types of fans. Well, if it's sports settings they're after, I suggest these daisy-fresh locales: a) The center court at Wimbledon; b) The ninth green at Baltrusol. (but watch out for caddies); c) Second base at Shea Stadium. The damndest things happen out there.

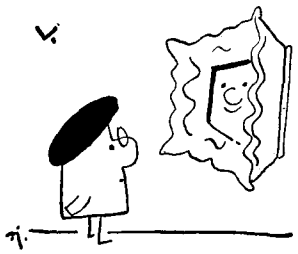
Meantime, fellas, please—they can take off their clothes, but don't let them go near the water. We are not aroused.

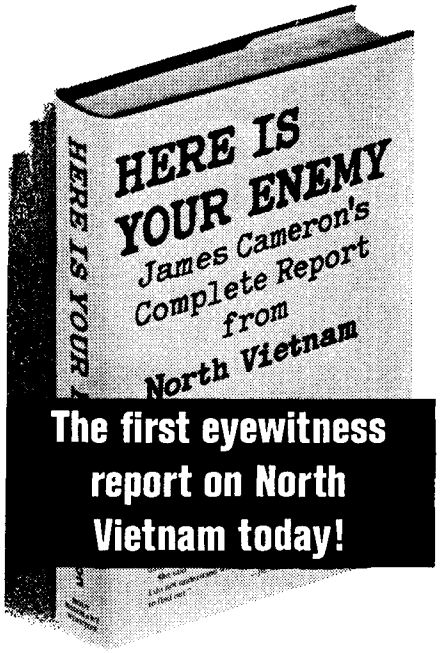
—ARNOLD M. AUERBACH.

The Foolproof Car

Buffer it round with bumpers,
Shell it with bullet-steel:
Add belt and hood, it's still no good
With an idiot at the wheel.

—VIRGINIA BRASIER.




HERE IS YOUR ENEMY
James Cameron's Complete Report from North Vietnam
The first eyewitness report on North Vietnam today!

WRITTEN by the only foreign correspondent recently permitted to roam the country, this exclusive firsthand account takes Western readers inside North Vietnam to meet "the enemy" face to face. James Cameron personally interviewed President Ho Chi Minh and Premier Pham Van Dong, as well as scores of ordinary North Vietnamese citizens. Their comments on the current situation make startling, top priority reading for every American with a stake in Vietnam.

"I consider Cameron to be one of the most perceptive political analysts now writing." — U THANT

"A brilliant piece of reporting. . . . worth a whole yearbook of tabulated information."
— LEWIS MUMFORD

"Those who have served as a 'conduit' — if not as a source — for official American propaganda justifying the bombings can learn from Cameron's report how badly this policy has failed. The events of the past month make Cameron's book all the more pertinent." — JEAN LACOUTURE, New York Review of Books

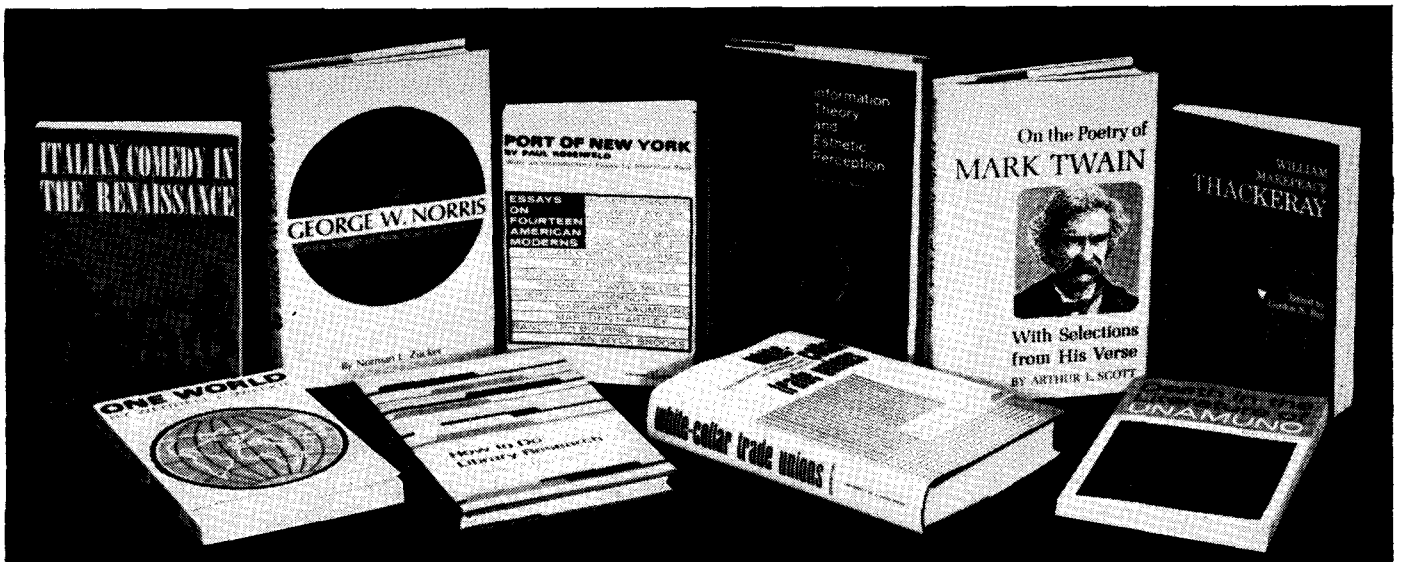
"It should be read by all who care about the outcome of this most indefensible of wars."
— Times Literary Supplement

Illustrated with photographs

$3.95 from your bookseller, or direct from the publisher.

HOLT, RINEHART AND WINSTON, INC.
383 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



NEW BOOKS FROM ILLINOIS

ON THE POETRY OF MARK TWAIN: WITH SELECTIONS FROM HIS VERSE

by Arthur L. Scott. Here's proof that Mark Twain, contrary to his own *declaration and to general opinion, loved, rather than hated poetry,* together with a comprehensive selection of his poems, many of them previously unpublished. The poems range from comic to contentious, from satiric to sentimental, from rowdy to romantic, from parody to philosophy. 132 pages. $4.50.

GEORGE W. NORRIS: GENTLE KNIGHT OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY

by Norman L. Zucker. This critical evaluation of Senator Norris's political philosophy and legislative achievements relates his famous political deviancy to the national political scene. The result is an original contribution to the scholarship of American progressivism. 186 pages. $5.00.

WHITE-COLLAR TRADE UNIONS

edited by Adolf Sturmthal. What is the likelihood of large-scale unionization of white-collar workers? Are traditional blue-collar unions losing their influence? These are some of the questions raised in this timely, important book that traces and analyzes the past, present, and future of white-collar trade unionism in Australia, Austria, France, Germany, Great Britain, Japan, Sweden, and the United States. 412 pages. $7.95.

INFORMATION THEORY AND ESTHETIC PERCEPTION

by Abraham Moles, translated by Joel E. Cohen. The first English translation of Moles's *Théorie de l'information et perception esthétique,* a modern pioneering work that greatly enlarges the role of information theory by applying it to perception, especially esthetic perception. 33 illus. 217 pages. $7.50.

HOW TO DO LIBRARY RESEARCH

by Robert B. Downs. An invaluable guide for students, teachers, or anyone seeking information and sources on almost any subject. Describes the research facilities and services of libraries and provides an extensive survey of reference works, both general and specialized. Illus. 179 pages. $5.00.

AND 5 MORE ILLINI BOOKS

ONE WORLD

by Wendell L. Willkie, with an introduction by Donald Bruce Johnson. Here's a new paperback edition of Willkie's famous prophetic book with *its perceptive observations that still are valid today. The original 1943* edition, which sold more than one million copies, has been out of print for years. IB-31. $1.75.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Contributions to the *Morning Chronicle*

edited by Gordon N. Ray. "All readers of Thackeray will want to read these pieces." — *Christian Science Monitor.* IB-32. (Cloth, $3.50.) $1.45.

ITALIAN COMEDY IN THE RENAISSANCE

by Marvin T. Herrick. The golden age of Italian comedy — its background, birth, and flowering, as well as its playwrights and plays — is revived in this contribution to drama and theatre history. IB-33. $1.75.

DEATH IN THE LITERATURE OF UNAMUNO

by Mario J. Valdés. This book exploring the death theme as a motivating force in Unamuno's thinking and as an element of his literary creation is the only contemporary philosophical and literary examination of the complete works of the famous Spanish writer. IB-34. $1.25.

PORT OF NEW YORK

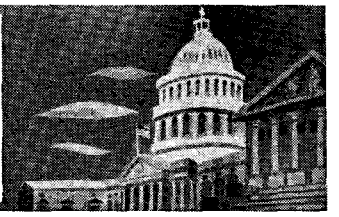
Essays on Fourteen American Moderns

by Paul Rosenfeld, with an introductory essay by Sherman Paul. These artists, writers, composers, and educators — Albert P. Ryder, Van Wyck Brooks, Carl Sandburg, Marsden Hartley, William Carlos Williams, Margaret Naumburg, Kenneth Hayes Miller, Roger H. Sessions, John Marin, Arthur G. Dove, Sherwood Anderson, Georgia O'Keeffe, Randolph Bourne, Alfred Stieglitz — all have left their marks on American culture. IB-35. Illus. (Cloth, $5.00.) $2.25.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS PRESS, URBANA AND LONDON

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

State of Affairs



The White House in Transition

WASHINGTON.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON's determination to prosecute the war in Vietnam has been rising almost in direct proportion to the mounting uneasiness about it among the American public. He seems to have made up his mind: He will not tolerate a retreat from this challenge to American power and to his own resolve. Most of his earlier doubts and uncertainties seem to have vanished, and there is no basis for the expectation that the prospect of losses in the forthcoming Congressional elections because of the war's unpopularity will make him more receptive to seeking a way out of the conflict. Not until the last month, however, has the President conveyed in public speeches just how strongly he feels about resisting the challenge he faces in Vietnam. This long-delayed attempt to influence public opinion is perhaps one reason why the chorus of the opposition has become so resonant.

For Congressional committees to attempt the initiative in the making of foreign policy is unusual, especially when the White House is occupied by a President with whom members of Congress feel such an affinity. But it is a fact that at least some of the committees are either trying to usurp leadership in foreign affairs, and to appeal to the public over the President's head, or they are attempting to force the President's hand where he has not yet shown it—as in the case of the NATO hearings before Senator Jackson's Committee on Government Operations. The objective of Senator Stennis's Armed Services Preparedness Subcommittee in its announced plan to examine American military strength in the light of American political commitments around the world is still unclear. But Congressional attempts to interfere in foreign policy are nevertheless a good deal more intense than usual.

The reason is not only that there is disquiet about the civil strife between the several factions in South Vietnam, but also that a sort of mystifying uneasiness exists about the President's own judgment in foreign affairs. The reasons for this uncertainty are brought out with pith and clarity in a new, informed, briskly written book by Philip L. Geyelin, titled *Lyndon B. Johnson and The World*, and just published by Praeger.

It is a revealing and perceptive book, the first written about the President with detachment and without fear or favor. Mr. Geyelin describes Mr. Johnson's approach to power politics as follows:

> Possessed of an extraordinary feel for power, he had devoted a lifetime to its political application. But he always seemed uncomfortable in its military use. His first inclination was to avoid it, the second to overdo it, not because he relished the dispatch of marines, or automatically inclined toward that course, but in part because he wanted to give those troops he did dispatch the best possible odds in their favor. Indeed, the President has a profound, even exaggerated distaste for war . . . yet even this was counterbalanced by a simplistic approach to the evils of appeasement.

This lucid description of the President's tortuous approach to foreign affairs also explains why he is so mystifying, why it is so difficult to predict what course the President will in the end follow in any given situation. And his own reluctance to explain himself more, either in public speeches or at press conferences, has made it an even riskier undertaking. "Johnson-style consensus, however, rested a good deal less on candor than on the capacity to convince by whatever means," Geyelin suggests.

A FURTHER reason for those doubts about his expertise in foreign matters is the widespread belief that, as Geyelin writes, "he could acquire it, but slowly and secondhand, and it would never be any better than the quality of the counsel he got and his own capacity to make sound judgments about his counselors." Correct or not, this means that the men with whom he surrounds himself are for that reason watched by the press and public with special attention, particularly now, when the Johnson Administration is going through a period of transition. Fatigue has set in, caused by the sheer weight that rests on the shoulders of a few, the relentless way the President drives his men, and the intractability of many problems.

Certain key people have left; others are in the process of leaving. This not only creates uncertainties within the Administration about the so-called channels of communication, but uncertainties outside it as well. Under Presidential government, and especially under a President who keeps an inordinate number of decisions in his own hands (even the dispatch of wheat shipments to India, for example, waits for his approval), the channels of communication to him are critical, and when they become confused or clogged everything tends to slow down.

In the area of domestic programing Mr. Johnson has as bright, imaginative, and enterprising a staff as any of his recent predecessors. But, in the State Department, frustrations over access to the President have been rising, and the other day a foreign Ambassador with more than five years' experience in Washington complained to me that it is now difficult to decide where to "drop in" a communication that one wants to be certain will reach the President. One White House wag, when I raised the question, suggested that one of the fastest ways of bringing the communication to the President's attention would be to leak it to the press.

The assumption now is that Bill Moyers is the most influential adviser in the White House, and his title of press secretary is only a very narrow description of his true function. But he is overworked, and overburdened, and therefore difficult to reach; nor does he seek contact with the foreign community in Washington. The President, when he appointed Walt Rostow, went to considerable lengths to make it clear that he would not be assuming the mantle of McGeorge Bundy, former Special Assistant for National Security Affairs; and Mr. Rostow's influence as a "channel," especially after so short a time in the job, is still difficult to assess, but here again the public may have been given an inadequate picture of Rostow's functions.

Jack Valenti, who by this time has escaped from the real to the celluloid world, was not a policy-maker, but for some he was an important channel within the Administration (through him, for instance, the President got to know Mr. Rostow better), as well as outside it, for he got about in Washington and had a shrewd appreciation for what mattered and what did not. He was also, as one ranking State Department official put it, "a point of last resort" when quick decisions from the President were needed on matters that were not self-propelled by the force of an acute crisis.

The role of Robert E. Kintner, one of the last newcomers to the "inner circle," also is still mystifying. But then Washington, and particularly the White House, would lose half its fascination without a certain amount of myth overlaying the realities, and there would be much less for reporters to write and speculate about.

But if the myth confuses or even misleads it can become a disadvantage to the President. —HENRY BRANDON.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AutomationBacklash

Speedy Office Machines Pour Out Enough Paper To Bury Their Users

Sales Manager Gets Report Wheeled to Him on Dolly; Ford Steals Xerox Knobs

One Solution: Simpler Forms

By GEORGE MELLOAN
Staff Reporter of THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

At Ford Motor Co.'s well-guarded headquarters in Dearborn, Mich., all the knobs that set Xerox copying machines to churn out multiple copies of documents were stolen one recent day.

The thieves: Ford's office managers—who saw no other way to combat the snowballing tendency of employes to set the machines to turn out extra copies which can cost a nickel each. Ford office workers now have to push a button on the knobless machines for each extra copy they want.

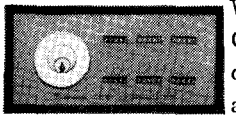
Ford's thievery was a desperate attempt to solve one of the less-publicized problems of office automation. Modern copying machines may free secretaries from smudgy carbon paper, and computers may prepare almost instantly sales reports on thousands of products that once would have tied up an army of clerks. But there is strong evidence that the very speed of these machines has been intensifying the paperwork blizzard now snowing many executives under.

Costs Spiral Upward

The problem is severe. Some 50 million steel file drawers now hold an estimated

Yoo hoo... Mr. Melloan!

We liked your story in the Wall Street Journal. There's just one thing . . .



We wish you'd mentioned our new Dennison Copier Cost Controller! Because this little, key-operated auditing device (patent pending) developed by Veeder-Root, gets around many of the office copying problems you talked about. And it sure beats stealing the knobs off company copying machines! Here's how it works, Mr. Melloan.

Each department, up to 12, has its own key. The key turns on the Dennison Copier and *also* records, on a Veeder-Root counter, the number of copies made by that department. Result: accurate, automatic auditing of copying costs. No one, but no one (unless they have a key) can operate this version of the Dennison Copier. And this is the same great electrostatic Copier that makes 750 copies without reloading, fits into 4 square feet of space right where the work is and cuts copying costs to as little as 2.2¢ per copy. The Dennison Cost-Controller is a simple foolproof way to discourage copier misuse and keep track of your copying costs.

If you'd like a Dennison Copy of this timely *Wall Street Journal* article, together with complete details on the Dennison Cost-Controller, mail the coupon now.

Dennison COPIER
Puts better copies within easy reach

Dennison Mfg. Co., Dept. F312 Framingham, Mass. 01702

☐ Please send me more information on the Dennison Cost Controller plus a Dennison Copy of the *Wall Street Journal* story on Automation Backlash.

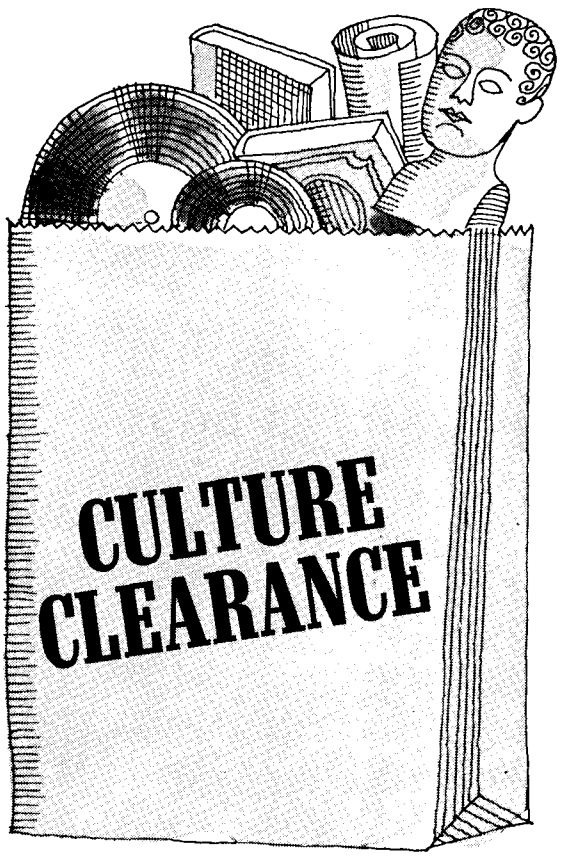
Name_____

Company_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Save up to 80% on books at Marboro

8443. REVUE—A NOSTALGIC REPRISE OF THE GREAT BROADWAY PERIOD. By Robert Baral. The Ziegfeld Follies, Passing Show, Greenwich Village Follies, George White's Scandals, Music Box Revues, Earl Carroll Vanities—*REVUE* illuminates the stars and kaleidoscopic drama of these great productions, plus the designers, artists, choreographers, composers, writers and directors, with an appendix of casts and credits. *OVER 200 PHOTOS AND DRAWINGS. Orig. $15.00.* *Only* **2.98**

8642. Photo Handbook for Artists: THE HUMAN FORM IN ACTION AND REPOSE. By Phil Brodatz and Dori Watson. Complete artistic pictorial coverage of the nude male and female figure—NEARLY 300 PHOTOS IN GRAVURE—standing, reclining, seated, walking, leaping, the free motion of the dance, multiple-exposure shots showing *continuous* movement, more. 8½" x 12¼". *To Be Pub. at $10.00.* *Pre-Pub* **8.95**

8417. THE ART OF CREATIVE WRITING. By Lajos Egri, author of *The Art of Dramatic Writing.* Clear and concise presentation of the fundamentals of all good writing with a step-by-step guide for the development of fiction, plays, TV and radio scripts showing how to make *paper* characters spring into *real* life. *Orig. $4.95.* *Only* **1.98**

8415. COLONIAL FURNITURE IN AMERICA. By L. V. Lockwood. This great classic was originally published in 2 volumes at $30.00—*NOW* re-issued in its entirety in one large and handsome volume that contains complete and detailed information on furniture, architecture and interior woodwork throughout Colonial America. *OVER 1,000 ILLUSTRATIONS* of Clocks, Chairs, Tables, Chests, and other Fabulous Americana. *Orig. $12.80.* *Only* **6.98**

7420. THE RED LETTER SHAKESPEARE—Shakespeare's Complete Dramatic and Poetic Works. FOR THE FIRST TIME—the *COMPLETE* Shakespeare with Every Famous and Important Passage or Quotation printed in eye-catching *Red Letters* for quick and easy reference—*PLUS* a comprehensive, topical concordance to all red letter passages—the perfect reference work for every Shakespeare reader and lover, every student and teacher, every speaker. *1344 pages in easy-to-read double column format. Orig. $7.95.* *Only* **3.98**

R-120. PRESENTING THE NEW YORK PRO MUSICA. Exciting, rarely performed works faithfully presented, including Handel's "Music for Ancient Instruments," Morley's "Madrigals," Purcell's "Songs and English Medieval Carols," Blow's "Ode on the Death of Purcell," others; all cond. by Noah Greenberg. *7 record set.* Orig. sold singly for $35.00. **Stereo.** *Only* **9.95**
R-121. The above in **mono.** *Only* **9.95**

8467. Six Huge Volumes: WORLDMARK ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE NATIONS. Gen. Ed., Moshe Y. Sachs. Encyclopedia and guide to the geographic, historical, political, social, and economic status of all nations, their international relationships, and the UN system—*OVER 700 MAPS AND TABLES, MORE THAN 2,250,000 WORDS*—with a handy keying system that places a world of information at your fingertips. 1,700 pp; 8½"x11". *Orig. $49.95.* *6 Vols.. Only* **24.88**

8518. Korea: THIS KIND OF WAR—A Study in Unpreparedness. By T. R. Fehrenbach. Monumental, carefully researched, yet popularly written account of the Korean War—from the invasion of South Korea in June 1950, through the blood of 2,000,000-dead, to the ceasefire and repatriation—detailing every major, and many minor actions, and written from the platoon leader's eye-level. *89 photos, 26 maps, 700 pp. Orig. $10.00.* *Only* **3.95**

8413. Atomic Dawn—Lansing Lamont's DAY OF TRINITY. All the high drama that enveloped the building and explosion of the first A-Bomb—an atomic thriller with all the flourishes of James Bond *and all true*—spies, explosions, death, scientific blind-man's bluff, a nation's destiny at stake, and portraits of all those involved from Pfc to Nobel Prize winner. Photos. *Orig. $6.95.* *Only* **1.00**

8475. Russell Lynes: THE DOMESTICATED AMERICANS. By the author of *The Tastemakers.* From Andrew Jackson and the first wave of gentility—an absorbing account of American manners and style, and the stupendous impact of sheer *mobility* as reflected in our "etiquette", in our gadget society, and our impermanent prefab homes. 73 photos. *Orig. $6.95.* *Only* **1.98**

7109. Chinese Poetry: POEMS OF SOLITUDE. Translated by Jerome Ch'en & Michael Bullock. Excellent anthology of six medieval Chinese poets including 26 poems plus historical introductions—Li Ho, Juan Chi, Li Yu and three others, each a poet of serenity and rich solitude—*recommended by UNESCO as a sampling of the finest in Chinese poetry.* Illus. *Special* **1.49**

6850. LE MORTE D'ARTHUR: The Book of King Arthur and His Knights of the Round Table. By Sir Thomas Malory. A single-volume 960-page, unexpurgated edition of the 15th century classic rendered into modern English spelling. Complete with the great tales of adultery, Lancelot and Guinevere, Tristan and Isolde, all the pre-Christian magic and symbols. Exact replica of the historic Medici Society edition. *Orig. $15.00.* *Only* **6.98**

6277. WORD ORIGINS AND THEIR ROMANTIC STORIES. By Wilfred Funk. Reveals the fascinating derivations of more than 3,000 words in common use, with unusual stories you can use to spark any conversation. 432 pp. *Special* **1.98**

8516. FIELD GUIDE TO AMERICAN VICTORIAN FURNITURE. By T. H. Ormsbee. Handy, on-the-spot reference book providing quick identification on any Victorian piece produced in America between 1840 and 1880, with characteristics and approximate value. 314 illus. *Orig. $4.95.* *New complete edition* **1.98**

8564. THE NARROW PASS: Kierkegaard's Concept of Man. By George Price. Full explication of the great Danish philosopher's central Concept of Man—in a study that draws upon, and establishes the consistency of his entire range of thought, all the theology, philosophy, psychology and love scenes, all the case histories and diary jottings. *Orig. $5.50.* *Only* **1.98**

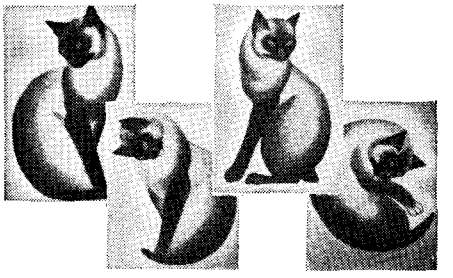
8512. FIELD GUIDE TO EARLY AMERICAN FURNITURE. By T. H. Ormsbee. Unique, handy reference designed for easy, on-the-spot use in antique shops and at auctions—for beginner and veteran—guide to identification, period and value of all pre-1850 furniture types. *360 illus.* *Orig. $4.95.* *New complete edition* **1.98**

8289. Kenneth Burke: THE RHETORIC OF RELIGION. The word "GOD"—how man uses it, understands it, disagrees about it, what it "means" to him—a fascinating study of the vocabulary of religion, the psychology of language, and of man as inventor and victim of his own symbols. *Orig. $6.95.* *Only* **2.98**

8206. WOMEN: Autobiographical Reflections of a Frustrated Male. By John Philip Lundin. An erotic memoir in the tradition of Casanova and Frank Harris by a world traveler who made it *his* business to sample the varied delights of *every* port—constitutes a world-wide survey of sexual practices, pursued with a confirmed bachelor's abandon. *Orig. $6.50.* *Only* **2.98**

8168. THE LETTERS OF OSCAR WILDE. Ed. by Rupert Hart-Davis. Extraordinary collection of 1,098 letters to nearly 300 correspondents, most published here for the first time—revealing his heart and mind, his genius, gaiety, travels, marriage, indiscretions, imprisonment, and his indictment of "Bosie". Nearly 1,000 pp. *Orig. $15.00.* *Only* **5.95**

5729. THE WORKS OF LEWIS CARROLL. Intro. by Roger L. Green. Marvelous one-volume edition of Lewis Carroll's works—includes the "Alice" books with the 92 original Tenniel illustrations, the two *Sylvie and Bruno* stories, *The Hunting of the Snark,* the complete short stories and essays on such subjects as theater, math and vivisection, plus poems, puzzles, games, letters and more. *1130 pp, 92 line drawings.* *Special import* **1.98**



P-475. FOUR SIAMESE CAT PRINTS. Four exceptionally handsome Seal Point Siamese cat prints in varied poses expressing that indelible Siamese nonchalance—in chocolate and beige, with blue eyes, on a beige background and ivory stock. Picture areas approx. 10" wide x 14" high on 17½" x 22" stock. *Portfolio of 4, Special* **3.98**

7443. THE HEPTAMERON—of MARGUERITE OF NAVARRE. Trans. by Arthur Machen. Delightful, carefree French *Decameron*—*72* racy stories of love in its many guises: beautiful women, audacious lovers, wronged husbands, wicked monks, and others caught in the nets of love and love's wily Renaissance intrigues. *Orig. $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

7442. THE SATYRICON and POEMS OF PETRONIUS—ILLUSTRATED. Trans. by Jack Lindsay. Frank translation bringing out the full and racy flavor of these classic adventures—the two rascal heroes rip through Nero's Rome living-it-up in a magnificently sustained orgy of wine, women, boys, song, and a little more wine. 16 pen drawings. *Special import* **1.98**

5730. NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN MYTHOLOGY. By C. Burland. Handsomely and profusely illustrated survey of the archetypal Amer-Indian mythologies—all the gods and heroes, Corn Maidens, Rolling Heads, Trickster figures, Heroic myths of the warring Apache, elaborate rituals of the Navajo, food-spirits of the Eskimo, much more. *Nearly 200 illus., 31 in full color, printed in gravure;* 8¼" x 11¼". *Special import* **2.98**

5725. MICHELANGELO: 55 Color Plates. By Nicholas Wadley. Remarkable textual and photographic survey of the finest of Michelangelo's painting, frescoes, sculpture and architecture—the *David,* the three great *Pietas,* St. Peter's and more plus a 3-page fold-out reproduction of the Sistine Chapel ceiling. 65 plates, 55 in full color; 9⅜" x 10¾". *Special import* **1.98**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

8468. THE ABC OF LETTERING. By J. I. Biegeleisen; 2nd edition. *THE STANDARD TEXT* in the field of hand lettering covering the entire range of lettering techniques from single-stroke freehand to fine reproduction work—47 complete lettering "faces" with concise, step-by-step instructions. Spiralbound; 13" x 9¼". *Orig. $8.50.* *Only* **2.98**

8672. THE CRUCIBLE OF LOVE: A Study of The Mysticism of St. Theresa of Avila & St. John of the Cross. By E. W. Trueman Dicken. Draws upon the wisdom and lives of these two greatest of Spanish mystics to show, with utmost sensitivity the spiritual progress possible to every Christian—the movement from vocal prayer to the final mystical experience of union with God Himself. 548 pp. *Orig. $8.50.* *Only* **2.98**

8092. INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY IN 21 LANGUAGES. Comp. by H. L. Ouseg. Exceptionally useful polyglot dictionary with 1170 word and phrase entries in 21 languages—English, the principal European tongues, plus Croatian, Turkish, Serbian and Ukrainian—*420 possible bilingual dictionaries* in one volume. *Special* **2.98**

8089. MEDIEVAL CULTURE: An *Introduction to Dante* and His Times. By Karl Vossler. Monumental 2-volume study of the religious, philosophical, ethical and political background of Dante's "Divine Comedy"—a brilliant analysis of the poem and a panoramic picture of life in the Middle Ages. *Orig. $10.00.* *2 Vol. Set, Only* **5.95**

8520. A GLOSSARY OF THE CONSTRUCTION, DECORATION AND USE OF ARMS AND ARMOR. By George Cameron Stone. Of utmost value to the antiquarian, historian, antique dealer, student and general reader—*875 ILLUSTRATIONS*—contains over 10,000 terms of arms and armor with full descriptions and explanations. Over 700 pp; 8½" x 11"; sturdily bound. *Orig. $50.00.* *Only* **19.95**

8466. St. Petersburg to New York: BALANCHINE. By Bernard Taper. The whole of 20th century ballet embodied in this one man—the Imperial Ballet School, Diaghilev, Ballet Russe, American Ballet Company, the Met, Broadway, Hollywood, New York City Ballet, and his wives, Geva, Danilova, Zorina, Tallchief, Le Clercq—a brilliant biography of the most esteemed and prolific inventor of ballets of our time. 136 illus, spanning his career; 6¾" x 9¾". *Orig. $8.95.* *Only* **3.98**

6061. A DICTIONARY OF MUSICAL TERMS—In 4 Languages. By W. J. Smith. Compact, concise English-French-Italian German music dictionary—instruments, notation, directions for performance, accessories from "podium" to "tuning fork", and more. *Orig. $4.00.* *Only* **1.98**

8456. Restif de la Bretonne: LES NUITS DE PARIS (PARIS NIGHTS). Intro. by Jacques Barzun. Best known as a prolific pornographer, France's foremost *voyeur* here recounts the night-life of Paris' footpads, prostitutes, "effete", beggars, murderers, and others *in action* on the boulevards and back alleys of the City of Light just before the Revolution. *Orig. $5.95.* *Only* **1.98**

7847. MAN & SEX—A Practical Manual of Sexual Knowledge. By J. J. Kaufman, M.D. and G. Borgeson. The first solid medical manual *written specifically for men* in non-technical language—deals with *every aspect of male sexuality: physical act and* pleasure, impotence, contraception, vasectomy, aging, hormones, disorders and more. *Orig. $3.95.* *Only* **1.98**

5726. MEXICAN ART—From the White God to Orozco. By Justino Fernandez. Twenty centuries of Mexican art from pre-Aztec sculpture through the Spanish Conquest to the present—*59 FULL COLOR REPRODUCTIONS*—paintings, sculpture, jewelry, pottery, architecture, jade and gold work, modern murals, more. 66 illus; English text; 9⅜" x 10¾". *Special import* **1.98**

5284. Jules Feiffer: FEIFFER'S ALBUM. At Large Again—the famous cartoonist-satirist with three stories, two dialogs, a fable and even a one-act play—included are his famous "The Lonely Machine", "Excalibur and Rose", and the hilarious fall of "Superman." Illus. in color and black & white; 8¼" x 11¼". *Orig. $4.95.* *Only* **1.00**

3912. ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE ARTS. Ed. by D. D. Runes and H. G. Schrickel. 1100-page compendium of all the arts of all times and places, presented by more than 100 leading authorities. Thousands of definitions of terms and techniques, plus informative biographical and historical summaries. *Orig. $15.00.* *Only* **2.98**

3786. AN ABZ OF LOVE. By Inge & Sten Hegeler. This is not a book for beginners—it is written by a Danish married couple, both doctors, both psychologists, both writers, written in blunt, non-technical language and illustrated with candor—it is what it purports to be, an important book on Sex and an enlightening guide to a complete and happier sex life—it stormed the best-seller lists in Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Holland and has reached over 1,000,000 readers. 120 illus. *Orig. $10.00.* *Only* **7.49**

1353. A Pictorial Treasury—THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM. A magnificent edition of one of the great treasures of world literature, *exquisitely illustrated in full color* by the noted Persian artist Sarkis Katchadourian. Printed on genuine rag paper, beautifully bound. 7" x 10". *Special* **1.98**

8690. HANDBOOK OF EMOTIONAL ILLNESS & TREATMENT. By R. C. Robertiello, M.D. Compact, extremely useful guide, covering psychiatric illnesses, treatment from therapy to drugs, psychiatric terms and theories, choosing a suitable therapist, more, with case histories. *Orig. $3.95.* *Only* **1.49**

8461. Mircea Eliade: MYTH AND REALITY. Significant, succinct explanation of MYTH as a living force in society and of the dynamics in true myths that insure their eternal life and convert "true believers"—with examples from various cultures and times, and the camouflaged myths of today. *Orig. $4.95.* *Only* **1.49**

8030. French Army Mutiny: DARE CALL IT TREASON. By Richard Watt. The full story of 30 years of political corruption and military incompetence that brought the French Army to its 1917 front-trench mutiny, and the truth about its suppression –all the famous figures from Neville to Clemenceau and Petain. Illus. *Orig. $5.95.* *Only* **1.98**

8019. Evelyn Waugh: A LITTLE LEARNING—The Early Years. First volume of Waugh's long-awaited autobiography, *with perceptive observations on the remnants* of the gaslight era, Oxford student revelry, the fading institution of maiden aunts, and the start of his road to fame—by the author of *The Loved One. Orig. $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

7934. STORIES FROM *THE NEW YORKER* 1950 to 1960. Honor roll of 47 distinguished stories by the decade's most accomplished and adventurous writers —stories by Bellow, Cheever, Nadine Gordimer, Mary McCarthy, Frank O'Connor, Nabokov, Salinger, Updike, Eudora Welty, Tennessee Williams, Angus Wilson, 36 more—a wealth of memorable fiction. 780 pp. *Orig. $7.50.* *Only* **2.98**

7897. TREASURY OF WORLD LITERATURE. A huge collection of the world's literary wealth; 300 selections representing nearly every culture that has left literary records and every literary genre from *Homer to Joyce*—Greek tragedy and modern Japanese theater, Songs of the Judean kings and philosophic fiction by Gide and Sartre, Oriental, Near Eastern and Western literary landmarks. 1458 pp. *Orig. $15.00.* *Only* **2.98**

7727. AMERICAN INDIAN TALES AND LEGENDS. By V. Hulpach. An enchanting collection of 46 prized examples of Indian folk-lore—The Fire Myth, The Big Flood, The Golden Cranes; delightful animal stories, tales of evil spirits, etc.—faithfully retold as they were centuries ago around Indian campfires. *100 full color reproductions of primitive Indian art.* *Special import* **2.98**

4667. ROGET'S THESAURUS of Words and Phrases. Authorized, revised edition of the indispensable book for everyone who wants to find the right word at the right time. 600-page hardbound edition. *Special* **1.98**

7446. Hans Volkmann: CLEOPATRA. Historical character study of singular fascination—a unique portrait of the woman who as "the serpent of the Nile" spent her life fighting (in every way possible) to *hold her kingdom and all Egyptian civilization to*gether in the face of Roman imperialism—with well-etched portraits of Julius Caesar, Antony and Octavian. Illus. *Orig. $5.00.* *Only* **1.98**

8449. POWER AT THE PENTAGON. By Jack Raymond. The engrossing story of the greatest power center the world has ever seen—how it came into being, its world-wide military and intelligence network, its development of fantastic weapons, military politics, the "McNamara Monarchy", the civilian and military leaders who hold the power, more. *Orig. $6.50.* *Only* **1.98**

8563. TAXES, LOOPHOLES & MORALS. By J. R. Hellerstein. Lively, penetrating look at our modern income-tax structure—all the loopholes and gimmicks from corporate levels to the lowest brackets—with actual case histories of widespread chiseling, and "the bigger you are the more you can chisel" attitude of the tax courts. *Orig. $5.95.* *Only* **1.49**

8316. MEXICO CITY—A Book of Photographs. By Bob Schalkwijk. Fabulous Aztec ruins, peasant art, ancient churches, fiestas, bullfights, street markets, Rivera murals, ultra-modern architecture, much much more—194 spectacular photos, several in color; 9" x 12". *Special import* **2.98**

P-472. BATMAN POSTER and ROBIN POSTER. Each an enormous 3 feet 4 inches tall. Each a brawny 2 feet 3 inches wide. Garishly printed in raucous comic-strip colors. Available at last in their ultimate incarnation as pop-art classics. Monumentally camp. *You can always pretend you're ordering them for the neighbor's children.* *The Pair, only* **1.98**

2583. TREASURY OF PHILOSOPHY. By D. D. Runes. Over 1,300 pages covering the whole span of recorded philosophical thought and writing. Each selection begins with a biographical sketch of the philosopher. Nearly 400 great thinkers, both Oriental and Western, many not accessible in any other collection. *Orig. $10.00.* *Only* **2.98**

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

marboro Dept. S-124, 131 Varick St., New York, N.Y. 10013

Please send me postage prepaid, the bargains circled below. **(Please add 35c postage and handling on all orders under $10.).**

MINIMUM MAIL ORDER $3.

☐ Enclosed find $ _____

☐ Ship C.O.D.*

☐ Charge my Diners' Club Account # _____

☐ Charge my American Express Account # _____

Limited to orders of $5.00 or more

1353	2583	3786	3912	4667	5284	5725	5726	5729	5730	6061
6277	6850	7109	7420	7442	7443	7446	7727	7847	7897	7934
8019	8030	8088	8092	8168	8206	8289	8316	8413	8415	8417
8443	8449	8456	8461	8466	8467	8468	8475	8512	8516	8518
8520	8563	8564	8642	8672	8690					
R120	R121								P472	P475

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

☐ **Check here if you receive monthly bargain circular.** New York City residents add 5% sales tax. Other New York State residents add applicable sales tax. *A few cents extra for C.O.D. Add 25¢ per title for deliveries outside U.S.A. and possessions. 10-DAY SATISFACTION OR MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

VISIT A MARBORO BOOK SHOP

NEW YORK: 47 W. 42 St. • 56 W. 8 St. • 144 W. 57 St.

PHILADELPHIA: • King of Prussia Plaza (Rts 202, 23) Roosevelt Mall Shopping Center, Roosevelt Blvd. & Cottman St., (Next to Klein's)

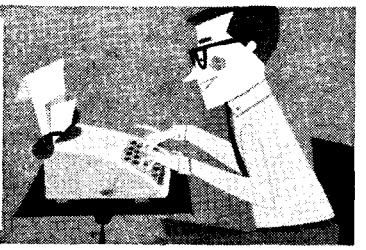
MIAMI: 86 Miracle Mile, Coral Gables **CLEVELAND:** 806 Huron Rd. (9th & Huron)

CINCINNATI: 27 W 6th St. (in the Terrace Hilton Bldg.)

MARYLAND: Long Meadow Shopping Center, 1511 N. Potomac Ave., Hagerstown

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Top of My Head



The Theater of War

Memo to:
Mars, Wotan, Thor, Ares, and
Secretary of Defense McNamara:

What man hath joined together let no god put asunder.

THE UNFORTUNATE WAR in South Vietnam seems tragically to have developed into a political satire, with the actual war taking second billing in the newspaper headlines. And it's getting so you can't tell the players without a program.

This is not only true of the supporting players, our soldiers on the battlefields, who have often become so confused they've been shooting at one another; it also holds for the stars who are waiting in the wings for their cues to enter stage right, or left, and to make history by holding the first free election on this ravaged bit of earth.

The generals and diplomats notwithstanding, the satire is now basically a three-character play. The players are:

Premier . . . . . Nguyen Cao Ky
Buddhist Monk . Thich Tri Quang
Premier's Wife . . . . . Mrs. Ky

The plot:

The plot revolves about a country at war taking time out from carnage to start a private battle to determine who will be the political head of what is left of the country, if and when it wins the war. The two protagonists are the Premier and the Buddhist monk. (With the Premier's wife playing an important role, as we shall see as the action unfolds.)

The story line is that Mr. Quang and his Buddhist buddies are opposed to Mr. Ky's succeeding himself as Premier for even one minute. Mr. Ky, of course, holds that the spoils of war belong to the victor. He goes about saying that all the time. And while he goes about saying it the spoils keep getting more spoiled.

To complicate matters, a carrier brings the news to Mr. Quang that while Mr. and Mrs. Ky are visiting Honolulu on their vacation they run into President Johnson. He is vacationing there to get away from the Fulbright committee. And Mr. Johnson suggests that if Mr. Ky can't succeed himself as Premier of South Vietnam he might follow the example set by a Governor in South Alabam: Let Mr. Ky's wife run in Mr. Ky's place.

Mr. Ky is overwhelmed by this idea because he is a great admirer of the American way of life. He has visions of making Saigon the New York City of Southeast Asia. Saigon already has had a public utility strike that cut off the electric power to the city and caused a water shortage. Of course, New York accomplished that effectively without even calling a strike.

And so, unbeknownst to Mr. Quang, the Premier of South Vietnam quietly begins to lay out a campaign to emulate the primary campaign of the Governor of South Alabam.

(This is the McCarthy era all over again. The Edgar Bergen-Charlie McCarthy era. The Governor of one of our sovereign states comes campaigning across the countryside singing, "I come from Alabama with my wife upon my knee." The Governor is not too deft in the art of ventriloquism; his lips move perceptibly. But when he discusses human relations, his heart is immovable.)

At the end of the first act, when Mr. Quang discovers Mr. Ky's plot to run his wife, Mr. Quang is aghast. (He's the Buddhist monk, in case you've lost track.) Mr. Quang knows he can't cope with Mrs. Ky's obvious charm and beauty and stylish coiffure. Mr. Quang feels that running Mr. Ky's wife is taking unfair advantage, especially since he, Mr. Quang, unfortunately has no wife. To say nothing of a coiffure. . . .

If this begins to sound like a French farce it's because it is. It was originally produced some years ago by the French. It played in the Southeast Asia theater for a long run. However, it was not generally considered one of the better French farces.

The theater-going audience in Vietnam is not particularly happy to see it return. As one critic put it: "What—again?" But the new producers, with so much invested and so much at stake, are hopeful of success.

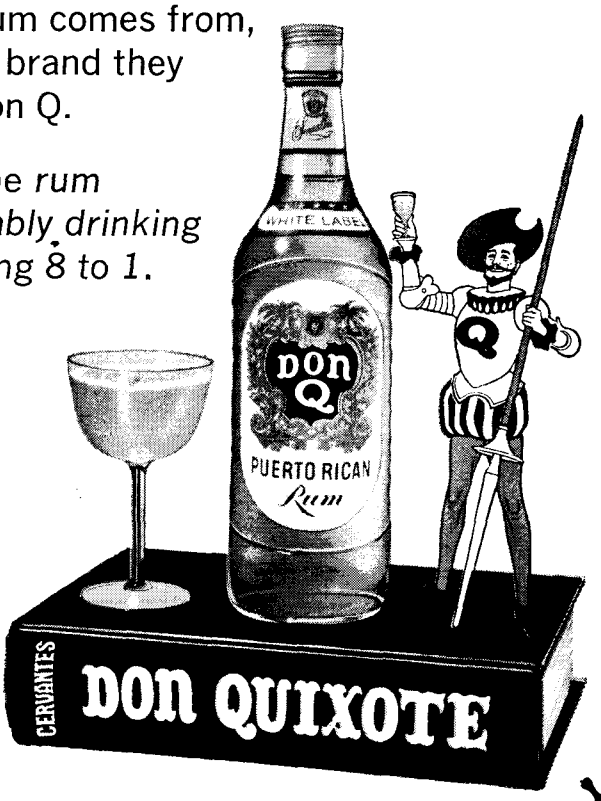
Perhaps in this revised version, a woman running for office in her husband's place, it may do well. Of course, the French will appraise it with a jaundiced eye. The French invented the naughty farce. And now with men's wives running for offices in their stead, politics will never again make strange bedfellows.

And what's naughty about that?

—Goodman Ace.

Down in Puerto Rico,
where the rum comes from,
the prestige brand they
ask for is Don Q.

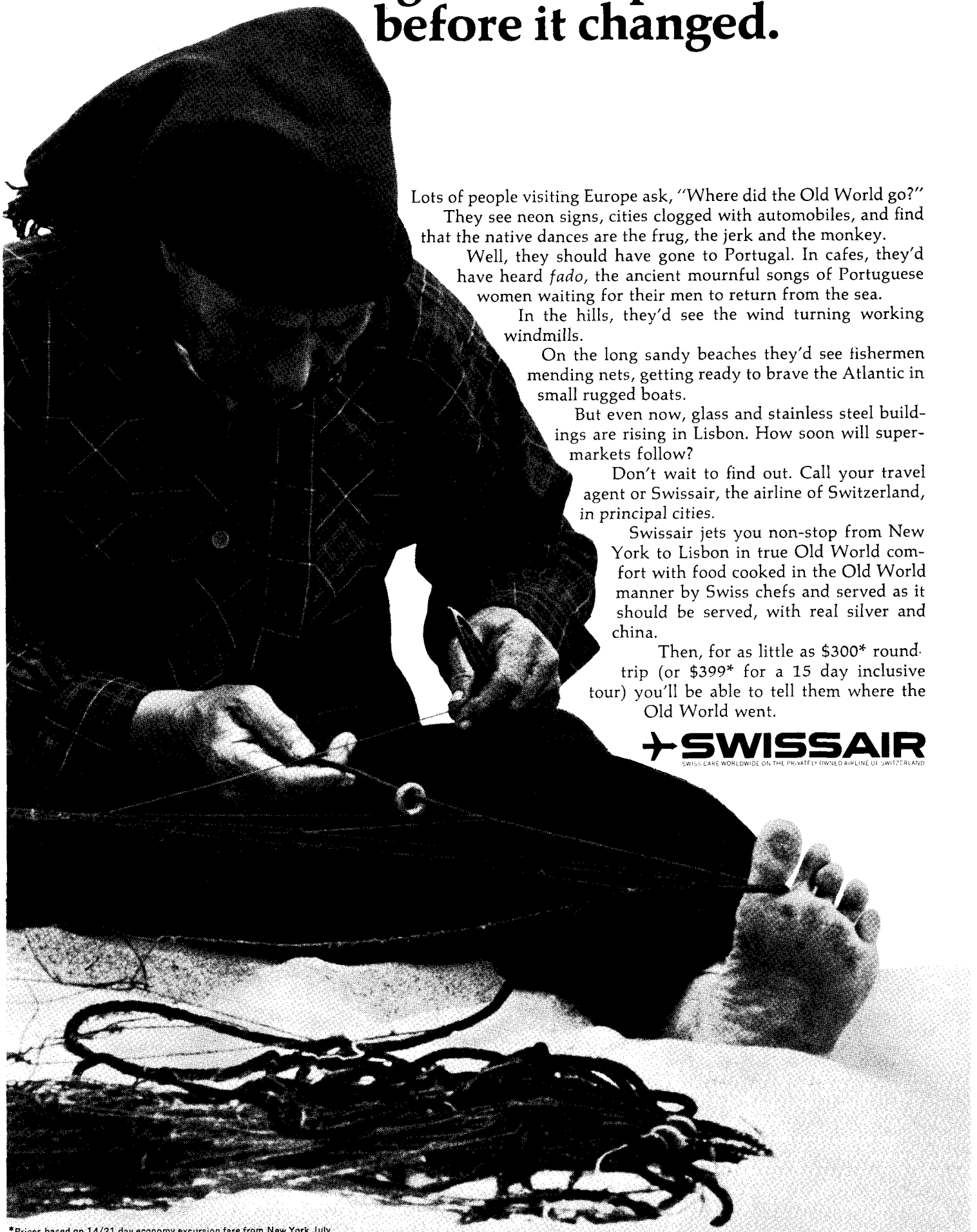
It outsells the rum you're probably drinking by a whopping 8 to 1.



Sole U. S. Distributor: Don Q Imports, Inc., Miami, Florida. Rum 80° and 151° Proof.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Portugal is Europe before it changed.



Lots of people visiting Europe ask, "Where did the Old World go?"

They see neon signs, cities clogged with automobiles, and find that the native dances are the frug, the jerk and the monkey.

Well, they should have gone to Portugal. In cafes, they'd have heard *fado*, the ancient mournful songs of Portuguese women waiting for their men to return from the sea.

In the hills, they'd see the wind turning working windmills.

On the long sandy beaches they'd see fishermen mending nets, getting ready to brave the Atlantic in small rugged boats.

But even now, glass and stainless steel buildings are rising in Lisbon. How soon will supermarkets follow?

Don't wait to find out. Call your travel agent or Swissair, the airline of Switzerland, *in principal cities.*

Swissair jets you non-stop from New York to Lisbon in true Old World comfort with food cooked in the Old World manner by Swiss chefs and served as it should be served, with real silver and china.

Then, for as little as $300* round-trip (or $399* for a 15 day inclusive tour) you'll be able to tell them where the Old World went.

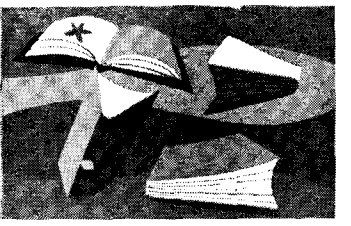
SWISSAIR

SWISS CARE WORLDWIDE ON THE PRIVATELY OWNED AIRLINE OF SWITZERLAND

*Prices based on 14/21 day economy excursion fare from New York July 11 through August 4 and from August 29, Mondays through Thursdays.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade Winds



Life at the university presses is not all grave-visaged contemplation of definitive works. At times faint smiles are to be seen, hastily-stifled chuckles to be heard. From various presses we bring you, therefore, news of this year's merry moments at Minnesota, Michigan, *et al.*

As usual, order departments yielded some gems. Fordham reports that a parents' organization wrote for a copy of *Our Foundling Fathers.* Indiana thinks that a subconscious association of its press with Dr. Kinsey and the Institute for Sex Research accounts for the omission of an "L" from an order for *Our Public Life.* Northwestern writes that staff members got a rise out of the request for *W. B. Yeast and Georgian Ireland.*

Syracuse keeps getting requests from science-fiction journals for review copies of *A Vanished World,* Anne Sneller's book about an old-fashioned country childhood; and Toronto reports that its series of Falconer lectures, named for a former president of the university, is constantly in demand from bird fanciers.

From Mexico came a request to the University of Michigan Press for "One copy of Janice Roehm." *Not our publication* was firmly stamped on the returned order. One copy of Janice Roehm was, however, found. She is a young lady in the order department—a pretty one, too, and it is our private opinion that the buyer probably never really wanted a book in the first place.

California's *Zoonoses* just had to turn up as *200 Noses.* And we hope that the gentleman who ordered *Cuties in the Suburbs* from Toronto was not too crestfallen when *Cities in the Suburbs* arrived.

Harvard tells us that when it published *Contraception: A History of Its Treatment by Catholic Theologians and Canonists,* by John T. Noonan, Jr., a genteel lady, phoning from a bookstore in Harvard Square, paused at the end of a long order when she came to Mr. Noonan's book. "If you don't mind I'll spell this one out," she said, and proceeded to do so in a whisper. But the order for this book that Harvard particularly treasures was for five copies, and came from Conception, Missouri.

Wayne State sent along this *cri de coeur,* which had arrived in response to a direct mail campaign:

> recently my husband a compulsive book and record buyer ordered 3 books from you and i had to write out the check for them it is very dubious that we will be able to meet our income tax payments if this keeps up may i ask a favor and it is please remove his name from your mailing list
> (signed) desperately.

Typesetters added to the general gaiety. Washington reports that in *Folk Theater of India,* "The hero Pushkala" appeared as "The hero Publisher." (Some printers will do anything to ingratiate themselves.)

The dropping of a line from a Chicago direct mail piece gave birth to the phrase "culti-logical characteristics." Cultilogical is a word one can become quite

fond of and, as nobody wrote in to say it was wrong, Chicago expects it to be an accepted sociological term before long.

Washington was relieved to have had called to its attention by the reader of a manuscript that: "Enzymes referred to here as guanidophosphoryltransferases are called guanidophosphokinases in Table 6." It shows you how devoted scholars are; rather than try to type those two words, we'd have let the mistake go through.

This devotion is developed early. Columbia got a letter, obviously by a not more than ten-year-old hand, that noted:

> In the third edition of the Columbia Encyclopedia on page 1380 I found an error. Under the title Alexander Alan Milne, the name Eeyore is spelled wrong. You had it spelled Eor. I would appreciate it if you could tell me if Mr. Milne at one time spelled Eeyore Eor.

But the eye of the editor also has to be on those scholars who are brilliant in any field except English composition. It would probably be more tactful to omit the names of the presses submitting the following. From one Ph.D. to his editor:

> I would call your attention to another matter over which I have no competance (as I am obviously an expert in matters of style, though neither spelling nor grammer), and that is that the headings and subheadings . . . are not quite consistant. I have made light pencilled querries marked. 'Editor.'"

Another press received the request from an author that the blurb about him on his book jacket should be "as inauspicious as possible." We don't know how the copywriter resisted the temptation to say something like:

> Professor Malaprop barely scraped through his B.A. and M.A. at an unheard-of small college and this book stems from his rejected dissertation. He has, of course, published no other works.

Someone at Syracuse has compiled a glossary for hard-pressed promotion and advertising personnel in academic publishing. Samples:

Absorbing—you will be able to read the preface all the way through.

Basic text—five small colleges have adopted this book for one course each.

Exciting—this isn't the kind of book we usually publish.

Lively—this book contains 1) an anecdote; 2) a humorous reference.

Monumental—1) it took us ten years to get the author to finish the manuscript; 2) he wouldn't cut the damn thing.

Significant—this is written by a member of our editorial board.

Standard text—one large university besides our own is using this.

—Dorothy B. Sutherland.

Editor's Note: The guest columnist for Trade Winds for this University Press Issue is publicity manager of the University of Chicago Press.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1678)

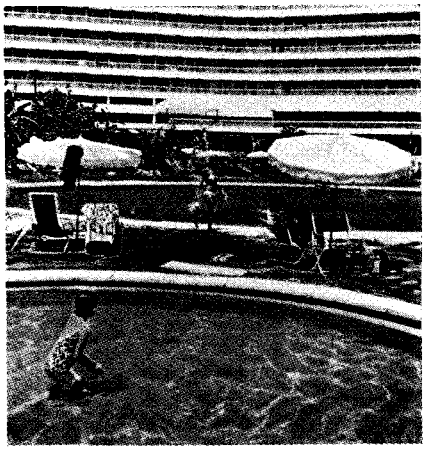
A(nnie) P(ayson) Call:
POWER THROUGH REPOSE
(Suggested by Mrs. Bess Birdsall)

Certain people seem to live on the principle that, if a friend is in a swamp, it is necessary to plunge in with him; and that, if the other man is up to his waist, the sympathizer shows his friendliness by allowing the mud to come up to his neck.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

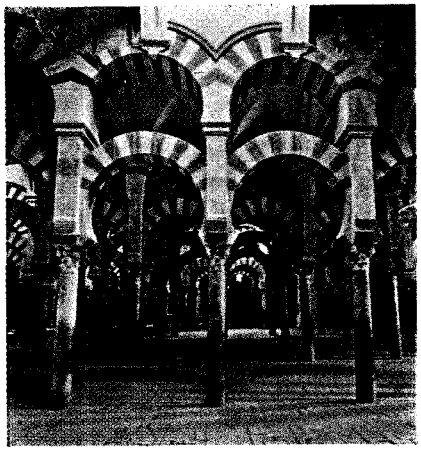
Six splendid words to know before you take off for Spain.

MODERNO!



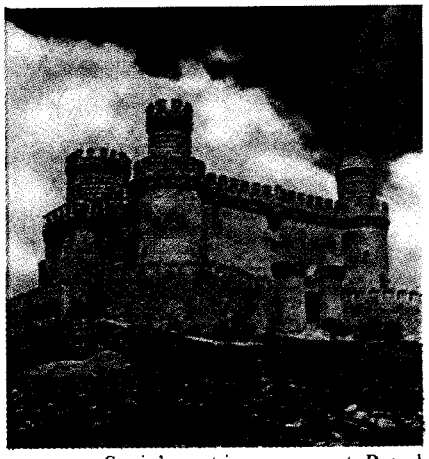
MODERN. Sparkling hotels and centuries-old cathedrals stand equally at ease in the Spanish sunshine. You'll live luxuriously in today's Spain—and pay less for it than anywhere else you may travel in Europe.

ARTISTICO!



ARTISTIC. Treasures of the ages, like the Mosque of Cordova, above, are daily sights here. The artistic heritage of Spain evolves from the greatness of Greek, Roman, Arabic and other civilizations. Come feast your eyes.

HISTORICO!



HISTORIC. Spain's past is everpresent. Prowl medieval castles brimming with royal antiquities. Visit Segovia and see the Roman Spain. In Alhambra view Moorish Spain. Santiago preserves the tomb of St. James.

ESTILO!

STYLE. The noble carriage of the women will show how becomingly the Spanish wear the mantle of grace. There's style in the fire of flamenco, in the corrida, and at the summer fiestas, the ballet, the opera.

ELEGANCIA!

ELEGANCE. You'll use this word often in Spain to describe art, churches, architecture and, above all, her people. Mighty elegant shopping, too. Fine linens, gloves, bric-a-brac. And, of course, haute couture wearables.

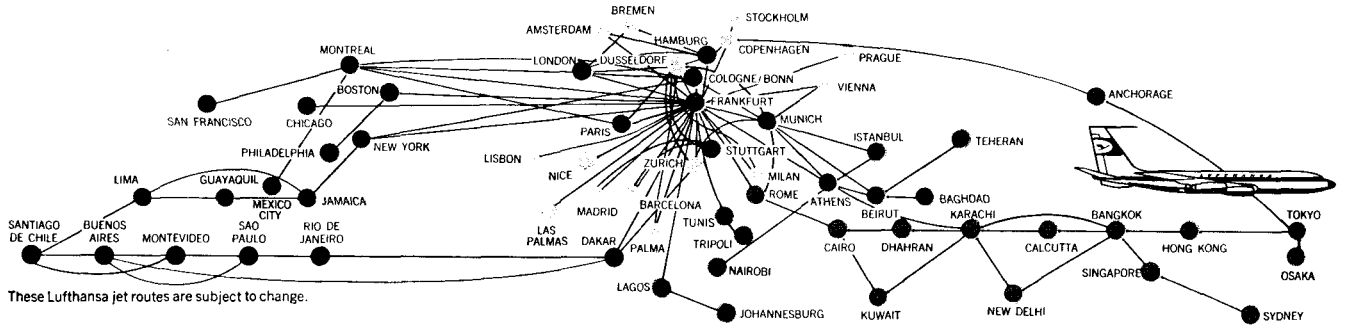
COMODO!

CONVENIENCE. There are many ways to go to Spain. The most convenient is by Iberia Air Lines. The food is superb, the service excellent, the manner grand. Iberia gets you to Madrid from New York in just 6½ hours.

Spain is the place to go. Iberia is the way to get there.
See your Travel Agent.

©1966 Spanish National Tourist Office: 589 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, New York; 53 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Illinois: 453 Post Street, San Francisco 2, California; Casa del Hidalgo, St. Augustine 84, Florida; Toronto 1, Canada; Fortaleza 367, San Juan, Puerto Rico.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



These Lufthansa jet routes are subject to change.

How far can an airline go for you?

"...She waited to help me—to help me check my luggage, get standby checks, to show me to the departure lounge—but all on her own time!"

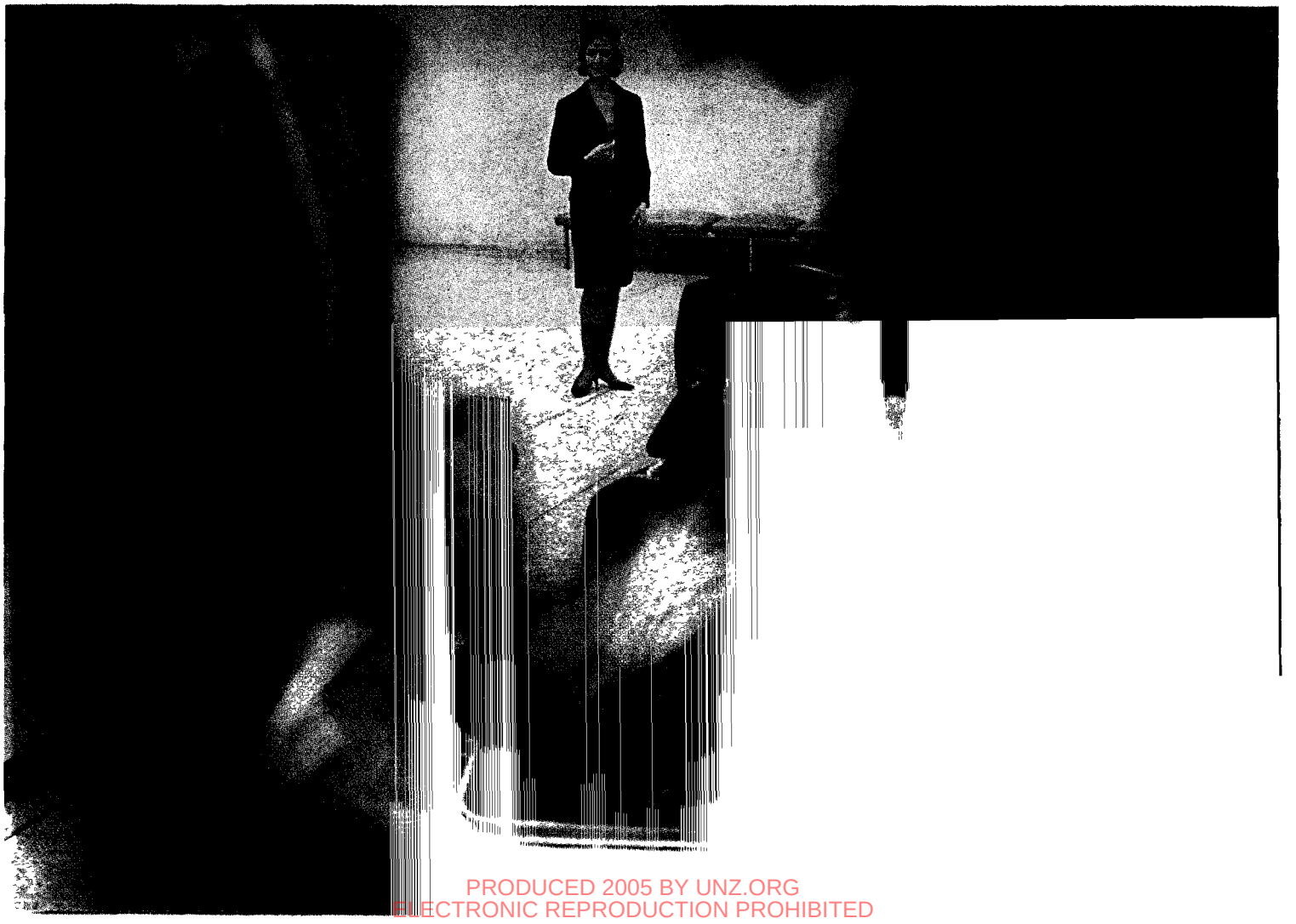
A stewardess' duties officially end with her assigned flight. So Mr. Charles Gelber of New York was surprised to learn that Lufthansa stewardess Elke Teufel's devotion to duty went further.

"She volunteered to ask about a reservation for me to Nuremburg when we landed in Frankfurt, and, true to her word, was there when I cleared customs. I was flabbergasted. Helping me took her about an hour—and I got on the flight, too!"

Willingly, cheerfully, sincerely. That's the spirit of Lufthansa service. And if it exceeds the normal requirements of duty, that's what sets a dedicated Lufthansa professional apart. As your Travel Agent knows, it's what makes us one of the top 4 airlines to Europe, and an international favorite, too.

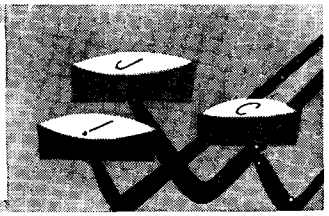
Says Mr. Gelber, "In all the world, your people are standouts." Fly Lufthansa—and see.

Lufthansa
German Airlines



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Manner of Speaking



Solemnity and Frivolity, or What Else Is Doing This Week?: I am not predeterminately against seriousness. I only incline to distrust it for fear that what is offered as seriousness may turn out to be narrowness solemnly taken. Once I can be sure that I am dealing with what might be called broad-base seriousness, I am willing enough to listen, though I incline once more to listen cautiously for fear that what is offered now may turn out to be a mile wide and an inch deep. I won't insist that seriousness must be Pacific-wide and Humboldt-deep, but I do want enough of the main of things to get my psyche wet in, and if I can't do that at a plunge, I refuse to stand around delicately dipping one toe at a time.

Among the things I do intend to take seriously is a certain frivolity. I have learned, however, that the world is full of eel-wide and onionskin-deep false solemnity hiding behind a mirage of respectability in a desert of literalness in a country uninhabitated even by those who live there—or should I say uninhabitated most of all by those who live there?

It is a frightful psychic landscape to come on. Its travel posters invariably describe it as a garden of high-mindedness, but it is, in fact, too barren either for the Sequoias of great moment or for the small flowers of frivolity. Nothing grows there but glass-eyed and many-wattled lizards, and Heaven knows what *they* feed on.

I am, of course, winding up to one more self-protective disclaimer. The following poem is offered here because I happened to have it on hand and found myself with a space to fill. Having been written frivolously, it may, therefore, be taken seriously by the serious, but it should not be taken at all by the solemn. For whatever the information may signify, the poem began with a doodle that produced the first two lines, probably got involved with Tennyson and Victoria only when it found itself crossing Rosetti's Blessed Damosel Bar, and thereafter chased its own tail for its own sake. The title came last. Any contempt of Victoria and of Tennyson's sentiments was unpremeditated but easily welcomed. Yes, I am willing to grant that Tennyson wrote some good poems, but damnation is not too heavy a sentence for the man who wrote his other works, including "Maud." Many a man who was good to his mother and to his mistress has been properly damned for strangling his wife. This last statement is a metaphor not to be pursued too far. And I intend, of course, to answer no mail charging me with having been unfair to this, that, or anything. It is my life's aim, in fact, to answer no mail about anything. The poem, such as it is, follows:

A Masque For Buckingham

"Here's to the bodies from which we come.
Here's to Hell and what's south of Rome.
And here's to the stuff that gags us all."
—Said Shadow-and-Spit to sad Saint Sprawl
as they leaned on the Blessed Damosel Bar,
as he spat out the stub of a smokeless cigar,
as he tossed off a sickening mixture of
grenadined ichor and watered love
served up by Alfred T, Lord God,
who was doing time for writing "Maud."

In came Regina victoriously.
"We are pleased," she said to aforesaid T,
"to ask of Alfred, our good and true,
if he has seen Albert." She looked right through
Shadow-and-Spit and Saint Sprawl, who,
taking their punishment better than men,
gagged the stuff down, said "Again,"
and damned themselves deeper while Alfred Lord
T aforesaid mixed and poured.

The syrup decanted, Alfred T
looked up at her blinking Majesty
and said in a voice like stone on stone,
"Why not leave the poor sot alone?
I've seen him, yes. He has been and gone.
You might try Heaven. It's hard to tell
where they go when they tire of Hell.
Or wait around till things get slack
and he'll show up—they always come back."

"Let her wait outside," said Shadow-and-Spit
and fat Saint Sprawl. "The Hell of it
is not, as all the preachers think,
the burning fleas of this damned sink,
nor the sugared emetic we have to drink
from the lady fingers of Alfred T,
but in having to stand here soberly
while all that's sticky and virtuous
comes and goes through the guts of us,

through the shadowy guts we have to fill
with Alfred aforesaid Lord T's swill.
We don't mind the party getting rough,
but no more slumming. This stinking stuff,
we do submit, is bad enough
without her bottomless Majesty
poking her sniff at you and me.
As for Albert, he'll be back or not.
England has many a princely pot

will do as he's told in virtue's name,
yet find himself sick on this very same
saccharine piddle after all
(First Prize at the Exhibition Hall)
because his guts have grown too small
for the roar of scotch or the binge of rye.
"Let her wait outside says I." "And I."
Said Shadow-and-Spit and lame Saint Sprawl,
who would rather be damned than not at all.

"We stubbed our souls, but never as much
as her High Victorial Royal Nonesuch,
as His Princeliness of One-Step-Back,
as all the court of the Sniffly Claque,
as Alfred T, their aforesaid hack
who watered the love and the sticky sweet
blood of Hell for Her Primship's Seat."
—Shadow-and-Spit and the dead Saint cried—
"Till she knows she's damned, let her wait outside."

—John Ciardi.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Check List of University Press Books

Business, Economics

INPUT-OUTPUT ECONOMICS. By Wassily Leontief. Oxford. $8.50.

NATIONAL ECONOMIC POLICY. Essays by James Tobin. Yale. Hardbound, $5. Paperback, $1.75.

POVERTY AMID AFFLUENCE. Edited by Leo Fishman. Yale. Hardbound, $6. Paperback, $1.75.

THE WORLD MONEY MAZE. By Robert Triffin. Yale. $12.50.

Current Affairs

THE COMMUNIST CONTROVERSY IN WASHINGTON: From the New Deal to McCarthy. By Earl Latham. Harvard. $7.95.

Education

ON UNIVERSITY STUDIES. By F. W. F. Schelling. Ohio. $5.

SCIENCE AND THE UNIVERSITY. Edited by Boyd R. Keenan. Columbia. $5.95.

Government, Politics

APPROACHES TO COMPARATIVE AND INTERNATIONAL POLITICS. By R. Barry Farrell. Northwestern. $9.95.

ARMS AND INFLUENCE. By Thomas C. Schelling. Yale. $7.50.

CONGRESS AND LOBBIES: Image and Reality. By Andrew M. Scott and Margaret A. Hunt. North Carolina. $4.50.

MEN NEAR THE TOP: Filling Key Posts in the Federal Service. By John J. Corson and R. Shale Paul. Johns Hopkins. Hardbound, $6. Paperback, $3.

History

THE CHRONICLE AND POLITICAL PAPERS OF KING EDWARD VI. Edited by W. K. Jordan. Cornell. $5.75.

ERIE WATER WEST: A History of the Erie Canal, 1792-1854. By Ronald E. Shaw. Kentucky. $8.

THE FRENCH ARMY IN POLITICS, 1945-1962. By John Steward Ambler. Ohio. $6.50.

A HISTORY OF MODERN BRAZIL, 1889-1964. By José Maria Bello. Stanford. $10.

INDIAN FIGHTS: New Facts on Seven Encounters. By J. W. Vaughn. Oklahoma. $4.95.

LETTERS ON THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS. From the files of Raymond B. Fosdick. Princeton. $4.50.

A NATION MOVING WEST: Readings in the History of the American Frontier. Edited by Robert W. Richmond and Robert W. Mardock. Nebraska. Hardbound, $5.50. Paperback, $1.95.

THE PASSING OF THE HAPSBURG MONARCHY, 1914-1918. By Arthur J. May. Pennsylvania. Two vols. Boxed set, $18.

PREACHERS, PEDAGOGUES AND POLITICIANS: The Evolution Controversy in North Carolina. By Willard B. Garewood, Jr. North Carolina. $5.95.

THE PROBLEM OF SLAVERY IN WESTERN CULTURE. By David Brion Davis. Cornell. $10.

THE VISION OF HISTORY IN EARLY BRITAIN. By Robert W. Hanning. Columbia. $7.50.

International Affairs

COLUMBIA ESSAYS IN INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS: The Dean's Papers, 1965. By Andrew W. Cordier. Columbia. $7.95.

DEMOCRACY AND ECONOMIC CHANGE IN INDIA. By George Rosen. California. $6.75.

GREEK POLITICAL REACTION TO AMERICAN AND NATO INFLUENCES. By Theodore A. Couloumbis. Yale. $7.50.

MARXISM IN MODERN FRANCE. By George Lichtheim. Columbia. $6.75.

NATIONAL UNITY AND REGIONALISM IN EIGHT AFRICAN STATES. Edited by Gwendolen M. Carter. Cornell. $10.

Law

ORIGINS OF THE COMMON LAW. By Arthur R. Hogue. Indiana. $6.50.

WEST BERLIN: The Legal Context. Edited by Roland J. Stanger. Ohio State. $4.75.

Literary History, Criticism

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN. By Donald A. Ringe. Twayne. $3.50.

THE CLASSIC LINE: A Study in Epic Poetry. By Albert S. Cook. Indiana. $7.50.

THE COMPLETE WRITINGS OF WILLIAM BLAKE WITH VARIANT READINGS. Edited by Geoffrey Keynes. Oxford. $8.

FLANNERY O'CONNOR, by Stanley Edgar Hyman; RICHARD EBERHART, by Ralph J. Mills, Jr.; HENRY MILLER, by George Wickes; JACK LONDON, by Charles Child Walcutt. Minnesota Pamphlets on American Writers Series. 65¢ each.

THE MAKING OF A SHROPSHIRE LAD: A Manuscript Variorum. By Tom Burns Haber. Washington. $10.

THE NEW YORK CITY SKETCHES OF STEPHEN CRANE AND RELATED PIECES. Edited by R. W. Stallman and E. R. Hagemann. NYU. $7.50.

THE SENTIMENTAL REVOLUTION: French Writers of 1690-1740. By Geoffroy Atkinson. Edited by Abraham C. Keller. Washington. $6.

THE SHAPING VISION: Imagination in the English Novel from Defoe to Dickens. By Robert Alan Donovan. Cornell. $5.75.

STERNE'S COMEDY OF MORAL SENTIMENTS: The Ethical Dimension of *The Journey*. By Arthur Hill Cash. Duquesne. $4.25.

THE THEATER IN THE FICTION OF MARCEL PROUST. By John Gaywood Linn. Ohio State. $6.

THEIR PROPER SPHERE: A Study of the Brontë Sisters as Early Victorian Female Writers. By Inga-Stina Ewbank. Harvard. $5.95.

WILLIAM SAROYAN. By Howard R. Floan. Twayne. $3.50.

Miscellany

FOLKTALES OF IRELAND. Edited by Sean O'Sullivan. Chicago. $5.50.

GRAVEN IMAGES: New England Stonecarving and Its Symbols, 1650-1815. By Allan I. Ludwig. Wesleyan. $22.50.

THE HELIAND. Translated from the Old Saxon by Mariana Scott. North Carolina University Press. $6.

THE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH ETYMOLOGY. Edited by C. T. Onions. Oxford. $16.50.

Personal History

BARBARA: The Unconscious Autobiography of a Child Genius. Edited by Harold Grier McCurdy. North Carolina. $4.75.

COURTIER TO THE CROWD: The Life Story of Ivy Lee. By Ray Eldon Hiebert. Iowa. $6.95.

THOMAS HARDY: The Will and the Way. By Roy Morrell. Oxford. $6.50.

Poetry

CIPANGO'S HINDER DOOR. By Edward Dahlberg. Texas. $3.75.

FROM THE HUNGARIAN REVOLUTION: A Collection of Poems. Edited by David Ray. Cornell. $4.95.

GO READ THE RIVER. By Dave Etter. Nebraska. $3.50.

THE HORSE OPERA AND OTHER POEMS. By Mac Hammond. Ohio State. $4.

POEMS, CENTURIES AND THREE THANKSGIVINGS. By Thomas Traherne. Oxford. $7.

THE POEMS OF PHYLLIS WHEATLEY. Edited by Julian D. Mason, Jr. North Carolina. $6.50.

STAYING ALIVE. By David Wagoner. Indiana. $3.50.

THE STRIDERS: Poems. By A. K. Ramanujan. Oxford. $4.25.

THE STRIDE OF TIME. By Richmond Lattimore. Michigan. $4.

Psychology

PRINCIPLES OF GROUP TREATMENT. By Eric Berne, M.D. Oxford. $6.50.

STUDIES IN PHENOMENOLOGY AND PSYCHOLOGY. By Aron Gurwitsch. Northwestern. $12.95.

Religion, Philosophy

CHRISTIAN FAITH AND THE INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY: A Study of St. Augustine's Philosophy of History. By G. L. Keyes. Nebraska. $5.95.

DIALECTICS AND NIHILISM: Essays on Lessing, Nietzsche, Mann, and Kafka. By Peter Heller. Massachusetts. $7.

A DIALOGUE OF COMFORT AGAINST TRIBULATION. By St. Thomas More. Indiana. Hardbound, $8.75. Paperback, $2.65.

THE ECUMENICAL VANGUARD: The History of the UNA Sancta Movement. By Leonard J. Swidler. Duquesne. $7.75.

MAN IN TIME By Jean Guitton. Notre Dame. $3.50.

MIND, MATTER, AND METHOD: Essays in Philosophy and Science in Honor of Herbert Feigl. Edited by Paul K. Feyerabend and Grover Maxwell. Minnesota. $9.75.

Sociology

THE NEW WORLD NEGRO: Selected Papers in Afro-American Studies. By Melville J. Herskovits. Indiana. $10.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chess Corner—No. 102

A FUNDAMENTAL course in chess is to gain material with minimal risk, swap pieces, and nurse the advantage to an end-game victory. In such a sequence, the correct deployment of the king is a dominant factor.

A masterful example of progressive conversion came when Vassily Smyslov of the Soviet Union met Heinz Lehmann of West Germany at the recent Capablanca Memorial Tournament in Havana. Smyslov, a former world champion, is the victor.

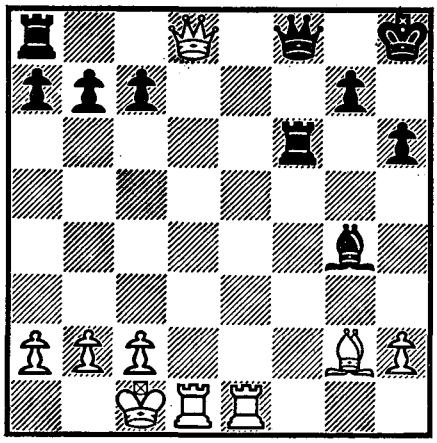
By the sortie— 2 P-K4, PxP — White is willing to part with a pawn in return for superior development. The onus then would be upon him to prove that the faster deployment of his forces outweighs the pawn. But Black rejects the offer, or rather accepts and returns it.

White follows up by castling long with 14 O-O-O, and this does lose a Pawn to 15 . . . QxP. All this is part of White's plan to place Black on the defensive.

Black finally emerges with a safe king, a pawn plus, and a chance to simplify to a pawn-plus ending, and victory.

DUTCH DEFENSE

Lehmann White	Smyslov Black	Lehmann White	Smyslov Black
1 P-Q4	P-KB4	11 PxN	B-K2
2 P-K4	PxP	12 NxBch	QxN
3 N-QB3	N-KB3	13 Q-Q2	P-Q4
4 P-B3	N-B3	14 O-O-O	PxP
5 PxP	P-K4	15 PxP	QxP
6 PxP	QNxP	16 BxN	RxB
7 N-B3	B-Q3	17 B-N2	Q-K1
8 B-KN5	P-KR3	18 KR-K1	Q-B1
9 B-R4	O-O	19 Q-Q5ch	K-R1
10 N-Q5	NxNch	20 Q-Q8	B-N5



21 QxQch	QRxQ	31 K-B2	R-K2
22 R-Q4	B-B1	32 P-N4	R-Q2
23 R-K7	P-B3	33 R-QB4	B-K3
24 P-KR4	K-N1	34 R-K4	BxP
25 P-R5	R/3-B2	35 R-K5ch	K-B5
26 RxR	KxR	36 R-R5	R-Q7ch
27 K-Q2	K-B3	37 K-K1	R-R7
28 K-K3	K-N4	38 B-K2	B-K3
29 B-B3	B-B4	39 B-B1	R-R7
30 P-B3	R-K1ch	Resigns	

—AL HOROWITZ.

A COOL SHOWER is always welcome to Jack Daniel's sawyers and rickers who make the charcoal to smooth out our Tennessee whiskey.

It gets pretty hot when we're burning ricks of hard maple. But the charcoal that results makes it all worthwhile. You see, it's ground up and packed tightly 10 feet deep in vats. Then our just-made whiskey is seeped down through it . . . drop by drop. This is called Charcoal Mellowing. And the rare *sippin'* smoothness it gives Jack Daniel's is worth all the rick-burning, rain or no rain.

CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

©1965, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 384), TENN.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Fresh Look at Faulkner

A longtime literary friend recalls his association with the late author and some seldom appreciated elements of his greatness.

By MALCOLM COWLEY

FOUR YEARS after William Faulkner's death in 1962, I find myself looking back at him not only with the old admiration for his work but with respect for his character and also, it seems to me, with a degree of understanding. For all the differences between us, of which the enormous one was his genius, we were men of the same time, with many of the same standards, which were partly derived from our reading of the same authors, and we had the same instinctive love of the American land. His actions did not seem inexplicable to me, as they sometimes did to others. They were his own solutions, fresh and simple ones—as if he were acting without precedents—to problems that almost all the writers of our time had to face.

We were most of us countrymen, in one sense or another. There were exceptions, and Scott Fitzgerald, for example, was less at home in the country than he was in a residential suburb. Most of the others lived in the country by choice, though preferably not too far from New York or Paris or, in Hemingway's case, Havana; or they found another compromise, as E. E. Cummings did, by spending seven or eight months of the year in New York and the rest of it on a hilltop in New Hampshire.

Perhaps we might be called a transitional generation, bent on enjoying the urban pleasures, but at the same time hunters and fishermen eager to feel the soil instead of asphalt underfoot. We were radicals in literature and sometimes in politics, but conservative in our other aspirations, looking back for ideals to the country we had known in childhood, where people led separate lives in widely scattered houses; where there were broad fields in which a boy could hunt without fear of No Trespass signs, and big woods, untouched by lumbermen, in which he could wander with a pocket compass. I suspect that we were the last generation in which those country tastes could be taken for granted. American fiction and poetry since our time have become increasingly urban or suburban.

Among us Faulkner was the only one who remained loyal to the neighborhood he had always known. The rest of us were uprooted and exiled from our native countrysides, at first by our schooling, then by the Great War, then by our travels. As one after another said, but Hemingway long before Thomas Wolfe, "You can't go home again." Faulkner seemed to be unaffected by that long deracination, as by the effort that followed it to put down new roots in middle age. He spent most of his life, and he died, in Oxford, Mississippi, the country town where he grew up, which is thirty miles as the crow flies from New Albany, the other country town where he was born. His genius, though international, was nourished on local tradition.

Even when his reputation was in eclipse, during the early 1940s, almost everyone was willing to admit that he had genius. Not so widely recognized then or later was that he also had talent. Here I am using the two words in one of their several pairings, one by which they are not measured on the same quantitative scale—with 180, for example, as a quotient for genius and 150 for talent—but instead are treated as sharply opposing qualities.

"Genius" in that sense would stand for everything that is essentially the gift of the subconscious mind—or of the Muses, as poets used to say (that is, for inspiration, imagination, the creative vision)—while "talent" would stand for conscious ingenuity, calculation, acquired skill, and the critical judgment that an author displays when revising his own work. "How many young geniuses we have known," Emerson said, "and none but ourselves will ever hear of them for want in them of a little talent."

Faulkner had talent in abundance, as is clear to anyone who examines the early draft of *Sanctuary*, for instance, or his three successive versions of "That Evening Sun." Each of his many changes reveals a sound critical judgment. The detective stories he collected in *Knight's Gambit* are examples of misapplied but impressive ingenuity. Again it was talent, not genius, that he revealed while working in Hollywood. He said in the extraordinary interview that he gave to the *Paris Review* in 1956, "I know now that I will never be a good motion-picture writer," but what he meant is that he wouldn't be a great one.

He was good enough so that Warner Brothers made strenuous efforts to get him back to their studio, even in the years before they realized that he was a world-famous author. They wanted him because he could throw away the script and write new dialogue on the set, a technical achievement that few of their writers had mastered. But technique was never what excited him, and very often, I think, he sacrificed his talent to his genius.

THE sacrifice is revealed not only in his books but in many casual remarks like those he made to me on a visit to New England. "I listen to the voices," he said, "and when I put down what the voices say, it's right. Sometimes I don't like what they say"—that is, their message might be in conflict with his conscious standards—"but I don't change it."

Again he said, "Get it down. Take chances," that is, give rein to the unconscious. "It may be bad, but that's the only way you can do anything really good. Wolfe took the most chances, though he didn't always know what he was doing. I come next and then Dos Passos. Hemingway doesn't take chances enough."

That was the argument at a distance between Faulkner and Hemingway, which sometimes became embittered on

This article is based on the book, *The Faulkner-Cowley File: Letters and Memories*, to be published this summer by The Viking Press, Inc.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hemingway's part. They had to differ for the simple reason that they were rivals who—partly by the influence on both of them of their time—resembled each other in many fashions.

Both of them had sharp eyes for landscape. Both liked to go barefoot as boys and even as young men, as if they weren't satisfied with merely seeing the countryside, but had to feel it as well. Both were hunters by devoted avocation. Both loved the wilderness, lamented its passing, went searching for remains of it, and were proud of their ability to find their way in it without guides. Both returned in their work to many of the same themes: for example, the primitive mind, the mystical union of hunter and hunted, the obsessions of wounded men, and the praise of alcohol. There were even trivial resemblances, as in the British style of dress and the British officer's World War I mustache that Hemingway wore in his early years and Faulkner all his life. They differed radically, however, in their attitude toward the craft of writing.

Hemingway kept his inspiration in check, for he liked to know what he was doing at every moment. Quite the opposite of Faulkner in this respect, he sometimes sacrificed his genius to his talent. I think of one remark he made: "Faulkner has the most talent of anybody"—here he was using "talent" in another sense than mine—"but hard to depend on because he goes on writing after he is tired and seems as though he never threw away the worthless. I would have been happy just to have managed him."

Hemingway was an excellent manager of others, and of himself until the last years, but it seems to me that he was wrong in this instance. The crucial problem with Faulkner was not that of managing his talent—let us say, of refining his skill and conserving his stamina as if he were a boxer training for the big fight—but rather that of keeping his genius alive through the years. To that problem he had to find his own solution.

ALL his life Faulkner was a problem-solver. Obviously that was the way his mind worked: he regarded each new situation as a problem, which he usually reduced to a single question; then he tried to find his answer. It is, of course, a common procedure, but most of us make it easier by looking for precedents and then by responding to the problem with some action of which we hope the neighbors will say, "It's what any sensible person would have done in his case."

Faulkner was not concerned with what his sensible neighbors might have done. He approached each problem as if nobody else had ever been faced with it and as if it required some radically new solution. In that respect he preserved a sort of innocence, a quality of mind or character that makes one think of the youngest son in fairy tales. Always the older brothers believe that the youngest is hopelessly stupid and ignorant of the world, but always he performs the right actions out of sheer simplicity.

—*The American Academy of Arts and Letters.*

William Faulkner, presents The Gold Medal for Fiction to John Dos Passos at the May 1957 Ceremonial of the National Institute and the American Academy of Arts and Letters. Malcolm Cowley, then president of the institute, is on the right.

So it is in the tale of "The Youth Who Went Forth to Learn What Fear Was." His quest leads him into a haunted castle where anyone who spends three nights will be rewarded with an immense treasure. Nobody else has come out alive after the first night, but the youth survives till morning by finding the proper answers. Then on the second night (I quote from the Brothers Grimm),

> he again went up into the old castle, sat down by the fire, and once more began his old song: "If I could but shudder!" When midnight came, an uproar and noise of tumbling about was heard; at first it was low, but it grew louder and louder. Then it was quiet for a while, and at length with a loud scream, half a man came down the chimney and fell before him.
>
> "Hullo!" cried the youth [as Faulkner might have cried], "another half belongs to this. This is not enough."
>
> Then the uproar began again, there was a roaring and howling, and the other half fell down likewise. "Wait," said he, "I will just stoke up the fire a little for you." When he had done that and looked round again, the two pieces were joined together and a hideous man was sitting in his place.
>
> "That is no part of our bargain," said the youth. "The bench is mine." The man wanted to push him away. The youth, however, would not allow that, but thrust him off with all his strength, and seated himself again in his own place.

Problem: What do you do when two halves of a body fall down the chimney, when they join together into a hideous man, and when he takes your place by the fire? Why, nothing could be simpler: you push him off the bench. *Problem that follows:* what do you do when other men fall down the chimney, bringing with them two skulls and nine thighbones of dead men, then stand up the bones and start playing ninepins with the skulls? Why, nothing could be simpler, considering that you have had the foresight to provide yourself with a turning lathe. You grind the skulls till they are round and join happily in the game. *Problem:* (this time in Faulkner's terms): What do you do when you find yourself at a grisly Hollywood party, with guests more fearsome to you than specters in a haunted castle, but when you don't want to embarrass the host by making public excuses for leaving? Why, nothing could be simpler. You go upstairs, open a window, and escape by climbing down a trellis.

AND still another problem solved in Faulkner's terms: A motion-picture studio has put him on its payroll, but without telling him what to do. Instead of going to Hollywood, he simply waits at home for instructions. Then a telegram arrives: WILLIAM FAULKNER, OXFORD, MISS. WHERE ARE YOU? MGM STUDIO. As he later told Jean Stein when being interviewed for *Paris Review*,

> I wrote out a telegram: MGM STUDIO, CULVER CITY, CALIF. WILLIAM FAULKNER.
>
> The young lady operator said, "Where is the message, Mr. Faulkner?" I said, "That's it." She said, "The rule book says that I can't send it without a message, you have to say something." So we went through her samples and I selected

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I forget which one—one of the canned anniversary messages. I sent that.

Those pleasant anecdotes reveal a pattern that Faulkner also followed, or tells us he followed, in writing his novels: always there was the problem reduced to a simple question, and always there was the simple but unprecedented answer. In writing *Sanctuary*, he says that the problem was chiefly that of making money, and the answer was to invent "the most horrific tale I could imagine." In *As I Lay Dying*, the problem was what an imagined group of people would do when subjected to what he calls "the simple universal natural catastrophes, which are flood and fire, with a simple natural motive to give direction to their progress."

THE answer in the writing of the novel "was not easy," he says. "No honest work is. It was simple in that all the material was already at hand. It took me just about six weeks in the spare time from a twelve-hour-a-day job at manual labor."

The problem was never the same. In *The Sound and the Fury*, it was presented by an obsessive mental picture: "the muddy seat of a little girl's drawers in a pear tree, where she could see through a window where her grandmother's funeral was taking place and report what was happening to her brothers on the ground below." But who were the children, what were they doing, and why were her pants muddy? By the time those questions were answered in his mind, Faulkner says—again in the *Paris Review* interview—"I realized it would be impossible to get all of it into a short story and that it would have to be a book." *The Wild Palms*, that novel with a double plot told in alternate chapters, started as the story of two people "who sacrificed everything for love, and then lost that." The question was how to keep the story at a high pitch of intensity.

> When I reached the end of what is now the first section of *The Wild Palms* [he told Jean Stein], I realized suddenly that something was missing, it needed emphasis, something to lift it like counterpoint in music. So I wrote on the "Old Man" story until "The Wild Palms" story rose back to pitch. Then I stopped the "Old Man" story at what is now its first section, and took up "The Wild Palms" story until it began again to sag. Then I raised it to pitch again with another section of its antithesis, which is the story of a man who got his love and spent the rest of the book fleeing from it . . .

As he explains the writing of each novel, he makes it sound as innocent as the behavior of the youth in the haunted castle. Faulkner, too, was exorcising demons and specters, but that seemed to be a trifling matter for a man who couldn't shudder. All he had to do, apparently, was to resolve each threatening situation into a question that could be answered in its own terms. We say once more, "Why, nothing could be simpler," and then with a start we realize that the questions were new and that the answers in each case were those of genius.

There were continuing problems in life to which he applied the same pattern of response. Of course the great problem of his early years was one that perplexes almost every young writer: how to live while getting his work done. Without reading Thoreau, it would seem, he instinctively chose Thoreau's answer: "Simplify, simplify!" He reduced his needs to the requisites of the writer's trade, which are, as he listed them to Jean Stein, "whatever peace, whatever solitude, and whatever pleasure he can get at not too high a cost," and beyond these, "Paper, tobacco, food, and a little whisky." The requisites could be supplied by any sort of odd job that was locally available, including house painting, rum running (from New Orleans), and shoveling coal in the University of Mississippi power station—always provided that the job didn't engross his attention and that he didn't hold it beyond the point of utter boredom.

THAT sort of barefoot heedlessness couldn't last after his marriage in 1929; his income as a family man had to be less intermittent. For a few years after *Sanctuary* (1931), his books and magazine stories produced enough to support the household. Then, in the later years of the Depression, he found another expedient, which was to work in Hollywood for six months of the year and, by frugal living, to save enough from his never brilliant salary to carry him through the next six months in Oxford. Though not a happy answer, it was the best to be found.

But other problems remained, among them the one which I said was really crucial and which persisted from the years of obscurity into those of fame: that is, the problem of keeping his genius alive in a generally hostile environment. Faulkner's genius was essentially his sustained power of imagination. It could not be locked in a vault like precious stones; it needed space and air and especially solitude.

In writing an introduction to *The Portable Faulkner* (1946), I had suggested that intellectual solitude was responsible for the faults in his writing (and Faulkner had agreed with me), but I should have seen even then that it was also a precondition of his writing. Only in solitude could he enter the inner kingdom—"William Faulkner, sole owner and proprietor"—that his genius was able to people and cultivate. Only by standing guard at the borders of the kingdom could he bar out invaders who might lay it waste. And that was only part of his guardianship, for he also had to be vigilant against tempters and corrupters who might destroy it from within.

His struggle against those two dangers was more precarious and his measure of victory over them was more admirable than is generally recognized. What we forget is that Faulkner was the first distinguished American man of letters who spent most of his life in a country town remote from any metropolitan center.

Concord, of course, was also a country town, and the fact might help to explain some curious points of resemblance between Faulkner and the Concord sages, especially Hawthorne, who felt the same

"Miss Wilson, I'm afraid I threw one out with the bath water."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

need for solitude. There was also Emerson, who said in one of his journals—as Faulkner might have echoed—"Alone is wisdom. Alone is happiness. Society nowadays makes us low spirited, hopeless. Alone is heaven." But when Emerson got tired of being alone in heaven, he had literary neighbors for distraction, and Concord in his time was only an hour on the cars from Boston. For Thoreau it was a half-day's walk from the Harvard Library.

So Concord is no exception to my generality, and neither is the fact that a few gifted women had survived as writers in towns no larger than Oxford; one thinks first of Emily Dickinson, then of Mary Noailles Murfree and Elizabeth Madox Roberts. A gentlewoman's problem was slightly different in a country town, that is, if she didn't marry; she was permitted by public opinion, she might even be encouraged, to spend her leisure writing books instead of painting china. A man, however, was expected to follow some practical pursuit like farming or merchandising or legal counseling, at the cost, if he failed to do so, of being ridiculed as "Count No'count."

Perhaps that weight of public ridicule and incomprehension has been the greatest enemy of the arts in rural America. Faulkner was by no means the first man to resist it, but he was the first not to be warped by his resistance; the first simply to stand and pursue a fruitful career.

To do so required pride, willpower, and tough-hided indifference, in a measure of all three that is not generally associated with an imaginative writer. Moreover, he also had to display those qualities on another battlefield. When he emerged from his country town for six months of the year, it was to work in Hollywood, which used to have a notorious fashion of embracing and destroying men of letters. After publishing an admired book, or two or three, the writer was offered a contract by a movie studio; then he bought a house with a swimming pool and vanished from print. If he reappeared years later, it was usually with a novel designed to have the deceptive appeal of an uplift brassière. The process aroused Faulkner's scorn. "Nothing can injure a man's writing," he told Jean Stein, "if he's a first-class writer. . . . The problem does not apply if he is not first-rate, because he has already sold his soul for a swimming pool."

Faulkner protected his soul, or rather his genius, by doing honest work for less than the usual Hollywood salary, and by living in a cubbyhole where he had few visitors. His only extravagance, except for buying conservative clothes, was a riding mare. Once the novelist Stephen Longstreet, then working in the same studio, found him sitting in a car at the curb, with the mare, swollen-bellied, behind him in a trailer.

"Remember, Worthington—that's five cents a day for every day over two weeks."

"Hi, Bill, where you going?" Longstreet asked him.

"Home to Oxford," Faulkner answered. "I don't want any mare of mine to throw a foal in California."

Faulkner himself was used to foaling his books in Oxford, but meanwhile the struggle against the Hollywood atmosphere must have been harder than he later made it appear. There is a note of triumph against odds in the letter that he sent me with his genealogy of the Compson family: ". . . it took me about a week to get Hollywood out of my lungs, but I am still writing all right, I believe. . . . Maybe I am just happy that that damned West Coast place has not cheapened my soul as much as I probably believed it was going to do."

But the problem of keeping alive his genius was still with him when he got back to Oxford. As his reputation spread, even the townspeople learned that he was a famous man, and some of them must have tried to invade his private life in the hope of being strengthened by his mana. There were also marauders from the outer world: "Last month two damned swedes," he said in a 1946 letter, "two days ago a confounded Chicago reporter, and now this one"—it was the Russian novelist Ilya Ehrenburg—"that cant even speak english. . . . I swear to christ being in hollywood was better than this where nobody knew me or cared a damn." He was faced with the beginning of the process by which an author is snatched from his private world and transformed into a public institution, a combined lecture hall, post office, and comfort station, all humming with strange voices.

Even at this early stage, it must have been hard for him to maintain that "inner hush," as Scott Fitzgerald calls it, in which the voices of his genius could be heard above an intrusive babble. One thinks of Coleridge and the dream he had that was "Kubla Khan." "On awaking," Coleridge says, describing the experience in the third person, "he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour . . ." and that was the end of the vision. When Coleridge went back to his writing table, the rest of the poem "had passed away," he says, "like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone has been cast."

Faulkner did not dream his stories (nor did Coleridge dream his poems, except for "Kubla Khan"). We shall never know how the stories first occurred to Faulkner, though it may be that the germ of more than one was the sort of "mental picture" that he mentioned as the beginning of *The Sound and the Fury*. It seems more certain, however, that the stories were consciously elaborated and revised in his mind, so that sometimes the process of setting them down was as simple as copying out a manuscript. At such times he could be interrupted by persons on business without damage to the text. The periods of solitude he required were the moments or hours when his imagination was at work.

He stood at his threshold, as it were, to bar them out. He took measures

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against them, of which the simplest was not reading their letters, while in cases of threatened incursion he might flee to a cabin in the woods. Other measures failing, he was known to retreat behind an impenetrable wall of drunkenness.

The intruders he feared were not the plain people of the town and countryside: hunters, carpenters, small farmers, black or white tenants, bootleggers, and deputy sheriffs; these offered no menace to his kingdom, and indeed they served to enrich its resources by the stories they told around campfires or sitting on the gallery of a crossroads store. There were many other people he was glad to see, for it is to be noted that one of his aims —besides that of protecting his imagined world—was living in the real world as a private person closely attached to family and friends. But that sort of private and professional life, with days to be spent alone, could be preserved only by building walls against the world.

The strangers he feared were the infiltrators who tried to climb over the walls—the correspondents, interviewers, aspiring novelists, literary ladies, and society people (unless they knew a lot about horses) generally speaking, all those who were trying to use him or to make him over in their images. Sometimes he was rude to the wrong persons; I think of Ehrenburg, whom he would have found stimulating if they could have established communication, and there were many others. But the gifted people he snubbed might remember that for all their good intentions, the part they might have played in Faulkner's days was that of persons from Porlock.

And Faulkner himself: did he find the right answers to his problems in life and in the continued production of his works? There are no completely right answers. It had better be said that his later books, in general, had not the freshness and power of the early ones. That is the common fate of imaginative writers (except for a few poets); some original force goes out of them. The books they write after the age of fifty most often lose in genius what they may possibly gain in talent.

Faulkner lost substantially less than others. Though none of his later books was on a level with *The Sound and the Fury* or *Go Down, Moses*, none of them made concessions to other people's tastes. One hears a person speaking in each of them, not an institution, and a person with reserves of power who may surprise us on any page. Some of Faulkner's best writing is in passages of *Requiem for a Nun*, and *Intruder in the Dust*, and especially—almost at the end—in the Mink Snopes chapters of *The Mansion*. In retrospect I should judge that he solved the problem of keeping alive his genius better than any other American novelist of our century.

SR-ANISFIELD-WOLF AWARDS

Books that Change Men's Minds

By JAMES F. FIXX

HOW MANY of the books published each year in the United States make a significant contribution toward improving men's relationships with each other? No one knows the exact number, of course, nor can anyone even begin to guess the myriad ways in which a book can penetrate and change a reader's mind. By at least one standard, however, there is evidence that an increasing number of authors are finding themselves moved to write about what is sometimes referred to as intergroup relations.

That standard is the *SR*-Anisfield-Wolf Awards, which are presented each year to books that have made a distinguished contribution to such relationships. The awards have seemed in recent years to be a gauge to something of a literary change for the simple reason that the awards committee—headed by anthropologist Ashley Montagu – has found the task of narrowing down its choices increasingly difficult. Customarily two books are selected as winners. In one recent year, however, the committee finally felt obliged to throw up its hands and name three winners ("In view of their quality," wrote Professor Montagu at the time, "the committee found it impossible to decide otherwise"). This year's judging, just completed, proved to be an even more agonizing experience, and the results show it: There are four winners.

Those that came out on top are *Manchild in the Promised Land*, by Claude Brown (Macmillan, $5.95); *The Autobiography of Malcolm X* (Grove Press, $7.50); *Your Heredity and Environment*, by Amram Scheinfeld (Lippincott, $12.50); and *The Unity of Mankind in Greek Thought*, by H. C. Baldry (Cambridge, $7.50).

Each winning author receives a $750 award. The awards, first presented in 1935, were provided by the late Mrs. Edith Anisfield-Wolf in memory of her father and her husband.

What is the special quality in each of the 1966 winners that moved the judges to give it an award?

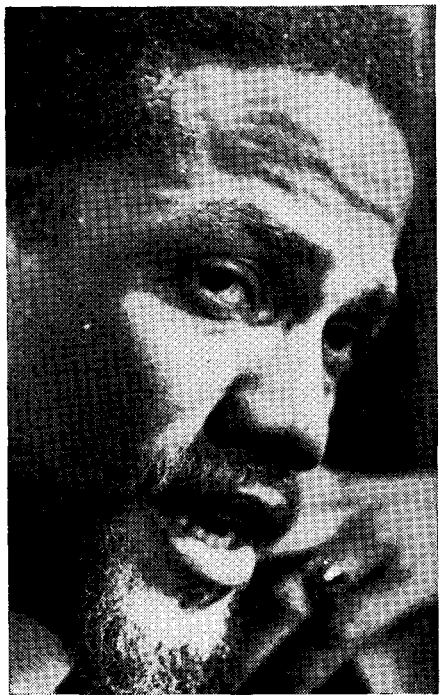
Manchild in the Promised Land is the autobiography of a nineteen-year-old Negro who was born in Harlem and bred in its street gangs and its squalor – "crowded into a dirty, stinky, uncared-for closet-size section of a great city." Young Claude Brown was quick to learn the ways of the street. By the time he was nine he was a member of the Buccaneers, a streetfighting gang, and of the Forty Thieves, the Buccaneers' elite stealing arm. At eleven he was sent to a school for emotionally disturbed and deprived boys where he stayed for two years. Released, he soon found himself in reform school for the first of three such commitments. He was still only fourteen.

WITHIN the next few years, however, something startling happened to Claude Brown, and he ultimately graduated from Howard University and at last report, a few months ago, was making plans to enter law school. It is the story of the struggle to create for himself a decent life, always against the vast and vastly menacing odds of his Harlem background, that provides much of the stark drama in *Manchild in the Promised Land*. And that drama is wondrously and often movingly heightened by a style that is swift, sure, and unmistakably a reflection of the life it describes. A sample: "Mama's favorite question was, 'Boy, why you so bad?' I tried many times to explain to Mama that I wasn't 'so bad.' I tried to make her understand that it was trying to be good that generally got me into trouble. I remember telling her I played hooky to avoid getting into trouble in school... When I stole things, it was only to save the family money and avoid arguments or scoldings whenever I asked for money." The book is full of such insights.

The Autobiography of Malcolm X, written with the assistance of veteran magazine writer Alex Haley, is the posthumously published story of a Negro leader who once called himself "the angriest black man in America." A leader of the Black Muslims, Malcolm X was ultimately slain by assassins in a Harlem ballroom, but before his death he was able to complete this graphic piece of testimony to what it means to grow up as a Negro in America. "The American white man," he says in discussing the Black Muslim cause, "has so thoroughly brainwashed the black man to see himself as only a domestic 'civil rights' problem that it will probably take longer than I live before the Negro sees that the struggle of the American black

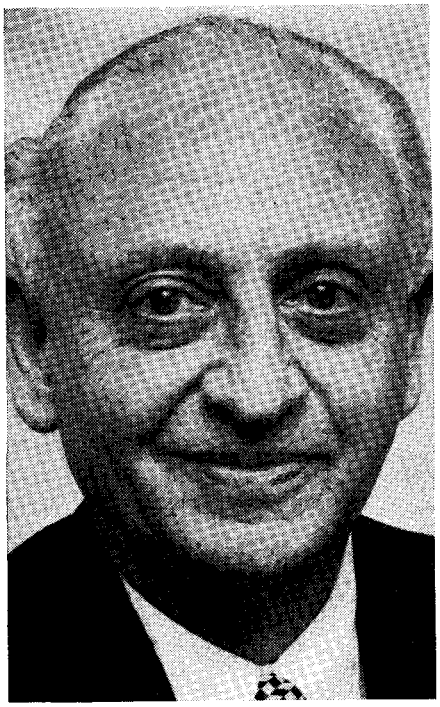
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Among the Winners



—*Wide World.*

Malcolm X



—*Politikens Presse Foto.*

Amram Scheinfeld

—*Leroy McLucas.*

Claude Brown

man is international." Malcolm X saw the goal of the black man, wherever he might be, as necessarily international rather than merely national, because "it is as this collective mass of black people that we have been deprived not only of our civil rights, but even of our human rights, the right to human dignity." His autobiography is the story of how he arrived at that view, and where it led him.

The third of the prize-winning books, *Your Heredity and Environment*, is a revision of an earlier edition of Amram Scheinfeld's lucid and precise description of the forces that make a person what he is. Updated to take account of such things as DNA and the so-called genetic code, it views both individual men and mankind as something a great deal different from mere mechanical and chemical objects acted on by meaningless instrumentalities. "Human genetics, as I have viewed it and am seeking to present it," says the author, "is far more than a limited scientific specialty dealing with the mechanism of human heredity. . . . Rather, I have regarded human genetics as an introspective personal, all-embracing science which can reveal people in the round and help us to see why we as individuals and groups are what we are, and what our inborn capacities might enable us to be for the better."

Finally, *The Unity of Mankind in Greek Thought* traces the birth and early growth of a concept that has come to have enormous practical significance in the twentieth-century world. The author, H. C. Baldry, a professor of classics at the University of Southampton in England, starts at the beginning of this "long and complicated chain of development" and shows the roles played by Alexander the Great, Zeno, Plato, Aristotle, and others in laying the frail, tentative groundwork for our own age, a time when, as Professor Baldry put it, "most of us draw the inference that between all [the] representatives of Homo sapiens there is some sort of kinship or fellowship which should influence their behavior toward each other." In the days of the early Greeks, however, as he makes clear, there was no such automatic inference. "Although modern civilization owes them much," Professor Baldry writes, "the United Nations Assembly and the disarmament conference are not part of the debt."

Professor Baldry's book, a work of scholarship that in other hands might have become a work fit only for a library's dustiest, remotest stacks, glows with understanding and a sense of involvement with the people who are its subjects. It is, of course, no accident that those same qualities are shared by the other three winners of the 1966 awards.

THE ANNUAL *SR*-ANISFIELD-WOLF Awards, which date from 1935, were at first given to single works on intergroup relations, *e.g.*, *We Europeans*, by Julian Huxley and A. C. Haddon, *The Negro Family in the United States*, by E. Franklin Frazier, and *From Many Lands*, by Louis Adamic. But since 1940 there has been such an outpouring of books with intergroup themes that, as the accompanying article points out, the judges have felt compelled, in fairness, to split the award among two, three, and —this year and last—*four* titles. This development would have pleased Mrs. Edith Anisfield-Wolf, who initiated the awards under *SR*'s sponsorship in the hope that they would encourage the writing of more books on intergroup relations. No one can say for sure how effective the awards have been, but the happy fact is that in the thirty-odd years since their founding, books dealing with intergroup themes have become a major feature of the literary landscape. So much so that the judges will be hard pressed to keep the winners from escalating to five in 1967.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stendhal's "The Red and the Black"

By KENNETH REXROTH

"I ROSE AND FELL with Napoleon," said Henri Beyle, who called himself Stendhal. He wrote *The Red and The Black,* the story of an inglorious Napoleon, a man of energy without a chance. Stendhal's hero, Julien Sorel, is the revolutionary adventurer trapped in the Restoration, as, of course was Stendhal himself.

The novelist differs from his character in insight. He is always aware that he, in his youth, had been liberated from the mediocrity that oppressed him. *Philosophes* and Jacobins had hoped to make the middle class intelligent and heroic. Stendhal had given up that hope. Again and again he spoke of his work as a lottery ticket that would pay off in fifty or a hundred years.

No one ever wrote more masculine novels than Stendhal's. He knew that they would be read in his time mostly by idle women, spoiled duchesses and disappointed wives of business men—exactly the women who destroy his hero Julien. So the violent arrogance of *The Red and The Black* is a kind of seduction, an assault on the spurious chastity of its public.

For fifty years, only such women and the few intellectuals who shared his sensuous scorn read him. Then his reputation began to grow. He took his place easily with the radical critics of modern life at the end of the century. By the hundredth anniversary of the publication of *The Red and The Black* he was acknowledged by many as the greatest of French novelists.

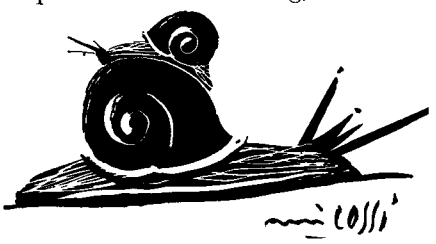
Hypertrophied or dissociated, the style he invented is still dominant in French fiction. Popular writers as diverse as Mrs. Voynich and Simenon have modeled themselves directly on him. More significantly, *The Red and The Black* established the type and fixed the pattern of the novel as black comedy.

In youth Stendhal longed to be the Molière of the nineteenth century, a great comic poet. He couldn't write proper French verse, so he thought he had failed. He had not. *The Red and The Black* is the first modern overturned tragedy, the first black comedy. Julien Sorel is a comic Napoleon, a Bonaparte with frayed cuffs and patched shoes, mocked in Bartholomew Fair. To the immature readers of the last century his story was a tragedy. To men of the world who read it in the twentieth, it is a comedy, but of the grimmest sort. "The world is a tragedy to those who feel, a comedy to those who think."

Hardly a man of letters has been as much a man of the world as Stendhal. Henri Beyle, dragoon; grocer; Napoleon's governor of Brunswick; commissary officer on the retreat from Moscow; consul in Civitavecchia, the port of Rome, wit of the salons of the Empire and terror of those of the Restoration; lover of actresses, courtesans, and noblewomen—this is a man to whom words were always instruments of action. So to his hero Julien Sorel ideas are a backwash of blocked action. He struggles to act and expresses his frustration in thought. His interior monologues are designed by Stendhal to ironically illuminate action, like the speeches of Thucydides, and never to impede it. Julien's thoughts are Stendhal's irony. His own are expressed in Julien's acts. This is what gives his narrative its extraordinary pace and intensity, unique in its time and rare in any.

Everybody acts out in *The Red and The Black*—Julien, the hero of the armed will; Mathilde, the tragic Renaissance princess; Mme. Renal, the helpless *victime* of a grand passion. Stendhal is very explicit in underlining their self-dramatizations. They are not, though they think they are, forced on by tragic necessity. On the contrary, their acts, including those of the final scene, are gratuitous indulgences from which at any time they can withdraw. Their adventures are certainly sensational, but Stendhal preserves, in the face of the unbridled Romanticism of his characters, a more than classicist imperturbability—Dumas in an iron mask. He is never the victim of his characters, never overthrown by the passions he creates. His is the armed will.

In its sharp definition, breathless pace, crowded frames, melodrama, *The Red and The Black* anticipates the methods of the cinema. But its characters are like those of so many modern people whose disasters are spread on the newspapers; they seem to have seen too many movies. As the novel progresses their actions acquire an ever increasing, ever more agonizing ridiculousness. Finally everything explodes in the black comedy of Julien's pistol shots, which, like Uncle Vanya's, kill nobody, and the novel ends in a denouement, a merciless crescendo, followed by a sarcastic anticlimax—the last role-playing of the Renaissance princess. The mercilessness is not that of tragedy, but of the deepest comedy.



Julien Sorel is destroyed by the mean unreality of the world in which his Napoleonic campaigns of sex and ambition are planned. But he is destroyed before he starts. His battles must be fought, not with armies, but with the limitless fraud of organized society. Stendhal keeps the fraudulent character of all his engagements steadily in view; this is the touchstone of all moral evaluation. *The Red and The Black*, and his other great novel, *The Charterhouse of Parma,* are dramas of gamesmanship on a crooked table, one lost, the other won. "Molière," said young Stendhal, "ridiculed the vices which corrupt society. Today we must attack the vice of the spirit of society itself."

Fraud empties motive of content. As we follow the story and try to analyze the relationships of the characters, they recede from us, and become masks which conceal appetites for power. The emptiness of their desires is the measure of their absurdity.

Stendhal could look back to the outburst of primitivism, the hour of revolt, the actual street fighting, and he identified himself with Napoleon, whose purported principles of intellectual integrity, rational imperative, honor, and the "career open to all the talents" were a freebooters' ethic, not a class one, least of all either bourgeois or aristocratic. Bonapartism is the religion of the New Man who rose from nothing to the greatest heights in history. A generation later, Julien Sorel is only an upstart, who carries his revolution about with him as Pascal did his abyss. This does not make him a tragic figure, but his reflection, backwards into history, makes Napoleon a comic one.

The Red and The Black is far more than a charade of a philosophy of history or a sociological theory. It is first of all one of the most perfectly constructed and told novels. It establishes the novel securely in the place of the dramatic poem. It is further a great personal utterance. It is not only a judgment of the history Stendhal had lived through, but a subtle and ruthless judgment of himself. "I am Julien," he said. Like a Russian Nihilist, Julien seeks pure act and embraces the guillotine. As a man of ego and will he struggles toward liberation from the principle of individuality. Stendhal called a term to action in the sensuous audacity of a life of planned moderation. His liberation was precisely his individuality.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Duncan Phillips–
A Guiding Force

FOR MY GENERATION Duncan Phillips was a guiding force, a man of knowledge, grace, and unswerving integrity, a man who understood that art, like history, has no final boundaries. Though admittedly his collection stresses modern and contemporary works, it also includes their roots, sometimes from as far back as the fifteenth century. The museum he established in Washington makes clear the meaning of interrelationships, but it does more than that; it offers us an art collection of engrossing interest. Indeed, I can recall no other gallery that combines such total independence of choice with such resolutely high standards.

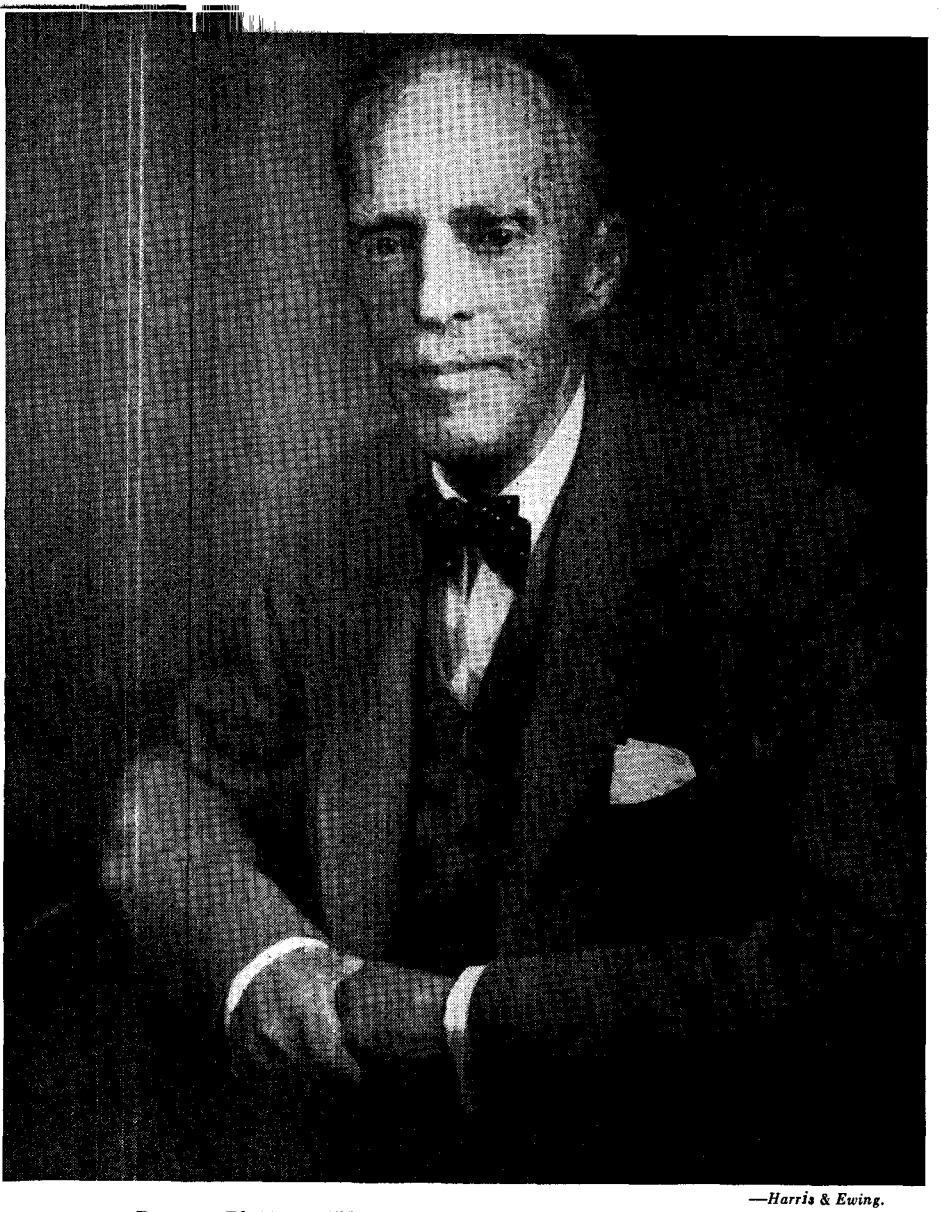
Mr. Phillips's recent death came not as a shock (he had been frail for some time) but as a grievous loss. There is no one, unequivocally no one, to take his place.

As founder and director of The Phillips Collection, a gallery that today comprises about 1,500 works ranging from El Greco to Rothko, he already had started to write about and acquire art in 1908 just after graduating from Yale. Ten years later The Phillips Collection was incorporated as an educational institution, thus becoming the earliest museum of modern art in the United States. Both he and his wife, the painter Marjorie Phillips, often referred to the gallery as "a museum of modern art and its sources."

Originally Mr. Phillips's interest focused chiefly on American painting, but as the years passed his horizons broadened to include diverse works from numerous countries. As he himself said, "Centuries and nationalities are mixed in our gallery so that old and modern paintings can be brought together to be relevant and significant in some new context, some new contrast or analogy."

At first the collection was housed in the Phillips's private home. It is still there, for rather than move the paintings from this intimate setting, the Phillipses themselves moved. The building has recently been enlarged but still maintains a sense of privacy rare in public institutions.

For me and no doubt for many others, the gallery has always been an oasis of delight, a place to see incomparable works of art under ideal conditions. Mr. Phillips never allowed the walls to become cluttered. Wisely, he rotated his large collection so that each time one visited the museum an entirely new experience unfolded. To go there is to embark on a tour of discovery, because astutely interrelated juxtapositions present familiar works in fresh context.



—*Harris & Ewing.*

Duncan Phillips: "The collector can only be true to himself."

An outstanding feature of The Phillips Collection is its emphasis on concentrations. Often, multiple pictures by a favorite artist reveal the man's total development. Described by Duncan Phillips as "exhibition units," these compilations are especially strong in such key painters as Paul Klee, Arthur Dove, Georges Braque, John Marin, Pierre Bonnard, Honoré Daumier, and Albert Pinkham Ryder. The three latter are more fully and perceptively represented here than anywhere else in the country. In addition, the greatest Renoir in America, the famous *Luncheon of the Boating Party,* hangs in this gallery.

In describing some of these artists, Mr. Phillips unconsciously told us as much about himself as about them:

"Ryder the visionary—and the poet painter of night skies and lonely voyagers."

"Bonnard the enchanter, the ever young at heart. . ."

"Klee the poet, sage and wit."

"Marin the calligrapher of the elements."

Mr. Phillips once noted, "The collector can only be true to himself," and this he was. He avoided all the evils that beset the art world—undue publicity, emphasis on monetary values, hasty novelties and fashions, noisy opinions, self-aggrandizement, compromise, and the exploitation of art for ulterior motives. He followed his own judgment with scrupulous independence, a judgment that has already proved to be virtually clairvoyant. In a radio talk a number of years ago he said, "I believe I have used the word enjoy more than once and that is as it has to be, if I am to introduce this collection made with enjoyment for the enjoyment of others."

Everyone claims to love art; Duncan Phillips really did—and what is more he knew why.

KATHARINE KUH.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor: NORMAN COUSINS
Publisher: J. R. COMINSKY
Associate Editors: HARRISON SMITH, IRVING KOLODIN, HORACE SUTTON

Associate Publisher
W. D. PATTERSON

Managing Editor
RICHARD L. TOBIN

Science Editor
JOHN LEAR

Poetry Editor
JOHN CIARDI

Education Editor
PAUL WOODRING

Production Manager
PEARL S. SULLIVAN

Book Review Editor
ROCHELLE GIRSON

General Editor
HALLOWELL BOWSER

Feature Editor
ALFRED BALK

Editors-at-Large
CLEVELAND AMORY • HARRISON BROWN • JOHN MASON BROWN
FRANK G. JENNINGS • JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH • ELMO ROPER
THEODORE C. SORENSEN

Contributing Editors
HOLLIS ALPERT • ALICE DALGLIESH • HENRY HEWES
GRANVILLE HICKS • ARTHUR KNIGHT • KATHARINE KUH
MARTIN LEVIN • ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON • MARGARET R. WEISS
JOHN T. WINTERICH

No Dollar Wall

THE DILEMMA of the chronic balance of payments deficits which have plagued the U.S. Treasury Department under three Presidents is very real. It has thus far defied solutions compatible with our nation's foreign policy and overseas commitments, and it has threatened to set off an international financial crisis because of the dollar's central role in the world's monetary system.

At the same time, the intractable nature of this payments dilemma has bred an odd, troubling temptation in Washington that is as dangerous as it is illusory. This temptation is to try to reduce the U.S. gold drain by restricting Americans' travel abroad. This risky therapy has its disciples among officials in Washington charged with stanching the steady bleeding of U.S. gold reserves—more than $9 billion worth since 1958.

We live in the greatest age of personal travel. Paradoxically, we also live at a time when vast numbers of men are trapped behind national boundaries. Americans, fortunately, have by and large enjoyed exemption from such confinement. They have become the most far-ranging voyagers in history.

So vastly significant are the possibilities of modern mobility that the United Nations has proclaimed 1967 as International Tourist Year. The announced goals of ITY are to dramatize travel as the "passport to peace," to emphasize its socio-economic role as the largest single item in world trade—$11.5 billion last year—and to celebrate its unique cultural function as a great convener of the earth's peoples.

Yet the very size of this international movement has compounded the balance of payments dilemma for President Johnson's economic advisors.

More than 14,000,000 U.S. citizens spent $3.6 billion on foreign travel last year. The result was a so-called "travel gap" of $1.8 billion, a gap that for the first time was not only larger than the total balance of payments deficit of $1.3 billion, but was half-a-billion dollars larger. The 1965 travel gap arose even though the United States was the Number 1 host country in the world last year. More foreigners—7,637,000—visited our country, and spent more money here—$1.3 billion—than travelers have ever before in the history of any country. The "problem" was that our citizens spent so much more on their travels abroad.

The result in recent years has been a fierce annual debate within the White House and the Cabinet over the wisdom and necessity of overtly restraining Americans from going abroad. Methods proposed and considered behind the scenes during the past several weeks have included a $100 head tax on outbound tourists, a tax of $10 for each day a traveler remains outside the country, and a $50 fee for passports.

ONLY a few days ago the debate reportedly subsided again for this year, and the principle of freedom of travel, eloquently advocated by Vice President Humphrey, once again prevailed over restrictions. But it is important to understand that the debate has merely recessed, not ended. For the travel gap promises to total or exceed $2 billion during 1966 as Americans pour overseas in record-breaking numbers. The total payments deficit has also begun to rise. This is despite the White House-sponsored "Discover America" program, behind which an impressive cross-section of U. S. industry has mobilized to persuade Americans to travel at home instead of abroad, and despite the U.S. Travel Service's well-executed campaign to promote more travel to this country from abroad.

Consequently, those who hold that the economics of our dollar deficit must not constrain our free concourse with the world must keep reiterating a simple economic truth that too easily tends to get obscured in official debate: U. S. tourist dollars spent abroad help finance the world's trade with the United States. Even with an income of more than $1 billion from U. S. tourists last year Europe still had a trade deficit with the United States of $2.4 billion. Thus any restrictions on outbound travel by Americans would inevitably breed political repercussions and economic reprisals.

Travel is a delicate and vulnerable part of the mechanism of world trade. Restrictive moves by the United States undoubtedly would have a shattering impact not only on the U. S. travel industry—the third largest industry in the nation—but on our allies abroad, to most of whom our tourist expenditures are economically and psychologically vital.

Yet the absence of restraints is neither a policy, nor a full or final answer to the dilemma of the travel gap or the payments deficit. The Administration must recognize the true stature of international travel. It must strengthen its present positive two-way travel policy by firmly urging the Congress to give the U. S. Travel Service the minimal budget of $4,700,000 requested—and required—to promote more travel to the United States from abroad. It must eventually convince the Congress that the U. S. Travel Service needs and deserves at least $10,000,000 to promote sufficient travel here to make a real dent on the basic payments deficit. It must recognize that this positive approach is truly in the national interest; that travel is not really a "gap" but a powerful generating force for trade and understanding.

It must do this now—and the travel industry must help—because by the end of the year the debate over the travel gap and the payments deficit will be resumed more bitterly than ever, and if there is no positive strategy to cope with inevitable negative pressures in Washington, then we may finally succumb to temptation and permit a dollar wall to seal America off from the rational kind of world we are struggling to build. This must not be allowed to happen.

—WILLIAM D. PATTERSON.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Corporation's Obligations

I ACCEPT everything Mr. Sorensen said in his editorial: "Public Obligations and the Private Corporation" [*SR*, May 14]. The question is: "How do we get the corporation to accept these obligations?"

I live and work in one of the twenty-one counties that Governor Rhodes of Ohio has placed in the Appalachian Program. The reason, in my area, is the strip-mine industry, which, under the present weak and almost totally ineffective reclamation laws, is simply an unending disaster. As this industry creeps and crawls and chews its way across unfortunate counties it leaves in its wake complete and utter destruction, both geographical and emotional.

In my community we have organized a Community Improvement Corporation. But after years of efforts we still do not know our rights in the face of this monster's inexorable advance.

Our letters to the state Attorney General disappear as though down a rat hole. When, at a governor's conference on state poverty, I inquired about our situation, I was informed that our destruction by the strippers would be complete, that we have no rights.

The point is this: Neither the coal company involved nor the lone one-shovel, one-truck operator will assume any public responsibility. The situation here nowhere approaches Mr. Sorensen's ideal of corporate leadership.

(The Rev.) PAUL DOUGLAS,
The United Church of Christ.

Mineral City and East Canton, O.

I TAKE EXCEPTION to Mr. Sorensen's editorial regarding the social obligations of private business.

Mr. Sorensen would have us believe that business should support social programs even though it disagrees with the politics of the Administration. This is quite convenient, but I was not aware that it was possible to separate programs from politics in a democratic form of government such as ours.

The fact that a business has prospered does not create an imperative on it to give away its prosperity.

BRUCE E. DECKER.

Denver, Colo.

MR. SORENSEN'S EDITORIAL has flashed across my mind such questions as:

Should stockholders question corporate involvement in South Africa?

Because of corporate influence on public policy, is not shareholder suffrage as important as voting on election day?

Might not an endowed religious institution achieve greater moral leverage through enlightened proxy action than by means of its pulpit?

(The Rev.) JOHN I. DANIEL,
Grace Universalist Church,
Campus of Dean Junior College.

Franklin, Mass.

"Surely, a clever and imaginative writer like you can do better than 'sincerely yours.'"

MR. SORENSEN CONTENDS that the growing participation of corporations in social issues is brought about by "an evolution . . . a recognition of its social and other unwritten obligations. . . ." It may also be because businessmen today find they need something more than their jobs to satisfy life's will to meaning. And may it not also be that society will annihilate the large corporation? Government is a serious contender with business in many fields, and government is very sensitive to the temper of the people, even to their whims. Could it be that the corporation is trying to find friends among the people to forestall the day of reckoning?

RABBI SOLOMON J. SPIRO,
Young Israel of Chomedey.

Chomedey, Que.

I AM A LITTLE SURPRISED at Mr. Sorensen's making such a point of the fact that business is accepting its public obligations—as if it were something new. And I am amazed at his citing "the reduced proportion of great personal fortunes as the result of estate and income taxes" as one of the factors contributing to the increased role of the corporation. I am convinced that this is an erroneous statement and that the proportion of great personal fortunes is much more than at any time in the history of our country.

EDWARD L. RYERSON,
Honorary Director,
Inland Steel Company.

Chicago, Ill.

College and Culture

IN ELMO ROPER'S "How Culturally Active Are Americans?" [*SR*, May 14], he attempts to measure cultural and intellectual activities in the population by developing a scale on which points are assigned on the basis of activities such as reading newspapers, attending college, interest in art, etc.

He finds that 62 per cent of people with college degrees received culturally active scores and/or intellectually active scores. He matter of factly informs us that these scores were obtained in part because points were received for graduating from college and other college-related activities. But, consider that by attending college, studying one of the subjects mentioned, accumulating text books and supplementary books, and graduating, a person could account for thirteen of the fifteen points required to be labeled culturally or intellectually active.

I fail to see how anyone reporting research could dismiss such a point so easily.

JAMES JACOBSON.

North Bergen, N.J.

Unsafe Drivers

I AM A LITTLE CURIOUS at the lack of imagination shown by John Fuller in his TRADE WINDS column of May 14 on auto safety. I do not mean to say that there is sufficient common sense, economy, or even safety in American automobiles. But I don't think the automobile per se is a particularly lethal weapon. Moreover, when I watch drivers slam their cars to a halt and then dig out savagely from traffic lights, take corners habitually on two wheels, and blunder wildly over construction potholes and railroad crossings, I consider it a tribute to automotive design that cars don't shake apart far sooner! Also, he missed a fine opportunity to point out the need for electronic traffic controls for vehicles on all heavily traveled parkways and their arteries.

EDWARD A. MACPHERSON.

Syracuse, N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

High Energy for Space: A report from General Dynamics

How can you add calories and not gain weight?

The question, only rueful to waistline worriers, is vital to space flight. Calories are energy that has to be unlocked from fuel. The fuels that now lift relatively large payloads into earth orbit are not really efficient to take them all the way to the moon. Something with more "calories" to the ounce is needed.

The theoretical answer has been known for years—hydrogen.

Hydrogen contains more heat units to the pound than any carbon-derived power source. It burns explosively when mixed with oxygen. Under proper control, it would be ideal.

Enigmas of ultra-cold:

Hydrogen, existing naturally as a gas, is unnoticeable under everyday conditions. To be used as a practical space fuel, it must be carried in the vehicle as a liquid. In that form it is one of the coldest things in existence, 420° below zero Fahrenheit.

In this world of ultra-cold, most materials become as brittle as thin glass. Should the temperature rise only a few degrees, liquid hydrogen "boils" into a rapidly expanding gas that could burst through a sealed container.

Could liquid hydrogen be contained within a vehicle light enough for space flight? Could it be kept cold enough? Be controlled so precisely that its reaction with oxygen would give exactly the amount of thrust needed?

Today, hydrogen has been tamed. When the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's Surveyor lands on the moon, it will have been put on its way by Centaur, the first space vehicle fueled by high-energy liquid hydrogen.

Centaur was originally started by General Dynamics as a research project for the Department of Defense to test the feasibility of hydrogen as a fuel. Now operational for NASA, Centaur is the most powerful upper-stage space vehicle for its size and weight available. In nature the most efficient container in terms of weight to strength is considered the shell of an egg. Centaur, which needs only 1/35th of a pound of tank for each pound of propellant carried, is three times more efficient.

But before Centaur became operational, major problems had to be solved.

Early hurdles...

On the ground liquid hydrogen must be stored in large stainless steel tanks with double walls filled with insulation and evacuated to a high vacuum. Similar permanent insulation would mean a substantial weight penalty for a space vehicle.

With the best available insulation, relatively high external air temperatures on earth and the friction heat generated during booster flight cause some boil-off, creating the danger of constantly increasing gas pressure inside a tank.

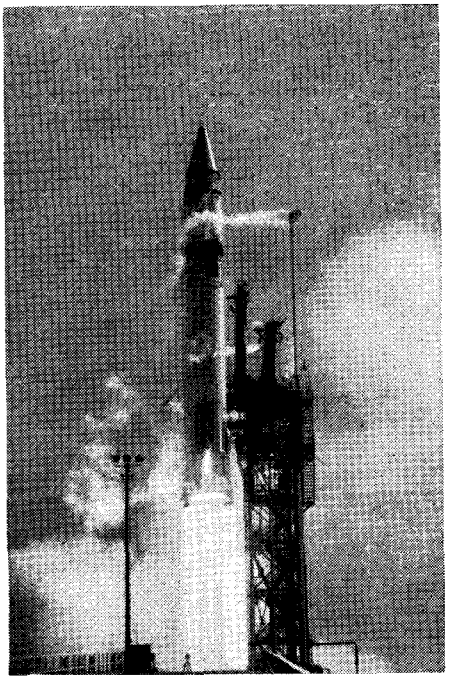
Liquid oxygen must be carried in the vehicle to react with the hydrogen. Lox is pretty cold itself at −297° F., but "hot" enough to make hydrogen boil.

Centaur's stainless steel tank, which is also the external skin of the vehicle, is only one-third the thickness of a dime. The extreme cold initially created microscopic cracks, visible only under magnification, in the stainless steel around some welds. Such cracks could cause structural weakness—and leaks, since hydrogen, the smallest of atoms, can seep through openings that will hold back everything else.

...and answers:

For external insulation Centaur is wrapped with 1,200 pounds of inch-thick glass fiber panels filled with plastic foam. Just before the upper stage separates from its booster, the panels, which have served their purpose, are forced away by explosive charges. Now Centaur is free to reach its required speed at a minimum insulation-weight penalty to the mission.

To control boil-off, venting systems bleed off hydrogen gas during propellant loading and until launch at 18 pounds per minute. Excessive pressure is prevented from developing inside the tank, yet the gas is sufficiently diffused that it can be fed into the atmosphere without danger of explosion. During booster flight, venting continues until the vehicle enters the frictionless cold



Atlas-Centaur launches a payload.

How Centaur works as a space vehicle

Space flight requires both muscle and speed. Whether the payload is a grapefruit-sized satellite or a manned capsule, it must be pushed to a speed of 25,300 feet per second to reach a 160-mile high orbit around the earth. To go to the moon, it must hit 36,000 f.p.s.

The muscle is supplied by a launch vehicle whose initial push, defined in pounds of thrust, must be sufficiently greater than the total weight of the vehicle, fuel and payload to overcome the pull of gravity.

The heavier the combination, the more thrust is needed to get it started against the pull of gravity and to keep it moving fast enough to reach its destination.

Just adding more propellant to a single stage vehicle would ultimately make the propellant containers so heavy that the vehicle could not reach the necessary velocity.

So for speed, a second stage is used.

This tandem combination can be compared to a sports car being pushed by a truck. The truck goes as far and as fast as it can. When both vehicles reach the top speed of the truck, the fully fueled sports car starts, adding its own acceleration to carry its driver farther and faster.

Centaur's "truck" so far has been an Atlas, the same General Dynamics' launch vehicle that boosted the first American astronauts into orbit.

Fully fueled on the ground, Atlas, Centaur and a two-ton payload weigh a total 303,000 pounds. Atlas' 380,000 pounds of thrust, provided by a kerosene-derived fuel, push the combined vehicles to 91 miles and a speed of 12,700 f.p.s. before it drops off and Centaur's hydrogen fueled engines take over.

The high energy of the smaller Centaur now need push only the 36,500 pounds of itself and the payload against less gravitational effect and without the resistance of the atmosphere. After 440 seconds of firing, Centaur is traveling at 36,000 f.p.s., fast enough to send its payload along its orbit to the moon.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of space, when the bleed drops to a half-pound per minute.

One step in the elimination of microcracks was to thicken the original skin of Centaur a bare .004 inch to its current .014 inch. To reduce them further, all the vehicle's 162,000 spot-welds are X-ray inspected, and any imperfect welds are repaired before assembly continues.

Extra chores:

In addition to its fuel energy, the hydrogen even helps itself work.

The ultra-cold actually solves one insulation problem. Oxygen and hydrogen tanks are separated by less than one-third of an inch, but the liquid hydrogen freezes air between the tanks into a solid, creating a narrow vacuum that minimizes the passage of heat.

The thrust chamber—where the fuel is burned—develops temperatures of some 5,500° F. Such heat could quickly bring the cryogenic propellants to the explosion point.

On its way to be "burned," liquid hydrogen is first pumped through a cooling jacket surrounding the thrust chamber, separating the very hot from the very cold areas.

In absorbing the engine heat the liquid expands to a turbulent gas to be used for the energy reaction. But some is temporarily diverted to drive turbopumps that feed the propellants in required amounts to the engines. Without this technique, propellants would have to be force-fed to the engines under high gas pressure, requiring thicker tank walls and greater weight.

Slimming down more:

Centaur, for its size, is the most efficient single vehicle in operation today. Its fuel is the most efficient currently available for space use.

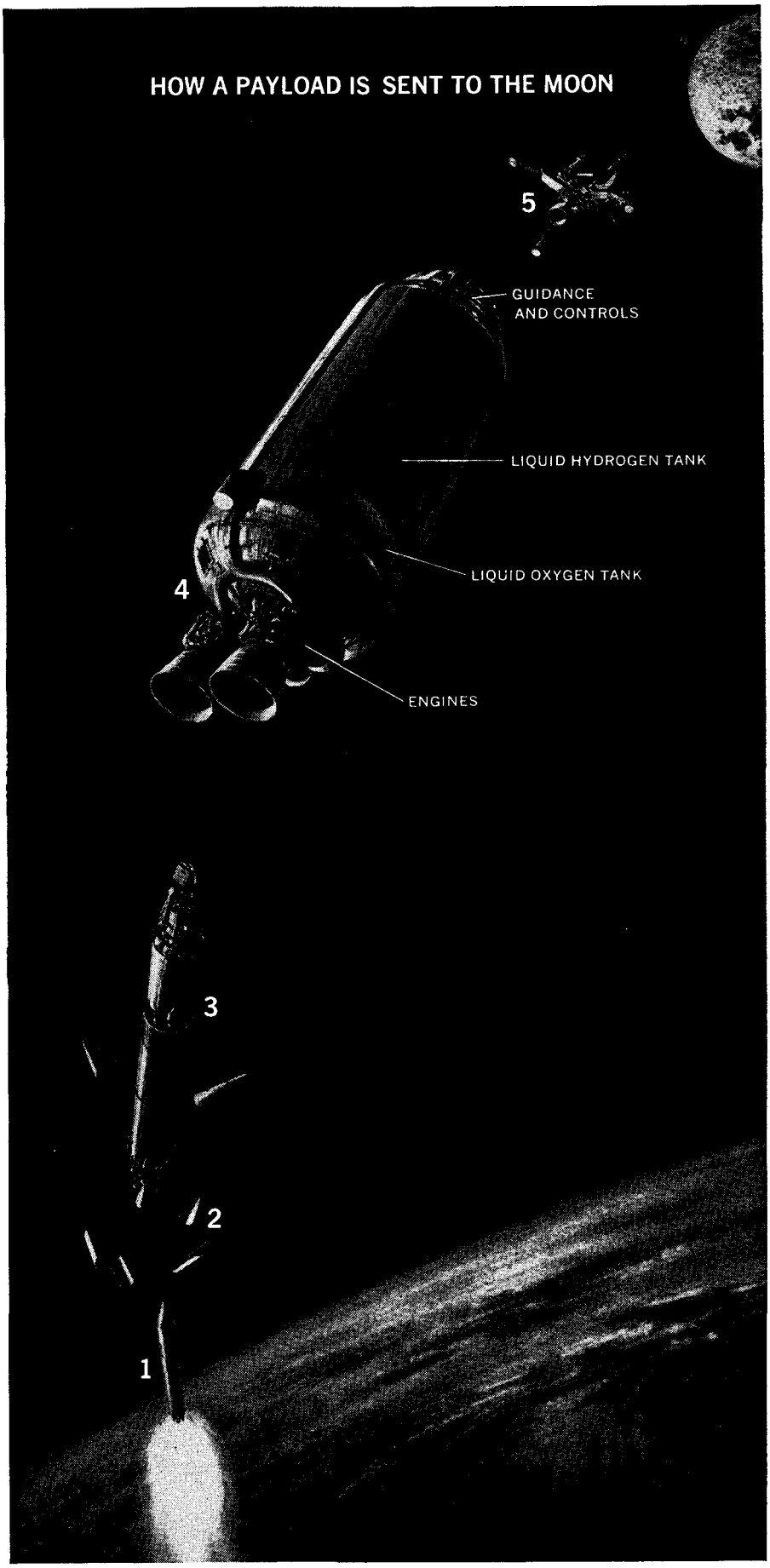
Yet further improvements are being worked on by General Dynamics: metals equally strong and possibly lighter; "super-insulations"; uprated engines, advanced control systems and fuel additives to increase performance.

As Centaur matures, it's going to take on even more calories—and probably lose more weight in the process.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic, and communication systems; machinery; building supplies; coal, gases.

GENERAL DYNAMICS

One Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10020



1—Atlas starts Centaur and its payload on their flight. **2**—Shortly before Atlas and Centaur have separated, insulation panels and then nose fairings have been jettisoned. **3**—Atlas separates and Centaur and payload start their phase of journey. **4**—Centaur has completed firing and separated from payload. **5**—Payload continues along its orbit to the moon.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Return of the Matchbreaker

WHEN A SALUTE to frivolous unorthodoxy jiggles at an appropriately shallow depth of focus, it can be continually if not cumulatively diverting. Thus it was with the 1956 Broadway hit, *Auntie Mame*, in which Rosalind Russell scored a personal triumph. Now, Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, who originally adapted the Patrick Dennis novel for stage and screen, have turned this comic caprice into a musical comedy that gains a little something because of the even lower specific density this medium permits.

The first portion of the musical version has fun with the absurd fashions and foibles of the Twenties, with Robert Mackintosh's *outré* costumes and William and Jean Eckart's ingenious scenery as major contributors. There is a delicious parody of the sort of production number that Broadway boasted in those days. In this cheesily celestial charade we are invited to regard the moon more romantically. To syrupy innocuous music, a showgirl reveals one of nature's secrets, singing, "Don't ever offend her, remember her gender, for the man in the moon is a miss." Southern chivalry is also satirized, both by the amusing amount of manicure torture an enamored Southern gentleman eagerly makes light of and in the first-act cakewalk finale, "Mame." While one could criticize the latter as an attempt to emulate the "Hello, Dolly!" pattern, the fact is that songwriter Jerry Herman, who wrote the former, is expected to come up with such a number again, and his willingness to repeat heightens our pleasure.

The second act, which jumps forward to the late 1930s, a much less interesting period to caricature, is nevertheless the more effective of the two. Perhaps it is because the older Mame is now forced to defend emotionally what she formerly did carelessly. Thus Angela Lansbury, who plays Mame, suddenly becomes quite moving when she sings, "If He Walked Into My Life Today," voicing an anguish felt by all permissive parents who blame themselves for their grownup offspring's lack of judgment. Furthermore, she has a strong action to play, the breaking of the match between her nephew and his stuffy suburbanite fiancée.

A musical Mame is a more difficult role than was her stage cousin. Not only must she sing and dance, but also there is little time for her to do more than nominally demonstrate her exploits. Miss Lansbury, who was superb as the permissive mother in the play *A Taste of Honey*, has warmth, energy and discipline, and even stops the show with a jitterbug dance number. But she does not seem to possess a naturally zany personality, so that a considerable part of the show's comedy must be created by her co-workers. Chief among these is Beatrice Arthur who plays Mame's bitchy actress friend, Vera Charles.

Miss Arthur can deliver the most obvious joke with an inflection that makes it uproarious. For instance, when a would-be imbiber of straight Bourbon cautiously asks, "Will this mix with Dr. Pepper?" Miss Arthur brings down the house with the perfectly timed and stony-faced reply, "He'll love it." Miss Arthur is consistently hilarious with curt baritone rejoinders, and in her two songs. One is the aforementioned romantic parody, delivered in brilliant "camp" style. And the other is the amusingly vicious "Bosom Buddies," in which she achieves that degree of insult possible only in the guise of a best friend's advice.

Stringy-haired Jane Connell shrieks with tackiness as Gouch, the gauche governess, doomed to become the most outrageously pregnant blimp ever to maneuver herself up a stage staircase. Willard Waterman is drolly stuffy as the conservative bank official who objects to a progressive school where the children take off their clothes in order to relive the reproductive cycle of fish. And as Mame's young nephew, Patrick, Frankie Michaels proves a disciplined performer who has boyish charm, and can sing "My Best Girl" to his aunt without nauseating his audience. Onna White's choreography is relaxed and serviceable. And director Gene Saks has shrewdly used his components to create a show that is the most light-hearted and consistently funny musical of the season.

BY CONTRAST, the new musical version of Richard Llewellyn's *How Green Was My Valley* emerges as a self-defeating attempt to apply musical comedy technique to a story of poverty, union strife, and mine disaster. Called *A Time for Singing*, it lives up to its title only by being considerably denser in sung numbers than most musicals. Unfortunately Gerald Freedman and John Morris, who wrote the songs, are content simply to embroider some of the homespun universalities in a very special story. To make matters worse, its inherent Welsh flavor is further diluted by some alien casting in key roles.

Tessie O' Shea is a spirited performer, but her personality is distinctly Irish. Shani Wallis sings vigorously but colorlessly. Of the others, only Ivor Emmanuel seems attuned with the music and language of Wales, and this only serves to isolate him from a story in which he should play an integral part.

Theoni V. Aldredge's costumes are excellent, and Ming Cho Lee's settings operate smoothly. Yet the show's focus is too much in close-up, so that we lose the landscape, and this deprives a tragic story of the lush richness that might save it from seeming quite so ordinary.

—HENRY HEWES.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

SAINTS AND SINNERS

According to Alexander Pope, "The worst of madmen is a saint run mad." The men of the cloth listed below include madmen, saints, sinners, demons, doubters, and devils. Heyward W. Sauls, Jr., of Daytona Beach, Fla., wants you to associate each of them with the work in which he appears. Revelations on page 102.

Parson Adams ( )
Jim Casey ( )
Mr. Collins ( )
Rev. Arthur Dimmesdale ( )
Gavin Dishart ( )
Father Dolan ( )
Claude Frollo ( )
Rev. Septimus Harding ( )
Brother Juniper ( )
Father Jean Latour ( )
Friar Lawrence ( )
St. Maël ( )
Parson Manders ( )
Dr. Primrose ( )
Zosima ( )

1. *Barchester Towers*
2. *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*
3. *The Brothers Karamazov*
4. *Death Comes for the Archbishop*
5. *Ghosts*
6. *The Grapes of Wrath*
7. *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*
8. *Joseph Andrews*
9. *The Little Minister*
10. *Penguin Island*
11. *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*
12. *Pride and Prejudice*
13. *Romeo and Juliet*
14. *The Scarlet Letter*
15. *The Vicar of Wakefield*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Peter Brook's Royal Shakespeare Company production of *The Marat/ Sade* was the ultimate in theater art.

BESTS OF THE 1965-1966 THEATER

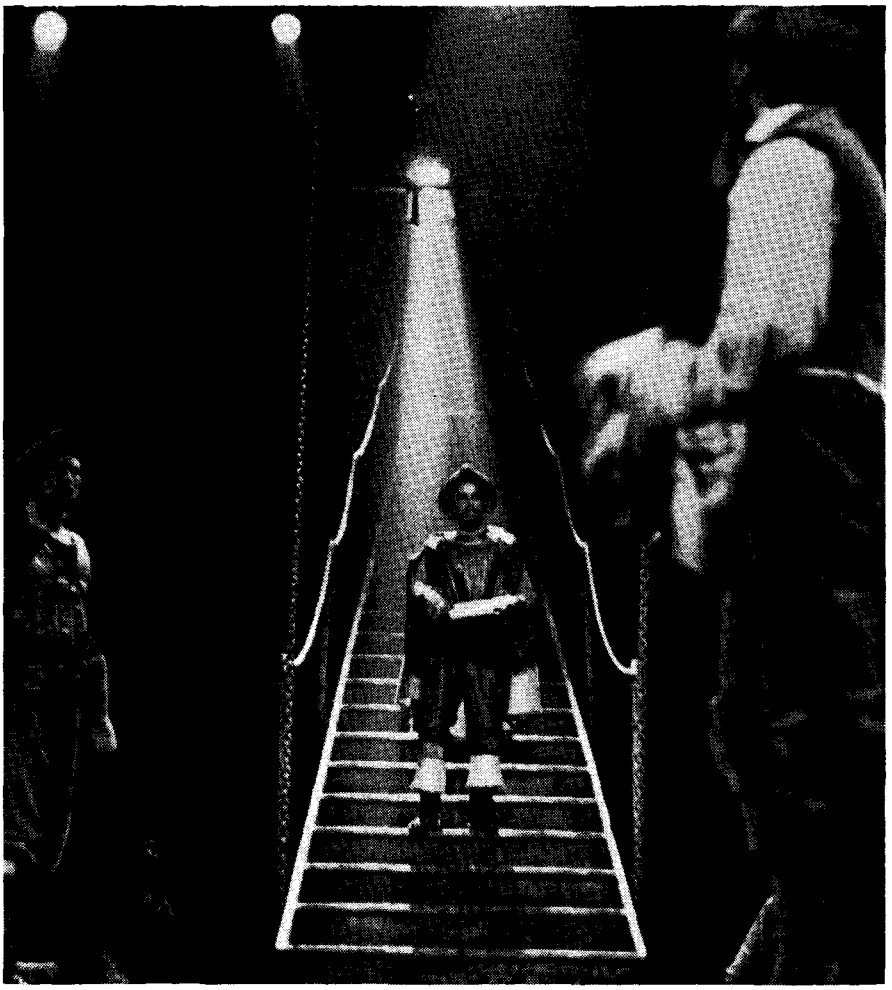
IF ONE MEASURES our theatrical vigor by the number of distinguished American plays produced, 1965-66 must be rated as the least fruitful season in recent New York stage history. For if one were to cancel out the contribution from abroad (*Inadmissible Evidence, The Royal Hunt of the Sun, The Marat/Sade, Philadelphia, Here I Come!, Serjeant Musgrave's Dance, Cactus Flower*, etc.), there remains only one really outstanding success, *Man of La Mancha*, and even that owes something to a foreign source.

Three proven American playwrights, Albee, Williams, and Inge, had short-lived failures and only the Off-Broadway success of William Alfred's blank verse melodrama, *Hogan's Goat*, furnished a begrudgingly redeeming footnote to a ghastly chapter.

However, the best of the whole 1965-66 season was as high in quality as it was low in quantity. Indeed, future theater historians may look back at this year's crop and wonder how any audience offered at least five attractions regarded by a number of critics as "masterpieces," could complain about the state of the theater. It is a pleasure to record below my personal choices for the "bests," perhaps because most of them are so far above the level of relentless disappointment on which this season's theatergoer trudged.

Most fully realized theater work: *The Marat/Sade.*

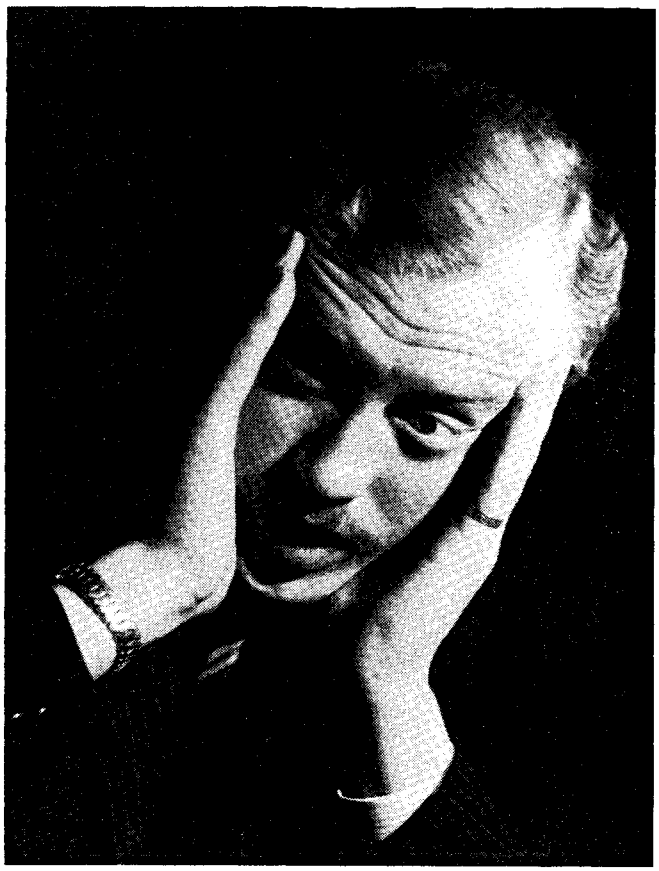
(*Continued on page* 37)



—*Photo Al De Sio.*

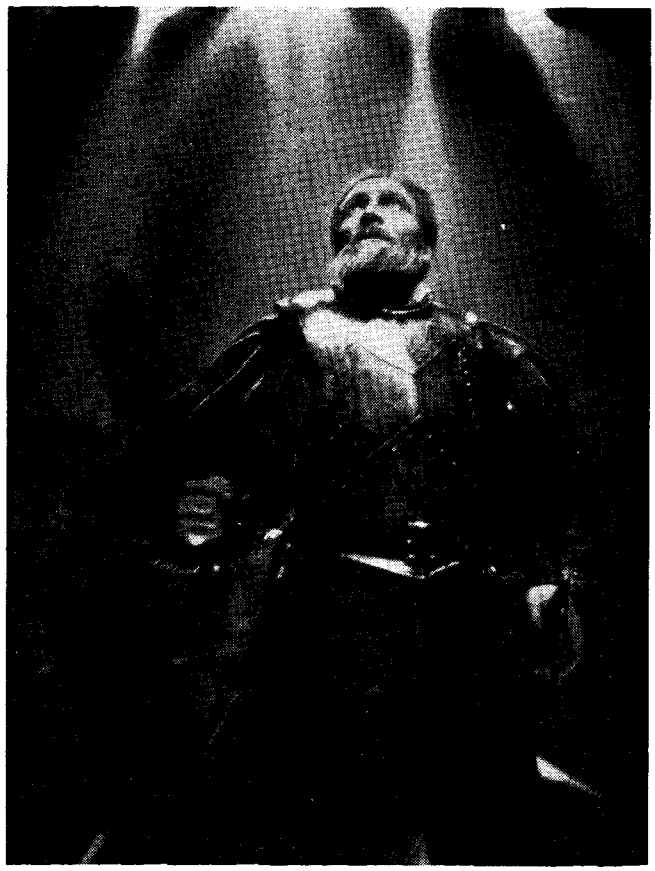
Howard Bay created this magnificently theatrical setting for *Man of La Mancha* in which a ladder lowers to permit Don Quixote and others in the cast to enter.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



—*Antony di Gésu.*

As Bill Maitland in *Inadmissible Evidence*, Nicol Williamson created agony and superb sarcasm.

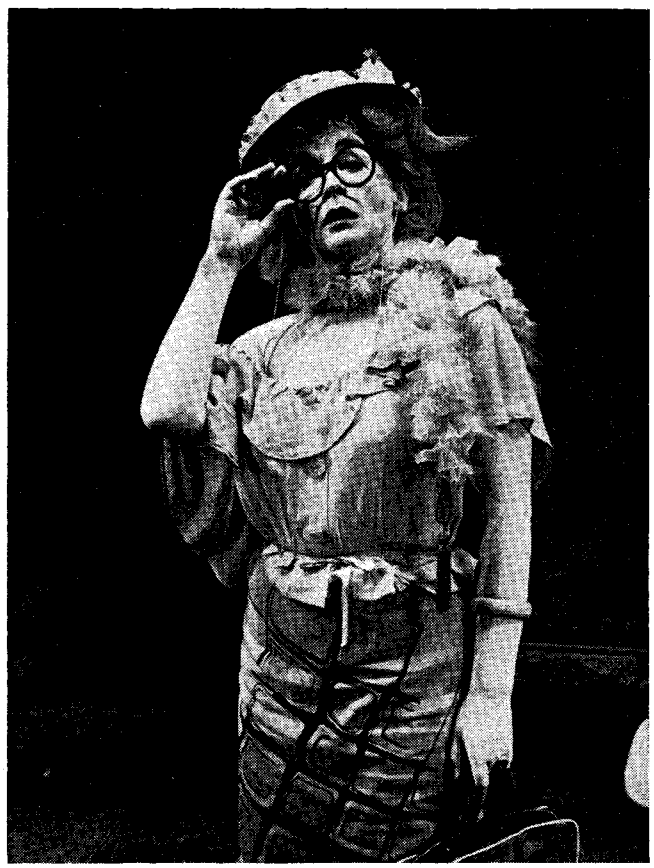


—*John Valva.*

Christopher Plummer gave one of his finest performances in the taxing role of Pizarro in *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*.

—*Friedman-Abeles.*

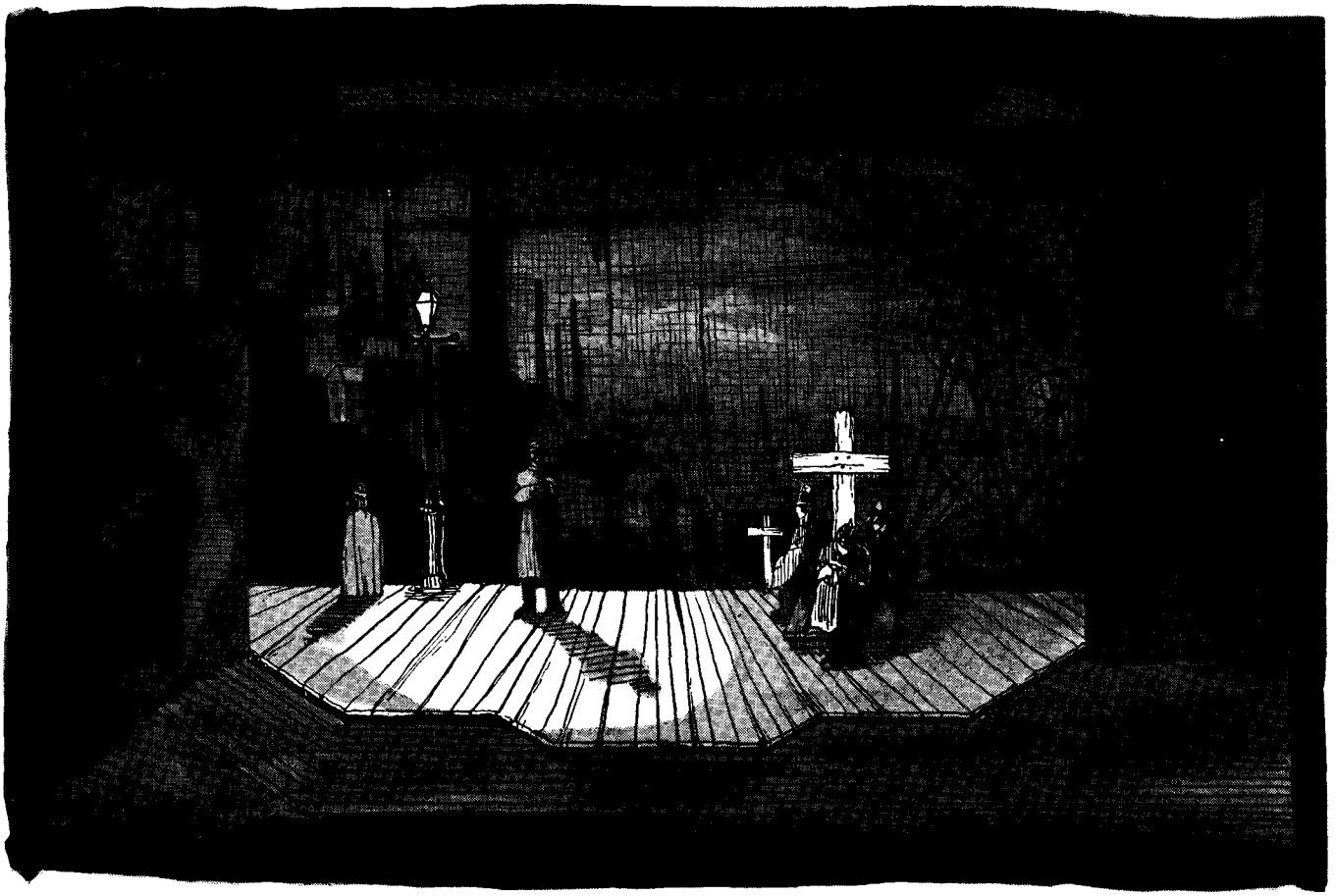
Gwen Verdon combined a fantastic amount of choreography with her natural radiance in the title role of *Sweet Charity*.



—*Friedman-Abeles.*

Zoe Caldwell scored an overwhelming success in her New York debut as the vicious gossip in *Gnädige Fräulein*.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Ed Wittstein beautifully captured the icy mood of a British mining town in *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance*.

Best serious play: *Inadmissible Evidence*.

Most ambitious play: *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*.

Funniest comedy: *Cactus Flower*.

Most significant comedy: *Philadelphia, Here I Come!*

Swingingest play: *Gnädige Fräulein*.

Best short play: *The Exhaustion of Our Son's Love*.

Most indelible theater experience: *The Automobile Graveyard*.

Best musical: *Man of La Mancha*.

Most lighthearted musical: *Mame*.

Best director (serious play): John Dexter (*The Royal Hunt of the Sun*).

Most imaginative director: Peter Brook (*The Marat/Sade*).

Best director (comedy): Abe Burrows (*Cactus Flower*).

Best director (musical): Albert Marre (*Man of La Mancha*).

Best director (revival): Ellis Rabb (*You Can't Take It With You*).

Best male lead performance (serious play): Christopher Plummer (*The Royal Hunt of the Sun*), tied with Nicol Williamson (*Inadmissible Evidence*).

Best male lead performance (comedy): Barry Nelson (*Cactus Flower*).

Best male lead performance (musical): Richard Kiley (*Man of La Mancha*).

Best male performance (revue): Paul Sand (*The Mad Show*).

Best female lead performance (play): Rosemary Harris (*The Lion in Winter*).

Best female lead performance (comedy): Lauren Bacall (*Cactus Flower*).

Best female lead performance (musical): Gwen Verdon (*Sweet Charity*).

Best female performance (revue): Dana Valery (*Wait a Minim!*).

Best male supporting performance (play): Hiram Sherman (*Where's Daddy?*).

Best male supporting performance (musical): Michael O'Sullivan (*Superman*).

Best female supporting performance (play): Zoe Caldwell (*Gnädige Fräulein*).

Best female supporting performance (musical): Beatrice Arthur (*Mame*).

Best scene design (play): Ed Wittstein (*Serjeant Musgrave's Dance*).

Best scene design (musical): Howard Bay (*Man of La Mancha*).

Best scene design (revival): Ming Cho Lee (*Love's Labour's Lost*).

Best costume design (play): Noel Taylor (*Gnädige Fräulein*).

Best costume design (musical): Howard Bay and Patton Campbell (*Man of La Mancha*).

Best costume design (revival): Theoni V. Aldredge (*Love's Labour's Lost*).

Best choreography: Bob Fosse (*Sweet Charity*).

Best composer: Mitch Leigh (*Man of La Mancha*).

Best lyricist: Joe Darion (*Man of La Mancha*).

—Henry Hewes.

—*Friedman-Abeles.*

Costume designer Noel Taylor imaginatively caught the grotesque humor of Tennessee Williams's *Gnädige Fräulein*.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New, from OXFORD in economics, political science, and the humanities

THREE WORLDS OF DEVELOPMENT: The Theory and Practice of International Stratification. *By* IRVING LOUIS HOROWITZ, *Washington University, St. Louis.* The only comprehensive analysis of the developing world in all its aspects — social, political, economic, military, and psychological. "To be literate in the area of international social studies will require a mastery of Horowitz's volume."
— DR. ROGER WALKER $8.50

THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT: Then and Now. *By* W. EUGENE HOLLON, *University of Oklahoma.* "First-rate book — vivid, fair-minded, and comprehensive . . . traces the natural, social, and political history of the vast, ambiguous region through the past three hundred years." — *The New Yorker* $6.00

INPUT-OUTPUT ECONOMICS. *By* WASSILY LEONTIEF, *Harvard University.* "Second, only, to the development of the National Accounts . . . the most important modern development in quantitative economics has been the Input-Output system. This important and . . . rewarding book could not be more authoritative, for Professor Leontief is the principal originator of the system."
— JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH $8.50

THE NATURE OF NARRATIVE. *By* ROBERT SCHOLES, *University of Iowa, and* ROBERT KELLOGG, *University of Virginia.* This work "is not just another book about the novel and its techniques. It attempts to put the novel in its place, to see it 'as only one of a number of narrative possibilities.' The authors survey all kinds of narrative forms, written and unwritten from almost all literatures, with learning and insight." — RENÉ WELLEK, Yale University $7.00

REFRACTIONS: Essays in Comparative Literature. *By* HARRY LEVIN, *Harvard University.* "One of the important volumes of criticism to have appeared in America for several years. It has unity in its variety, a rigorous and vigorous approach to literary questions but also flexibility, charm, and humor."—HENRI PEYRE. "Levin's approach has all the virtues that go with enlightenment and learning. It is erudite, humane, liberal, catholic, and highminded."
— *Book Week* $7.50

POLITICS IN WEST AFRICA. *By* W. ARTHUR LEWIS, *Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs, Princeton University.* Professor Lewis, an internationally known authority on Africa, analyzes the power structure in the 13 independent states of West Africa and shows why effective opposition parties have been suppressed. "Distinguished by its brevity and its brilliance."— *N. Y. Review of Books* $3.50

THE SINS OF THE FATHERS: Hawthorne's Psychological Themes. *By* FREDERICK C. CREWS, *University of California, Berkeley.* The author "offers his own serious Freudian approach to the interpretation of Hawthorne's tales and romances as well as a forthright attack on his elders among the entrenched Hawthorne specialists. . . . Has so much merit that it should create an important turning point in the study of Hawthorne's ambiguous art."— *Book Week* $6.75

THE COLLOQUIAL STYLE IN AMERICA. *By* RICHARD BRIDGMAN, *University of California, Berkeley.* "An excellent example of how prose style can be analyzed objectively and significantly, leading, in the process, to some new insights into what our novelists have been up to these last 200 years." — *Boston Herald* $6.50

RICHARD STRAUSS: A Critical Study of the Operas. *By* WILLIAM MANN. The first exhaustive study in the English language of Strauss's fifteen operas, analyzing each work in detail. "An indispensable mine of information for anyone at all interested in Strauss." — DERYCK COOKE, *Musical Times* $12.50

THE WORLD ECONOMY AT THE CROSSROADS: A Survey of Current Problems of Money, Trade, and Economic Development. *By* HARRY G. JOHNSON, *University of Chicago.* "An excellent short survey by a leading Canadian economist of the basic current problems of international economic policy facing the advanced countries."— *Foreign Affairs* $3.50

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW: Portrait of an American Humanist. *By* EDWARD WAGENKNECHT. "Longfellow emerges here vibrant with life . . . Professor Wagenknecht's approach to his material is refreshing, and his biographies are more than simple accounts of life and work. This would seem to be the definitive work." — AUGUST DERLETH $6.00

THE STRANGE CAREER OF JIM CROW: Second Revised Edition. *By* C. VANN WOODWARD, *Yale University.* "Indispensable for properly understanding the great Negro revolution of our times." — DAVID DONALD, Johns Hopkins University. "A revised and up-to-date edition of one of the most valuable books in the entire canon of race relations in the United States." — *The New Yorker* *Cloth,* $4.50
A Galaxy Book, GB 6, *Paper,* $1.50

THE POEM OF THE MIND: Essays on Poetry English and American. *By* LOUIS L. MARTZ, *Yale University.* "An enlightening and richly suggestive book . . . Professor Martz has, as always, reflected long and deeply on his subjects . . . The specific gravity is high . . . a very helpful guide and companion."
— DOUGLAS BUSH, Harvard University $6.00

At all bookstores

Oxford University Press New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books

20 Check List of University Press Books
39 Literary Horizons
40 Letters to the Book Review Editor
41 Book Publishing and the New Technologies, by Herbert S. Bailey, Jr.
44 One Thing and Another, by John K. Hutchens
46 The Publishing Scene, by David Dempsey
47 Cecil Hemley, by Taylor Culbert
48 "Learned Lady," edited by Edward C. McAleer
49 "The Letters of George Catlin and His Family," edited by Marjorie Catlin Roehm
50 "Protest in Tokyo," by George R. Packard, III
51 "Ideology and Organization in Communist China," by Franz Shurmann
52 "Communism in Europe," edited by William E. Griffith; "Strategic Power and Soviet Foreign Policy," by Arnold L. Horelick and Myron Rush; "Liberals and Communism," by Frank A. Warren, III
53 "World Politics and Tension Areas," by Feliks Gross
56 Pick of the Paperbacks
58 "Yoshitsune." "The Werewolf," by Aksel Sandemose
59 "Harold Frederic's Stories of York State," edited by Thomas F. O'Donnell
60 "Art and Philosophy: A Symposium," edited by Sidney Hook
62 "The Unbelievers," by A.O.J. Cockshut
64 "Tillers of a Myth," by Alexander Karanikas; "Language of Fiction," by David Lodge; "The Nature of Narrative," by Robert Scholes and Robert Kellogg; "Refractions," by Harry Levin; "D. H. Lawrence as a Literary Critic," by David J. Gordon; "The Satiric Art of Evelyn Waugh," by James F. Carens
68 Poetry on the Campus
70 "Told in Letters," by Robert A. Day
71 "A History of Negro Slavery in New York," by Edgar J. McManus; "Life in the North During the Civil War," by George Winston Smith and Charles Judah
73 "I Protest," by E. W. Scripps
74 "People in the Summer Night," by Frans Eemil Sillanpää
75 "Containing the Arms Race," by Jeremy J. Stone; "Three Worlds of Development," by Irving Louis Horowitz; "Right and Wrong in Foreign Policy," by James Eayrs

LITERARY HORIZONS

Poetry from a Magic Reality

OF THE university press books I have seen in the past year, none has interested me more than Howard Nemerov's *Journal of the Fictive Life* (Rutgers, $6). Nemerov, one of the six or eight persons commonly mentioned when contemporary poetry is being discussed, is also a novelist, and the present volume began as an attempt to discover why a novel on which he was working had bogged down. Soon, however, it became a broad investigation into the nature of the creative process.

At the outset Nemerov presents his ideas as those of an invented person, Felix Ledger, who is having trouble writing a novel, and to some extent Felix's journal resembles that of Edouard in Gide's *The Counterfeiters*, or that of Philip Quarles in Huxley's *Point Counter Point*. Felix is not happy about the state of the novel: "Felix would rather not be found dead in possession of the remark, The Novel Is Dead. But he knew of a good many novels that showed how rumors of that sort get started." He is even less happy about himself as novelist, and he tries to analyze the fears that inhibit him: "In some way, I want the world to think me a nice fellow, while I know I am not." "An essential element in the fear of writing is the fear of being thought unhappy, inadequate to the demands of being, what they call 'maladjusted.' Fear of being thought *weak*."

For a time Felix discusses some ideas he has for a novel he might write, but he gets nowhere, and Nemerov abandons him, becoming himself, without disguise, the journalist. The journal was written in the summer of 1963, a difficult time for Nemerov: "I have often had it in mind (a) that these notes are being written during the last weeks of M's pregnancy (as though in competition to produce) and (b) that I think of this writing as specifically bridging the interim between my father's death and the birth of the new baby, as though the one's going out of the world had to be balanced against the other's coming into it."

Much of Part II is Nemerov's analysis of his dreams, not for therapeutic reasons but in an effort to discover how the unconscious plays its part in literary creation. At one point he writes: "Now the dream, whenever you are for some reason able to read it, turns out to be a supremely novelistic (or poetic, or dramatic) imagining, unfolding from its apparently surrealist or absurd outward surface a richness of ordered and relevant content. Surely all this is trying to tell me something I want to know?"

Not only does he work hard at candor in describing his dreams; he analyzes his analyses: "Marvelous how very clever one can be when it's a question of turning the discussion away from one's own secrets." He remarks, mildly, that "I would rather not be compelled to write down these things, would prefer not to look any further into my nature . . ." But he knows he must persist in his search, and he does.

NEMEROV talks more about poetry than fiction, though he frequently returns to problems of the novel. He scrutinizes the origins of some of his own poems, especially "The Pond," a fine poem that is included in an appendix to the journal. "I have frequently stressed the factual or veritable nature of my poetry, for example a turtle appears and I write down the turtle—because that is, after all, what happened. This opens up semantical and linguistic questions demanding sophisticated treatment, but never mind that. I also think of poetry as a matter of listening for what the landscape says to you, a marvelous duplication of the scene in syllables which 'happen to be' appropriate."

Commenting on the journal itself, Nemerov states: "The first principle of this writing is that everything is relevant; accidents turn up and later, under

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

close reading, prove their right to be here by getting themselves woven into the fabric. The meaning? Well, it may never have a meaning. But the design is constantly making itself over as it draws new materials into its ambit, under its spell. This is a technique, I think, of fiction, or poetry, or magic, more than specifically of psychoanalysis. An exploration into the unknown, which yet shows a tendency to complete itself daily, tendency to form. Perhaps the variation form which I so much favor in poetry and in music, where each step has its own completion yet remains a stage on some larger way. The method owes much to psychoanalysis; possibly just as much to the interpretation of poetry; and the materials are threefold: fictive imaginings, dreams, memories, each subjected to association."

Further on he says: "Under the stress of this kind of writing the whole world becomes magical in quality; it has been clear for some days now that there exists in me a desire to treat 'real life' by the same associative and interpretative process I am applying to dreams." That this method may be effective in poetry Nemerov and many others have demonstrated, and he gives a specific illustration when he shows how many meanings may be found in the "things" mentioned in "The Pond." The novel may be another matter.

IT IS true that some of the most interesting novels of our age are in many ways closer to poetry than they are to old-fashioned realism, and the examination of symbolism and imagery is by now a standard academic approach to fiction. But even fantasy, even the Kafkaesque fable, has to remain in some important sense lifelike. The novelists of the *nouvelle vague,* if I understand them, claim to be more lifelike than the realists, and attack realism on the ground that it is unrealistic. The real and the more-than-real somehow have to be balanced, and that is easier to accomplish in a poem or perhaps in a short story than in a long piece of fiction.

At any rate, I note that Nemerov reaches no conclusions regarding his inability to write a novel, which was the point at which he started. Perhaps his self-analysis worked and he has been or is now working on a novel, but if so, the cure is not described in the journal. What the journal does do is to give extraordinary insights into some of the ways in which literature, especially poetry, comes into being. Partly because of Freud, ours is a self-conscious generation, and, as Nemerov remarks, many writers spend a good deal of time in speculating about writing. When their speculations are as suggestive as Nemerov's, one must be grateful for them.

—GRANVILLE HICKS.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Perspectives

THANKS VERY MUCH for David Poling's article, "The Urban Renewal of Religion" [*SR*, May 14]. It brought together into one perspective practically all of the major new trends in religion, and was exceptionally well written.

WESLEY D. OSBORNE.

Port Chester, N.Y.

SHALL WE ALL ASK God if he is dead? The answers would each only reflect the measure of whatever value each person judges himself. . . . As is traditionally known, Christ told his contemporaries, "Whoever shall know the Son shall know the Father." He taught that knowing God is not a direct experience but an experience in spirit; one cannot materialize the Spirit but one can spiritualize the material. . . .

SIDNEY GORDON BUDNICK.

Sacramento, Calif.

Stifling Symposia

THE CONFERENCE ON *The Hobbit* and *The Lord of the Rings* at Mankato State College [Letters to Book Review Editor, *SR*, Apr. 23] is just another manifestation of the same cultism that attached itself to Salinger, and, later, Golding's *Lord of the Flies.* One wishes to discourage neither enthusiasm nor intelligent discussion, but simply to note that it would seem to be the first duty of criticism to stifle Symposia, Institutes for the Discussion Of, and Conferences On.

KENNETH GIBSON.

Goleta, Calif.

"Funny and Good"?

AS MURRAH GATTIS REPORTS [*SR*, Apr. 30], *Talk Stories* by Lillian Ross may be "funny and good." But it is definitely misleading to quote that phrase as Hemingway's assessment of Miss Ross's *New Yorker* portrait of him. In *Papa Hemingway* A. E. Hotchner relates that although Hemingway recognized Miss Ross's writing ability, he deplored her judgment in publishing what he considered a distorted picture of him (p. 109). "She's a good girl," he told Hotchner, "who should have been practicing 'dead-man's float' in the shallow water and had no business on the high dive."

CAROLYN K. WASHBURN.

Cambridge, Mass.

ON PAGE 189 of *Reporting*, Miss Ross writes: "Before it was published, I sent a galley proof of it to the Hemingways, and they returned it marked with corrections. In an accompanying letter, Hemingway said that he found the Profile funny and good, and that he had suggested only one deletion."

Whose word are we to believe? I'm sure Miss Ross has the letter, just as Mr. Hotchner has his tape-recording. So I believe them both. The point is that it would have been surprising indeed if Hemingway, whose condition was later described by Hotchner's Dr. Renown as "depressive-persecutory," had not spoken disparagingly of Miss Ross. Manifestations of Papa's megalomania, paranoia, and persecution complex were evident long before Hotchner knew him; witness his attacks on Fitzgerald and many others who were his friends.

MURRAH GATTIS.

Pico Rivera, Calif.

Barbarism

IN HIS REVIEW of *Nazi Culture* [*SR*, May 21] Louis L. Snyder writes: "What happened in the twelve years of Hitler's 'Thousand-Year Reich' was a descent into barbarism such as the world had never seen in its recorded history." I suggest Professor Snyder familiarize himself with the history of the Soviet Union, specifically, with the purges, man-made famines, mass deportations, arrests and tortures, the extirpations of whole ethnic groups and social classes, the suppression of religion and national cultures; in short, the barbarism responsible for the systematic destruction of more than ten nations and the loss of at least twenty million lives. All this, by the way, was not confined to twelve years, but is still practiced today; yet few seem to hold the same attitude toward such a system that they do toward Nazi Germany. The younger generation must indeed "learn the truth in their textbooks and classrooms," but those who teach us must learn it first and temper their judgments accordingly; though, admittedly, this may take some daring in today's atmosphere of peaceful coexistence.

ASKOLD SKALSKY.

Millville, N.J.

TRYING TO EXPLAIN the Nazi phenomenon, Louis L. Snyder cites a quote attributed to Goethe. A more appropriate explanation of Nazism is found in a book, *Travel Notes,* written more than a hundred years ago by the German-Jewish poet Heinrich Heine. To paraphrase, he wrote that he shudders to think to what barbarities the Germans are capable of once they shed their thin veneer of civilization and Christianity, and the old German gods again emerge.

JOSEPH KUTAY.

Bushkill, Pa.

Clarification

WILLIAM SAROYAN'S new book, *Short Drive, Sweet Chariot,* was listed in *SR* Apr. 30 as being published by Trident Press when it is actually being published by Phaedra Publishers, Inc. and distributed by Trident.

MARY JANE HIGGINS.

New York, N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Book Publishing and the New Technologies

By HERBERT S. BAILEY, JR., *director of Princeton University Press*

THERE has been too much wild speculation about the effects on publishing of new technologies, especially computer technology. Some recent articles would make one think that the book of the future will emerge untouched by human hands, without author or publisher, produced miraculously by an electronic computer guided only by a mysterious person called a "programmer." When we reach the millennium in which we are all fitted with electrodes on our heads, with suitable connections to our brains (like rats that I have seen in laboratories), even readers will not be necessary. We will just plug in, and the computer will do the rest. Lord help us when there is a short circuit!

A much more sober approach would be to look at technologies that are actually in existence or now under development and at devices and systems which are either possible or probable within the next twenty-five years.

But, first, there are a number of functions that the new technologies will not perform. Clearly, they will not replace the author, laboring alone over problems of thought and expression. They will not remove the need for editorial judgment and selection, though they may ease such problems by permitting inexpensive trial runs. They will not replace publishing initiative or effective sales and promotion. They will not make the book obsolete, though they may change its form greatly, and some types of book may become obsolete.

But let us begin with something simple, something that is here now, the effects of which have only begun to be seen, namely copying machines. Such devices are now in offices and libraries everywhere, widely used without regard to copyright, and the trend is just beginning. The more elaborate, automatic copying machines rival printing presses; the simpler ones are improving and becoming less expensive. Soon home copiers will be widespread. It will be as common to have a personal copying machine as a tape recorder. Do-it-yourselfers will build their own from kits provided by alert manufacturers, and it will be as impossible to control copying as it is to control the taping of broadcasts. People will duplicate things that they like, building personal libraries of copied material, just as they now build collections of tape recordings. They will make copies for friends, and there will be copies of copies.

LIBRARIES have only begun to realize the potential of copying machines. Since photocopies will soon be produced at less cost than acquiring original books, there will be no need for any well-equipped and well-organized library to have more than one copy of any book. Nor will there be any need to maintain the costly apparatus of general circulation; it will be cheaper to provide a library-user with his own copy of whatever he wants, and no book will ever go out of the librarian's direct control—a librarian's dream! Some libraries now follow this practice with scholarly and scientific journals. The library itself may largely take the form of microcards or microfiche, arranged for easy projection and copying.

A scholar recently told me that he had canceled all his subscriptions to scholarly journals. They were taking up too much shelf space, and he found that it is easier and cheaper to scan the tables of contents in the library and get photocopies of only those articles that interest him. He is building a personal reference library in the form of copies of articles in file drawers. Of course, this scholar is not paying for the articles, he is paying only for the copying; and if all scholars followed his practice, there would be no scholarly journals.

The development of cheap copiers is just the beginning. Using the copying technology, we can expect remote copying to follow shortly. A book or article will be inserted in a machine in New York and a copy will be produced in Chicago or California, transmitted over a network of wires connecting all major libraries and perhaps bookstores. Think what a boon to libraries this would be—instant interlibrary loan from a single complete collection, perhaps the Library of Congress. Only one copy of each book would be needed for national library use, and the enormous expense of repeated cataloguing and shelving would be saved. Perhaps, to conserve space, the single copy in the National Central Library would be in microfilm, for reproduction on demand only.

The combination of the computer with remote copying technology will make some types of publications obsolete, such as scholarly journals, symposia, and certain kinds of reference works. It will be necessary to publish only the indexes, perhaps with summaries or digests, and the wanted article can be transmitted on demand from a central station. The computer-based master index of biological journals, issued by the Biological Sciences Information Services of *Biological Abstracts*, could serve as the foundation for such a system. The Clearinghouse for Federal Scientific and Technical Information provides a similar system for scientific reports produced with government support. The Committee for Scientific and Technical Information of the Federal Council for Science and Technology recently recommended establishment of a national Scientific and Technical Information Bureau to handle all S&T information; this would eventually be under a National Library Administration of which the Library of Congress would be a part. Once such a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

system is set up for science, its apparatus will be used for all kinds of publications. It is not irrelevant here to note that the *Wall Street Journal* and *Time* are regularly transmitted by wire from a central office for remote printing, and recently several paperback books (the Warren Commission report, for example) have been teletyped from New York to Chicago for rapid production. Of course, these are instances of mass production rather than on-demand publication.

The next logical step is the production of printed materials in the home by remote copiers, using signals from central locations. Newspapers and perhaps magazines will be produced this way, and possibly some books of mass appeal. Although most will probably not be suitable for this kind of distribution, with rising educational levels it may eventually become an important medium even for books. Such remote copiers for home use will likely not be much more complex or expensive than television sets. In fact, it is conceivable that the remote home-copier may be simply an attachment to the TV set of the future, producing the morning newspaper in the home, on schedule, with as little time-lag as TV news.

Most of the technology for such devices exists, and one can expect engineering development to take place where there is a commercial incentive. This, for the time being, is coming not from the book industry but from the copying, the electronic, and the news and magazine industries. Once these devices and systems exist, however, the book industry will be profoundly affected, and publishers will adapt and use them.

This is not the place for a detailed discussion of the actual technologies, but it may be pertinent to indicate that the new systems will probably still originate in keyboarding, the equivalent of typesetting, in order to produce the image that is to be reproduced and copied. However, there is even some prospect that photoelectric readers will replace the human eye and hand when dealing with edited manuscripts. From that point, new but already familiar processes will take over—magnetic tape, computers, transmission devices, cathode ray and laser beams, and image-transfer devices. Research is needed to perfect these devices and make them economical, but most of them are farther developed than television was twenty years ago, and the rate of advancement now is much faster. As the technologies are perfected, the structure of book publishing will change.

THE new technologies make it clear that what a publisher sells is not a book but the image of a book. The author writes the manuscript; then the publisher selects it for publication, edits it, and gives it a suitable typographic dress —an image. Currently he sells this image as printed on paper and bound in cloth or paper at a single manufacturing establishment; in the future he will usually sell the image as reproduced on copying machines at many locations, by remote or local control, on demand. Forward-looking publishers should begin now to develop systems that will allow them to maintain control over the image that they and the author have produced, requiring payment that will recompense both author and publisher, providing incentive for further effort.

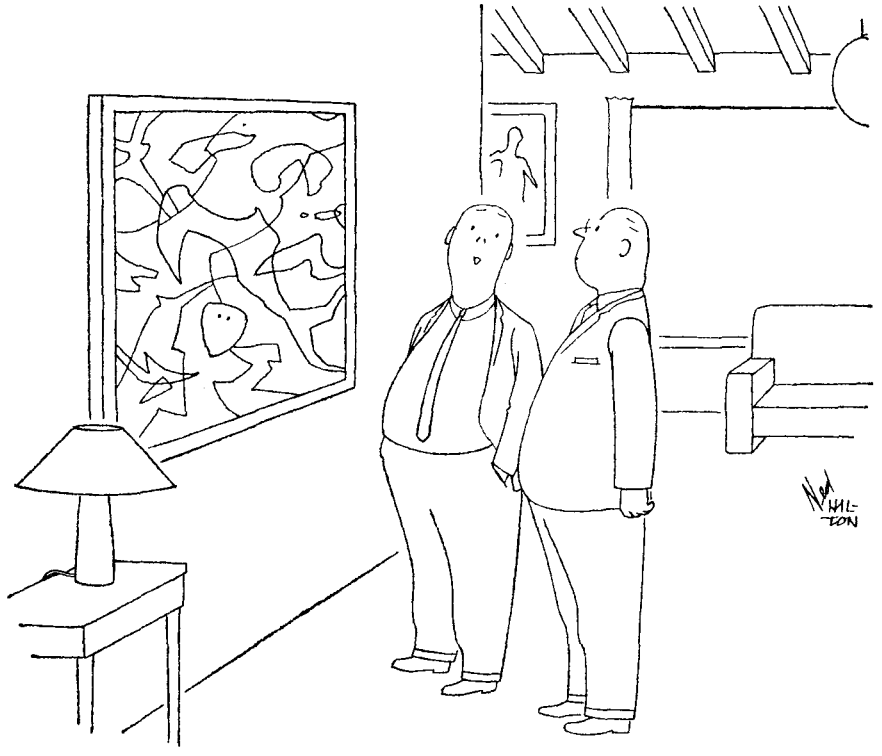
The payments for permission to copy may well become the largest part of a publisher's income, and unless the publisher can control the image and receive appropriate payment he will go out of business. Thus it is essential to provide means, under a firm copyright law, to service requests for copying permission efficiently and quickly, and at appropriate fees. Otherwise the book-image, so easily stolen, will be lost altogether.

Vital cultural interests and large commercial interests are at stake. The new machines will be invented and they will be used. Cheap copiers will be available in many homes, and it will be as futile to attempt to control them as to control the use of home tape-recording machines today. But there is no need to permit free replication of multiple copies for sale or for classroom use, any more than sale of a home recording of a symphony broadcast would be permitted today.

The best hope for authors and publishers is to join the technological revolution. They must devise ways to make it easy for users to obtain permission to make copies for reasonable fees, and they must clearly indicate what kinds of copying are permitted without charge. Only if this is done can publishers insist on compliance with the law or prosecute illegal copiers. At present the publishers seem to be unable even to agree on a definition of "fair use" (permission not required), though the university presses and the American Book Publishers' Council are making progress along this line.

Today all requests for permission to make copies (or to reprint) are handled individually by publishers. A teacher wishing to put together a selection of readings for a class must write to a dozen publishers, one or two of which may not reply promptly, and widely varying payments may be required. The easy thing for the teacher to do is to ignore the law, make the copies, and say to himself, "It really doesn't matter—my class is so small, and after all the library bought the books I'm copying." But the teacher never thinks that he is cheating the author and publisher of a rightful payment, however small, and that this occurrence may be multiplied hundreds of thousands of times throughout the nation.

To meet the teacher's need, the publishers could establish a computer-based



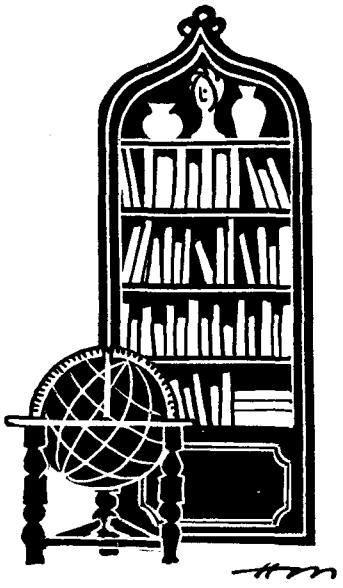
"He did it to show the collapse of civilization, the loss of all spiritual values, and to make a fast buck."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

central clearing house from which anyone could obtain a batch of permissions quickly by making one phone call or sending one letter. If a publisher can write down a permissions policy and rate for each title, taking into account various types of use, such information can be punched onto cards or stored in a computer's memory. With this information, the clearing house for permissions could quickly give an answer to a question, authorize copying, send a bill, and collect payments for authors and publishers. Major requests (to reprint a whole book, for example) could be referred to the original publishers; but the bulk of applications could be handled simply and automatically, and there would be little excuse for making multiple copies illegally. I do not say that it would be easy to plan such a clearing house; there would be many problems, including the question of expense; but if the incentive to write and publish is to be maintained and private literary property is to be recognized and protected, some such system will be necessary.

The university presses, being a fairly homogeneous and closely knit group, could organize a pilot clearing house for permissions to copy from university press books, perhaps using a computer in one of the parent universities. In this way many of the problems could be worked out: the establishment of categories of use, the special problem of maps and illustrations, the determination of standard forms of application and permission, and so forth. Such a pilot effort would be expensive, but the university presses, as nonprofit institutions operating in the public interest, might seek help from foundations for this purpose; certainly the problem is central to the mainsprings of cultural progress and would merit such support.

Everything I have said above applies equally to remote copying, which would



in fact be easier to control because responsible public institutions such as schools and libraries, which could be counted on to respect the law, would be the chief users. A national central library issuing copies by wire or a local library producing a copy for a "borrower" could be expected to record the event and make appropriate payment. Identification and counting devices attached to copying machines could provide an automatic log of copying activity.

The effects of the technological revolution are already being seen in the recent merging of publishing houses with electronics corporations (Random House with RCA, Wesleyan University Press with Xerox, and Science Research Associates with IBM, for example). The stage is being set for further development. Although local copiers will become cheaper, as television sets have, the central equipment and network facilities of the transformed industry will be enormously expensive, requiring capital outlay far beyond the resources of any but the largest book publishers.

Thus the trend to merge will continue as far as the Federal Trade Commission will let it, perhaps resulting in only a few large publication networks, as is the case in radio and television. The Random House-RCA merger even suggests that the publishing networks may partly coincide with the present radio-TV systems, using many of the same research and transmission facilities. Small publishers will have to struggle to fit into this structure, finding specialized nooks not occupied by the giants, renting time on the national networks, or being incorporated into larger systems. There may even have to be some federal regulation, as with the radio-TV networks and the public utilities, to insure freedom of expression in the public interest. The printed word has for centuries been the resort of unpopular opinions, but if the distribution of the printed word becomes monolithic owing to technical developments (I hesitate to call it progress), some public guarantee of access may be required. Let us hope that publishing will never reach this state.

NOTHING in what I have suggested indicates that the book will become obsolete, though at first glance this might seem to be the case. The book cannot become obsolete any more than the poem or the novel can become obsolete, because the book, though in not quite the same sense as a poem or a novel, is an intellectual construct; it embodies thought and expression beyond a certain indefinite minimum length, and as long as men think and express themselves in writing, books will be written and published. A novelist or a scholar writes a book partly to crystallize his own thought and feeling; cultural progress depends on the dissemination of such writings, which are books.

Nor can the book-reader, the man sitting in a chair late at night totally absorbed in the bound volume in his hand, become obsolete; and he is as essential to the writer as the book is to him. The book is the medium, and the publisher is the agent who encourages (and pays) the author, who turns the manuscript into a book-like image, who makes it known and wanted, and who transmits

it to the reader. All the technologies I have described have to do with the transmission of books.

Technologies have their own force and logic; and we have seen how the great promise of television has led us to a wasteland, an almost unbroken expanse of trivia and pap. There is danger that the new technologies will have something like the same effect on books. We must be sure that the structure and economics of book publishing in the future are not such as to drive out quality in a kind of electronic Gresham's Law. I, for one, am confident that with intelligence and planning the new technologies *can* be used to make good books as ubiquitous as television, to our great cultural benefit.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1192

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1192 will be found in the next issue.

YOMYUV RQ IVPYYV MFPI JQY

IXJNWC QYSYP ZY NQQYMYIIFP-

RWT PNCY VJ F WFCT.

—J. XYQPT

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1191

Originality, I fear, is too often only undetected and frequently unconscious plagiarism. —DEAN INGE.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Report from Rutgers

New Brunswick, N. J.

TO THE Delegates to the Forthcoming Annual Meeting of the Association of American University Presses:

Dutiful as ever on your behalf, your advance field agent in charge of scouting the locale of your next convention—the one that begins tomorrow, June 12, on Douglass Campus of Rutgers University—is ready with his report. He doesn't mind telling you that this called for a bit of work, his acquaintanceship with Rutgers having been hitherto on the vague side. Indeed, it was limited to that ancient legend of the local football hero who, felled on the field of glory in combat with Princeton in 1891, remained conscious long enough to exclaim, "I'd die for dear old Rutgers!" and thus found his way to immortality.

The trouble is, it seems that this never really happened (although another Rutgers warrior of a later vintage was to claim that *he* uttered those deathless words, even if his forerunner did not). The authoritative rejection of this tale gave me a bad turn, I must say, shortly after I arrived on the banks of the pretty if polluted Raritan River. But presently, this disenchantment having subsided, I was learning that you will have rather more to occupy you here during your four-day session than a stricken quarterback's bugle call.

"Rutgers—The State University," they call the institution that was born on November 10, 1766, as Queen's College and now, as a quick bit of arithmetic suggests, is celebrating its bicentennial. As it happens, your host, Rutgers University Press, also is marking an anniversary: its thirtieth. The coincidence of these twin occasions doubtless has something to do with your presence in this largely industrial city, which hasn't much to recommend it esthetically but a good deal intellectually, thanks to a charter granted so long ago by our old enemy, George III, at the request of his Colonial subjects in the Dutch Reformed Church.

Just at first, if you have bothered to look up the Rutgers enrollment figures before you come here, you may well wonder, as you look out across old Queen's Campus from the 126-year-old building that houses the Press, exactly where the 25,554 students are. They surely aren't visible in any such numbers on this venerable and leafy campus, and they could hardly be strolling around in subterranean corridors. The explanation is that Rutgers University is actually a number of places. There is Rutgers College for men, right here, with an undergraduate body of 5,871. Across town is its coordinate college for women, Douglass, with 2,766 students. Beyond the Raritan, on the University Heights Campus, you can see the walls of the new medical school rising in a nexus that includes microbiology, engineering, chemistry and physics, the biological sciences, and a nuclear research center. Other major campuses, all coeducational, are in Newark (the College of Arts and Sciences, with affiliated schools of nursing, pharmacy, business, law) and in Camden (the College of South Jersey, offering the liberal arts, dentistry, and nursing, and the South Jersey division of the Law School). There are research branches and "teaching stations" in Jersey City, Paterson, Sussex, Pemberton, Adelphia, Cream Ridge, and Bivalve.

Bivalve? It's the site of a laboratory where scientists are looking for whatever it is that is afflicting the oyster population along the Atlantic Seaboard.

Naturally all this was a good bit of time coming together under, so to speak, a single administrative umbrella. In 1825 Queen's College was renamed in honor of Colonel Henry Rutgers, a Revolutionary War soldier and perhaps the leading philanthropist of New York City in the 1820s. In 1864 the New Jersey Legislature designated the then Rutgers Scientific School as New Jersey's Land-Grant college in accordance with the provisions of the federal Morrill Act of 1862. In due course, a school or college here and there around the state having been added to the original one, what had been the privately endowed Rutgers College became today's Rutgers—The State University. Its annual operating budget in $58,000,000, which includes a state appropriation of $26,000,000. Tuition, endowment income, research grants, and so on make up the rest. Rutgers alumni total 43,000, about three-fourths of whom have gone right on living in New Jersey.

Colophon of Rutgers University Press

Under an administration generally recognized as brilliantly creative and imaginative – *i.e.*, the presidency of Mason Welch Gross, who took office in 1959 – the university has grown at an all but incredible rate. In terms of its budget at the operating level it has expanded 300 per cent in the last decade. The structural growth has been even greater. Fortunately for the reason that brings you here, President Gross, professor of philosophy and a combat intelligence officer in World War II, is also a deeply dedicated bookman.

So too is William Sloane, director of Rutgers University Press, who came to this post in 1955 after a distinguished publishing career in New York. Miss Helen Stewart, who had been associated with him at Henry Holt & Co., William Sloane Associates, and Funk & Wagnalls, joined the Press as executive editor at the same time.

Before Mr. Sloane's arrival the Press had had its successes under one or another of his five predecessors as full-time director. Notable among them were *The Lincoln Reader*, edited and compiled by Paul M. Angle (still the Press's all-time best-seller); *The Life Records of John Milton*, edited by Professor J. Milton of Rutgers, a monumental work of scholarship; and the beginnings of a fine regional series in John Cunningham's *This Is New Jersey* and *Made in New Jersey* and Henry Beck's *Jersey Genesis*. Still, there was work to be done.

As of 1955, through nobody's fault in particular, the Press's backlist contained no more than four or five titles selling as many as 200 copies a year. Only a handful of future books were under contract. Total sales came to something like $70,000 annually. Today, of the 450 titles Rutgers University Press has published in its thirty years (230 of them in the last eleven years), 70 per cent are available. First printings run from 2,000 to 3,500 copies. Gross sales average from $250,000 to $300,000 annually. Thirty books will be published this year, the director hopes; five of them will be in the New Jersey Books series, and of the remaining twenty-five most will be scholarly, as becomes a university press—learned studies, contributions to knowledge, with libraries as their principal market—but some will be for the general reader as well.

As things go in the university press world, where thanks to subsidies and tax exemptions books don't *have* to pay their way, Rutgers Press certainly seems to be operating on a sound basis. But Mr. Sloane is too old a hand at this profession to be rushing down to the footlights, taking bows as he goes. "I think our Press in thirty years has made a good beginning," he said without false humility to this visitor. The visitor believed him. Big projects are ahead at the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Press—the twenty-volume *History of the Jewish People*, of which Volume I appeared last year; the complete letters of Dostoevsky; a series on American painters and sculptors; definitive one-volume surveys of the Asiatic heartland and Islam. No, Mr. Sloane is anything but complacent or given to looking over his shoulder at the past.

"I believe that we should have fewer books merely representing the orthodox academic disciplines," he will tell you. "I want to have more that have an interdisciplinary synthesis—psychologists writing about the social sciences, historians writing about the arts." But the unhappy fact is that most academicians don't write very well. At the end of his freshman year as director Mr. Sloane went on record as saying, in *SR*:

> The commercial writer is continuously exposed to the sharpening and educative influence of public acceptance or rejection. He stands or falls by the extent to which he can attract and interest readers. The scholar in his writing is not shaped and tempered on this anvil. Instead he starts off his writing career with a doctoral thesis. Now, doctoral theses are valuable in many ways. Each one presumably adds to the barrier reef against the sea of ignorance. . . . They accomplish much good, but they do not make trained writers out of the men who produce them.

He still, regretfully, holds to this. "Too many of them disregard the reader as a buyer or a listening ear," he finds. Editors with the patience and skill to make their manuscripts readable for the general public—editors able to "reduce sentences of jargon to a simulacrum of the English language"—are hard to come by, at university press salaries. There are other frustrations, such as what a university press publisher would most like to publish and what he can publish, because in their higher reaches universities tend to be conservative and certainly to stop well this side of the avant-garde. And there is what Mr. Sloane calls "a big difference between commercial and academic publishing—that is, the lack of public exposure. Outside an occasional review in the popular press, you can't tell whether anybody gives a damn. You just can't tell."

There are gratifying exceptions, notably in the New Jersey Books series of fifty volumes. Bookstores being scarce in New Jersey, the Press takes them by truck to gift shops, department stores, and the like, some 200 outlets in all. They represent about 30 per cent of the Press's book sales.

Whatever is finally selected for publication by the Press must survive readings by two or more outside authorities and then meet with the approval of the Rutgers University Press Council, headed by Richard Schletter, vice president and provost of the University. If it makes the grade there, it is on its way to production. The manufacturing cost of a book will average $6,500, plus the cost of editing, distribution, etc. Its first home will be one of the quartermaster's warehouses assigned to the Press across the Raritan at the otherwise ghostly remains of Camp Kilmer, where two employees stand ready to fill orders on a twenty-four-hour basis for any book in stock.

Will a book sell? Rutgers Press doesn't lie awake at night worrying about it. The author, of course, cares, and he gets the usual royalty, generally beginning at 10 per cent. Most of the Press's books apparently make their way, within the context of university press economics, because the Press's profit or loss usually is $2,000 or $3,000, one way or the other, on the basis of that annual $250,000 to $350,000 sales volume.

In the course of your New Brunswick stay you almost certainly will be dropping in at the old house at 30 College Avenue, once a private home, and then for fifty years the Rutgers preparatory elementary school. It still is a home, in a way, because you get a distinct notion that the director and his staff of twenty are a family. The homelike air is enhanced by the paneled Book Room, a wing attached several years ago to the old house, where students come to browse along shelves of books donated by alumni and friends, play chess, talk, or sit around in a small adjoining garden enclosed by a privet hedge.

Student interest in the Press is, in fact, a source of much satisfaction to the director. They are proud of it, he says, perhaps not in quite the same way they are proud of a football team that once in a great while beats Princeton, but proud nonetheless. Three recognition awards of different sorts are awarded by Rutgers students to faculty and staff. The director of the Press has received all three.

Indeed, it struck your field agent that the fifty-nine-year-old Mr. Sloane must be one of the busiest people on Queen's Campus—so busy that he has not in the last twelve years had time to add to the four books that he wrote or edited between 1937 and 1954. Besides presiding over the Press, he is adviser to the student literary magazine, *The Anthologist*; teaches a creative writing course for Rutgers College and Douglass upperclassmen; serves on the New Jersey State Commission on the Arts (its report on the arts at all levels in the state will soon be published), and serves on the Publishing Committee of the Association Press. In summer he teaches, as he has for the last twenty-five years, at the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference at Middlebury College, Vermont.

But, then, he was a busy man too in his New York publishing years, always available for services outside his regular publishing duties—director of the Council on Books in Wartime, chairman of the Editorial Committee for the Armed Services Editions, and representative of the Book Publishers Committee sent to Germany in 1948.

Does he miss those days and that New York scene where he made the reputation that brought him to Rutgers? He does not. He pulled on a pipe and said, "I am happier here, in the good sense of the word, than I have ever been in my life." It isn't that academic publishing is quieter, softer than the frenzy of Publishers' Row in Manhattan. "The phone rings as often in New Brunswick as in New York," he once observed. His day begins at 8:30 A.M., and ends with the afternoon's last appointment. The rewards are many.

"I can't understand," he said, "why more people can't see the joy of small publishing, the kind of publishing where the publisher plays a real part, accepts a book, works on it. It's a good life, the best life going. A man ought to be willing to work himself to death to have so good a life as this."

The rewards further include the company of a knowledgeable college community, he added, quoting Dr. Johnson's aphorism to the effect that life holds few pleasures comparable to the conversation of enlightened men.

Three hundred and fifty of you ladies and gentlemen are expected at the assembly that begins tomorrow with a buffet lunch at Neilson Dining Room and opening remarks by Earl Schenck Miers, perhaps Rutgers's most widely published living alumnus-author and Rutgers Press's first full-time director. Among other speakers during the convention will be David Horne, assistant director for editorial affairs at Harvard University Press; Dan Lacy, managing director of the American Book Publishers Council; Ben Shahn, the artist; August Heckscher, and Rutgers's own Mary V. Gaver, a professor in its much-acclaimed Graduate School of Library Service and currently president of the American Library Association. There will be a cookout in a park beside the Raritan, a tour to the garden and home of the Governor's mansion at Princeton, and, as a finale, dancing for those who are still up to it after four days of talking and listening.

So have a good time, and try not to fret too much about that football player who never said what the legend says he said.

—JOHN K. HUTCHENS.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What a Way to Grow

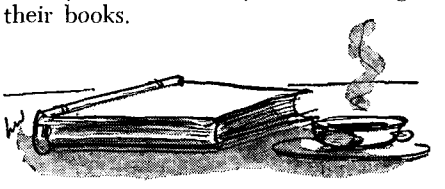
NOT LONG ago the world of scholarly publishing was mildly jolted by an advertisement that appeared under the imprint of Columbia University Press. "The modern educated American female never had it so good," ran the headline for Professor Eli Ginzberg's *Life Styles of Educated Women*; and there, next to the big type, was a drawing of an attractive, educated-looking female. Sex had at last been introduced into UP sales appeal.

Last fall, the Book-of-the-Month Club selected *The Vinland Map and the Tartar Relation* as a dividend book—elegant fare for BOMC members, and an unexpected coup for Yale University Press, whose director, Chester Kerr, was justifiably proud of breaking into the big time with a UP book. Even so, as Harvard's David Horne reported in *Scholarly Books in America*, "Not quite all Americans got excited about the map and the controversy over whether Leif Ericson or Christopher Columbus should be regarded as the discoverer of America. Chester Kerr . . . chanced to meet Richard Halfmoon, a chief of the Nez Perce Indian Tribe, soon after the map was published. 'You will forgive me for saying,' Mr. Halfmoon said to Mr. Kerr, 'that this controversy does not interest me or my people.'"

This spring, Indiana University Press confounded the book trade by publishing James Meredith's *Three Years in Mississippi*. Why had Meredith's story gone to a university press rather than a commercial publisher? Meredith signed with Indiana because "Indiana was willing to let me write the book I wanted to write," *i.e.*, without a collaborator. Even so, does it belong on a UP list?

Belong or not, a good many comparable books are finding their way to the university publisher, who is no longer the Sherpa guide of the publishing world, leading the way to new heights of obscurity. To reduce their deficit, and enhance their public reputation, the presses today are quite willing to set up rest camps for the "midcult" traveler, and it is here that we pause—those of us who were never intended to make the peak—with such items as *Love Incantations of the Oklahoma Cherokees* (Southern Methodist) or, if we are not yet out of breath, *The Climate of Southern California* (California). Too much learning has become a dangerous thing, at least for the new breed of scholarly publisher.

It would be overstating the case to say that the UPs are going crassly commercial; but the trend toward more popular books is creating rumblings of dissent within the field, and it is a subject that is certain to be discussed, over cocktails anyway, during the annual meeting this week of the Association of American University Presses at Rutgers University. The fact is that this branch of publishing is responding to the same pressures that have influenced commercial output—the need to meet an expanding market without being able to show an increase in "quality" products. The UPs can't afford to be as particular—or as purist—as they were when only scholars bought their books.



It used to be said that a scholarly book was one that cost more than the true scholar could afford, but this is no longer quite so true. Prices haven't gone down, but salaries have gone up, and there has been an expanded readership resulting from the education explosion, which shows no sign of slowing down; student enrollment in colleges is expected to increase at least 70 per cent over the next ten years, with a somewhat less sizable jump in faculty. All of this is grist for the university publisher, who is already grinding an exceptional harvest from the college boom that began about ten years ago. In 1957, the UPs collectively brought out 1,200 titles; last year, the figure was 2,600. (This includes the American branches of Oxford and Cambridge.) Dollar sales during the period more than doubled, from $10 million to almost $25 million. Boyle's Law doesn't operate here; as pressure increases so does the volume, and with it an increasing percentage of marginal books. What's more, it's becoming easier to sell them. A good many college libraries will buy almost any book put out by some UPs these days (California supplies certain libraries, for example, on a "standing order" basis for its entire list), apparently because it's easier for the librarian to do this than to make individual selections. The new sales push—20 per cent of some UP budgets go for promotion—plus the proliferation of new presses (from thirty-eight in 1949 to sixty-five today) has glutted the market with scholarship's own version of the nonbook: symposia, collections of articles and lectures, regional picture albums, old editions with new introductions.

Publishing has become a new form of status for the American university, especially those that recently made the jump from colleges; and, where once a school was satisfied to be known for its football team, today there is a strong urge to achieve recognition through an imprint. Administrations pour money into their presses the way they used to into athletics. (As many of the new presses have discovered, however, it is almost never enough money.) All of this, I suppose, is a good sign, or at least makes a good impression, even if the end product may not. For the small, new publisher comes cold into a field largely pre-empted by the prestige institutions. Needing manuscripts, he must actively solicit them, yet he lacks the leverage to attract first-rate scholars. At the same time, he can't always fend off the unpublishable authors on his own campus.

Part of the new aggressiveness stems from a realization that UP publishing is no longer quite so "Off-Broadway," as captioned by Datus Smith, director of the Franklin Book Program and for a good many years the helmsman at Princeton University Press. To my knowledge, at least eight major UPs are run by directors recruited from New York commercial publishing; and in any case the presses as a group, with their paperback lines, their entry into the trade bookshop with a "midcult" or big-ticket item, have brought a new spirit of competition.

The danger, as Datus Smith has warned, is the temptation to field too many winning teams. "The press that cuts corners as to scholarly standards in the hope of financial gain—with the flattering unction that the income will be used, some day, for noble purposes—not only betrays its principle but gives away its most valuable asset. The scholarly vigor of the whole 'backlist' is of far greater importance to the financial well-being of a university press than the pyrotechnics, however beautiful, of a few current titles."

Whenever I am depressed about this (which is not very often), I turn to some of the current catalogues for reassurance. The discovery that Harvard is publishing *The Armenian Communities in Syria Under Ottoman Dominion*, that Johns Hopkins produced *Forestry in Communist China*, Rutgers *Art and Tradition in Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, and California a *German Lexicon to Finnegans Wake* is proof that although scholarship can be deadly it is far from dead. The problem with the university press is that there is not enough of it to go around, which, come to think of it, may be a good thing. —DAVID DEMPSEY.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Founding of a University Press

By TAYLOR CULBERT, *dean of the Graduate College and president of the Ohio University Press.*

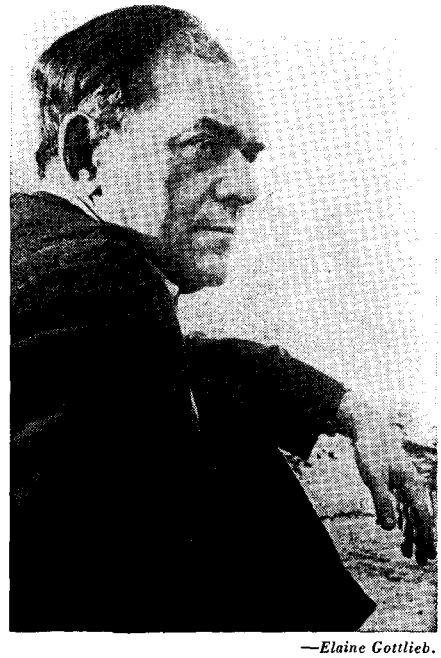
TO CREATE and develop a press on a campus that has no publishing tradition, no inherited acceptance of the role of a press, requires a director who possesses a Renaissance versatility. He must be, in fact, a true man of letters who can teach both faculty and administration about books and their publication.

Relatively few of the present members of the Association of American University Presses have gone through the process of birth and development within the last several years. It is, however, among newcomers, such as Ohio University Press, that the diverse functions of the director can be perceived most clearly. And for such a demanding position, no press could have found a more talented editor than Cecil Hemley, director of the Ohio University Press from its inception in 1963 to his death three months ago.

The most obvious quality, the *sine qua non* indeed, of a director is competence in professional matters. He must know a great deal about book publication—about editing, for example, and design and printing and promotion and distribution. He must know how to write a contract with an author, what commissions to give salesmen, what sort of arrangements should be made with a publisher in England or Canada to buy or sell sheets, or even finished books, so that each party may bring out the book under its own imprint. To such technical aspects of publishing, Cecil Hemley brought years of experience as editor-in-chief of Noonday Press and as editor at Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.

No rule or formula, only intuition based upon experience, told him how many copies of a book to print. Should he order 500 copies of a book of poetry? Twenty-five hundred copies of a scholarly and definitive study of some aspect of a second-level nineteenth-century poet? How many copies of a book on arctic exploration should he print? To print too many meant unnecessary expenses and storage problems; to print too few meant a second printing, inconvenience, and disservice to the author.

The final product of Cecil Hemley's work as a director, of course, was the array of books on his desk comprising this spring's or last fall's publishing list.



—*Elaine Gottlieb.*

Cecil Hemley (1914-1966) —"a true man of letters."

Although some good manuscripts came over the transom, many had to be consciously recruited. Cecil Hemley knew many people who wrote good books, had friends in other universities, knew literary agents who steered books to him. In the end, the lists reflected his personality. His interest in philosophy, for instance, appears in books by Schelling and Shestov, while his concern for the literature of other languages takes the form of translations of Malaparte and De Queiroz. In a real sense, the publications of the Ohio University Press *were* Cecil Hemley.

Hemley faced the educational task—perhaps the cynic would call it a public relations assignment—of creating and maintaining cooperative, even enthusiastic attitudes on the part of Ohio University's administrators, especially those who have budgetary influence. This he did supremely well.

Purchasing agents, treasurers, and controllers, among other officials, were taught about the differences between the financial operations of a press, which is in essence an ongoing business with both expenses and income, and the other elements of the university, which simply expend funds over a twelve-month period, have their pocketbooks refilled, and then repeat the cycle.

A more subtle and sophisticated educational effort was directed towards the faculty, particularly towards the faculty members comprising the Board of the Ohio University Press, who had to be brought to a full understanding of what the press was, how it worked, and what it could do for the university. Cecil Hemley spoke about the press at official and social gatherings, formally and informally, using a hard sell on some occasions and a soft sell on others. Chemists and psychologists had to be convinced that it was important to publish a book of poetry. Engineers had to learn why there were few engineering books on the fall and spring lists.

EFFECTIVENESS in explaining the role of a university press depends to a large extent upon the personal position of the director in the eyes of the faculty. Before coming to Ohio University, Cecil Hemley had taught for several years at New York University as a part-time teacher of creative writing, had served as president of the Poetry Society of America from 1960 to 1962, and had been a Fellow of the MacDowell Colony in 1956. At Ohio University he taught one class each semester in the creative writing program. With the help of this background, he achieved recognition as a teacher among the faculty.

He needed, moreover, appropriate credentials as an authority on books. Cecil Hemley had written and published four books of poetry, including *Porphery's Journey* and *In the Midnight Wood*, and two novels, *The Experience* and *Young Crankshaw*. He had published verse, plays, and short stories in more than twenty magazines, including *Poetry*, *Saturday Review*, and *Hudson Review*. He frequently reviewed books and wrote criticism about the current literary scene for *SR* and other publications. He won additional acclaim as co-translator with the author of Isaac Bashevis Singer's *The Slave* and several of Singer's short stories.

Hemley's extensive and varied experience in literary endeavor gave him visibility and authority on the campus; he was in the position of the man who had been there, who had done it himself. Technical knowledge, personal contacts, discriminating literary taste, and teaching ability—these are the attributes Cecil Hemley brought with him to the campus of Ohio University and to the press. He had the tact and humanity to exercise them in precisely the right manner. Thus he won affection as well as admiration, gained friends while he convinced colleagues. The visible proof of the estate he achieved, of his total success as a director, was not merely an established press with exciting fall and spring lists but, beyond this, the hundreds of mourners at his funeral who filled the University Chapel beyond capacity.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dramatic Monologue by Mail

Learned Lady: Letters from Robert Browning to Mrs. Thomas FitzGerald 1876-1889, *edited by Edward C. McAleer (Harvard. 232 pp. $5.50), illuminates the final fourteen years of the poet's life. Bernard Grebanier is the author of many volumes on English literature.*

By BERNARD GREBANIER

THESE last years the run-of-the-mill of what has passed in academic circles as "scholarship"—drudgery performed without conviction or love by college teachers to maintain jobs or better them—has been under fire, by no one more persistently than me. Such publications leave out literature, its creators, and its readers alike. When, therefore, a Professor Edward McAleer comes along, it is an occasion for sending up skyrockets; this book is an event.

Not only do these sixty-six letters take their place firmly beside the love letters and the later correspondence edited by Hood (1933), De Vane and Knickerbocker (1950), and by McAleer earlier (*Dearest Isa,* 1951) in enriching Browning biography; their editor has also exceeded the others in his elaborate care to make the book at every turn as valuable to the lover of Browning as to the specialist. To quote an example: in 1878 Browning wrote from the continent, "What horrors fill the *Times* . . ! I don't remember such a generally disastrous year as the present." Professor McAleer appends this note:

> It took two days for London papers to reach Splügen, and, therefore, Browning had just finished reading the *Times* for September 12 when he wrote this letter. That issue reported a collision in the Thames of the *Princess Alice Saloon Steamer* (476 persons drowned); the worst colliery explosion in the history of South Wales (280 men dead); a railway collision at Sittingbourne, and a fatal fire in Birmingham. Abroad, eighty persons died of yellow fever in one day in New Orleans; 115 in Memphis. In Catania, a high wind blew the campanile down upon a dormitory for females. At Verkinondensk, 175 houses were burnt, the charred remains of thirty-five persons found in the ruins. At Pesth, Mohammedans beheaded the Chevalier Perrod; the Maffia was especially active in Sicily, and the Russians were rearming.

At this late date no one could expect a new Browning to emerge. Rarely has anyone been more consistently himself than Browning in everything he wrote and did. And what a heartening and endearing man he always was! Mrs. FitzGerald was a close friend in those last years, and without self-consciousness he reveals his breezy yet thoughtful character in every letter. Almost to the very end he walked for hours before and after breakfast, up and down mountain roads and through the streets of towns, even the tortuous ones of Venice. There, in November, he records: "The roses and other flowers are still in bloom, and butterflies abound in the Public Gardens: this morning, for the first time, we kept home instead of taking our usual two hours' walk [he was sixty-one]—and already the sun has been out, and we shall presently follow his example."

The letters abound in wonderful touches: "The most charming adornment of my room [in London] is undoubtedly the creeper which literally embowers the window, just as if it had a purpose—as it may have. . . . I will not let curtains be put up there as long as a leaf remains which they may injure." Professor McAleer's note explains that Mrs. FitzGerald "sent Browning a cutting of the small-leafed Virginia creeper that grew on the south wall of the Shalstone manorhouse. A shoot of this creeper made its way through a crevice in the poet's study window, round the inside of which he had the creeper trained. Browning refers to this creeper in the prologue to *Pacchiaretto* and elsewhere."

There are many estimates of contemporaries which do as much honor to Browning as to them. Swinburne: "A generous nature . . . A noble heart, I am sure, spite of some early eccentricities." Carlyle: "He is silent now, unless spoken to—but when he does speak all the old soul is in the little he says." Kingsley: "The strong fresh man who jumped up a hillock to pluck barberries for my wife, and, when we inspected the ruins of an abbey . . . , lay down in the stone coffin embedded still in the earth there."

But Browning, ever clear-headed, was, with all his enthusiasms, no sentimental voyager. The Swiss peasant "absorbed in his money-grubbing, 'with a clown's (not even) broad back turned (the reverse of) broadly to the glory of the stars' repels me." In Venice, "our second gondolier, Domenico, disappeared at

—Bettmann Archive.

Robert Browning—"endearing."

dinner in consequence of his wife's indisposition, and returned the richer (?) by three boys at a birth." This event had a sequel described in a letter to another correspondent: "Poor Don Carlos [the claimant to the throne of Spain] went, out of curiosity and good-nature to see—and fee—the mother—and at once got credited with the paternity; and the mother herself was said to have been all but slain by the scent of his pocket-handkerchief."

These letters run over with comments on persons, places, life, art, and literature; but nothing is more recurrent than references to his son Pen. Even before Pen was a day old Browning had said, "I feel as if I could give my life for him already." His son remained his chief care until the end of his days. When he rushed to be at the side of his own dying father, Browning wrote Pen: "Let me have the comfort of knowing, dearest, that you do your work well—and act like a man in my absence." It is truly pathetic in these new letters to see how the poet strove to convince himself that Pen was an important painter and that his successes—due entirely to his being the son of the parents he had—would be continuing. Alas! No one speaks of Pen Browning's ambitious paintings any more, and museums that own them seem to prefer keeping them rolled up. Certainly the son's ineffectualness was owing to no neglect or lack of love on the part of his father.

It should be remarked that to complete one's satisfaction with this fine book, Marcelle Thiébaux has added an Appendix of Bibliographical Descriptions of each of these letters (which are now in the Pforzheimer Library), for the purpose, as Professor McAleer says, of making it "possible for future editors to date . . . some of the letters Browning left undated." Nothing, in short, has been overlooked.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

American Artist with a Mission

The Letters of George Catlin and His Family: A Chronicle of the American West, *edited by Marjorie Catlin Roehm (California. 463 pp. $8.50), containing correspondence by the American painter, his eight brothers and sisters, and their parents, tells not only the story of a disappointed artist but what it was like to make one's way in pre-Civil War America. George Heard Hamilton is professor of art history at Yale.*

By GEORGE HEARD HAMILTON

THE AMERICAN painter George Catlin (1796-1872) occupies an honorable if eccentric position in the history of American art. He had talent, and could have remained a respectable portraitist in the romantic-realist generation of Inman and Neagle, had he not in 1832 decided that his mission was to record the appearance of the American Indians before the inexorable agricultural and industrial development of the prairies destroyed their way of life as completely as it dispossessed them of their tribal lands. Off and on for some seven years Catlin traveled through the West, recording Indian life in literally thousands of drawings and paintings, many of them too hastily executed to be entirely convincing as works of art. He also gathered a large collection of Indian artifacts which, with his own works, he expected the federal government to acquire as a unique and priceless record, as indeed it was, of the original inhabitants of this continent.

Had Catlin been a more skillful artist, or even a trained ethnologist, his affairs might have prospered; but after a successful exhibition in New York in 1934 the public lost interest, and Congress remained indifferent if not actually hostile to his scheme. After all, those were the days when memories of Indian massacres were still vivid in many American households even in the East, and when there was constant danger of Indian attacks upon the settlers and wagon trains in the West.

Catlin took his collection to Europe, showing it in London and Paris, at first with considerable success. Impoverished nevertheless, and ill, he lived in boarding houses in Paris and Brussels. Only four years after his death our sordid relations with the Indians came to a bloody and dramatic climax when Custer fell at Little Big Horn.

This collection of 174 letters of the Catlin family, edited with care and affection by the artist's great-niece, includes thirty-five letters from George Catlin which enlarge our knowledge of his continuous disappointments, even if he wrote little if anything about his own art. The letters have another, narrowly American interest which is also wider, in a way, than the story of George Catlin. The correspondence among his eight brothers and sisters and their parents tells what it was like to make one's way in the United States in the decades before the Civil War. The family home was in Great Bend, Pennsylvania, on the Susquehanna; but as the children came of age and married, their careers or their husbands' took them from Florida to Wisconsin and on to the Pacific Coast. Nothing very spectacular happened; their triumphs and miseries were much like our own, except that only their generation knew, for instance, what it was like to arrive as homesteaders in the autumn of 1840 on the deserted shores of Wisconsin, just after the last Indians had been moved by the cavalry to lands beyond the Mississippi.

The student of social history in its minor, domestic moments should enjoy these letters, as should the student of our art, who cannot but sympathize with the plight of an unusual painter. He will wonder at the stubbornness that prevented the government's acquisition of Catlin's paintings in his lifetime. Seven years after his death the original "Catlin Indian Gallery" entered the Smithsonian, given by the heirs of a man who held title to it through having lent the artist money which he desperately needed.

Byron in Pisa: Writers have sometimes been lucky enough to attract sharp-eared disciples who took down their very words. One thinks of Pope with his Spence, Johnson with his Boswell, Goethe with his Eckermann, and (most recently, assisted by a tape-recorder) Hemingway with his Hotchner. What sets Byron apart is the great number of friends, enemies, and acquaintances who listened and then wrote what they remembered—or thought they did. His romantic poetry and adventures spread his fame throughout Europe; and after his death in the pestilential swamps of Greece (where he had gone to fight for freedom) memoirs and recollections flooded the market, to be bought up by an insatiable public. Thanks to his widow and her champions, Byromania and Byrophobia raged.

The story of this posthumous drama, fascinating in itself, was expertly related five years ago by Doris Langley Moore in *The Late Lord Byron.* One of the books she dissects is William Medwin's *Journal of the Conversations of Lord Byron,* which was so popular in its day (1824) that it ran through many editions and was translated into French, Italian, and German. The Journal has been employed by Byron's biographers, of course, for what it was worth; Leslie Marchand makes only scant use of it in his exhaustive, three-volume biography. Entitled *Medwin's Conversations of Lord Byron* (Princeton, $6.50), the work has now been reprinted and elaborately edited by Ernest J. Lovell, Jr. Favorable opinions of the book quoted in his introduction may be balanced by Mrs. Moore's judgment: "Besides misquoting and misreporting, Medwin was not above willfully misrepresenting. . . ."

Medwin, an army officer and a relation of Shelley's, spent about four months in Pisa, some of the time in Byron's company; but, although he claimed that his verbatim conversations were drawn from his diary, he could never produce that documentary proof. He must have relied on memory embellished with imagination as he set down what Byron says about a wide range of subjects, including his disastrous marriage; his daughter, friends, and mistresses; his poetry and the writings of his contemporaries (among them Scott, Goethe, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats). If Medwin's facts are unreliable, his style is remarkably vivacious, and frequently rings with Byron's racy and bluff informality. Once, urging Medwin to take a drink, he remarked: "Gin-and-water is the source of all my inspiration. If you were to drink as much as I do, you would write as good verses: depend on it, it is the true Hippocrene."

If read, then, with a willing suspension of belief, these conversations make an amusing bit of Byroniana, but that simple pleasure is spoiled by dense notes (640 of them) that corroborate, amplify, explain, and contradict. And the notes, clustered at the end of each brief section, are themselves annotated within brackets. No doubt this is the conscientious way of giving Medwin's "Conversations" definitive treatment, and will perhaps satisfy the dedicated Byronist, but is this slight book really important enough to bear the ponderous weight of a *variorum* edition?

—ROBERT HALSBAND.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Japan: Touchstone for Asian Policy

Protest in Tokyo: The Security Treaty Crisis of 1960, *by George R. Packard, III (Princeton. 423 pp. $9), clarifies the complex factors that led to a near-breakdown in Japanese-American relations just six years ago. John Allison was deputy to John Foster Dulles in the negotiation of the Japanese Peace Treaty and Ambassador to Japan from 1953-57.*

By JOHN M. ALLISON

IN THE midst of all the concentration on the war in Vietnam, how many remember what happened in Tokyo just six years ago when the President of the United States was prevented from making a State visit to Japan, and an anti-Communist, pro-American Premier was forced to resign? After seven years of what most Americans looked upon as a benevolent occupation and generous peace treaty, how could these things happen?

Over the coming years Japan and American-Japanese relations will probably be of as great if not greater importance to the peace of the world as what happens in Vietnam; thus it is of great importance for us to know and understand the forces that influence the Japanese people and government. In just four years the Japanese government of the day will have to decide whether to revise, terminate, or permit to continue the Security Treaty with the United States, which was the fulcrum of the crisis of 1960. While not at this date seeming probable, it is not at all impossible that 1970 could see another crisis in Japanese-American relations equal to if not greater than that of 1960.

George Packard, a young American scholar who has studied and lived in Japan, has produced a remarkable book which I hope will be read by all who have any interest in maintaining close and friendly American-Japanese relations, and particularly by those in high positions in our government whose responsibility it is to deal directly with these matters. Dr. Packard has not only examined the English- and Japanese-language press of the period, he has studied the books and articles by both Japanese and foreign observers, commenting on the crisis and he has personally interviewed many of the chief actors in the drama. The result is an amazingly complete and vivid account of the almost incredible variety and complexity of the factors that went into the making of the crisis of 1960.

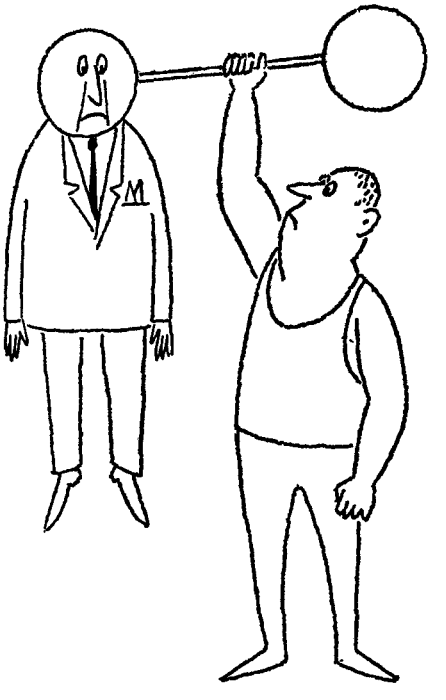
While it is true, as Professor Lockwood of Princeton points out on the book's jacket, that Dr. Packard rightfully rejects as "oversimplified the press's pronouncement of 'a Communist-led conspiracy,'" it becomes abundantly clear that if it had not been for Communist Party activity and instigation the results of the long-drawn-out agitation might well have been considerably different. In fact, the book presents a good case study of the way in which Communists can and do take over sincere and legitimate protest movements and use them for their own purposes:

> Communist influence ranged far beyond the formal party structure into the unions and the hundreds of "democratic" and "progressive" organizations that had sprung up in postwar Japan. These groups consisted of thousands of well-intentioned Japanese people who rallied to the call to protect newly won democratic rights, and express their loathing of militarism and war. Famous names adorned the boards of these organizations. . . . But a remarkable number were controlled or heavily influenced by a relatively small number of JCP members who infiltrated the key executive organs, issued statements and ran the daily activities.

However, if there had been no Communist Party in Japan there would still have been agitation against the Security Treaty and the government of Premier Kishi, which was sponsoring it. It has been difficult for most Americans to understand the extent of the traumatic experience the Japanese people went through as a result of defeat in the Second World War. I recall once, when I was Ambassador, complaining to the late Premier Ikeda, who was then Finance Minister, that the Japanese had not seemed to make as speedy a comeback from the war as had the Germans. Although a good friend, he turned on me with what I soon realized was well justified anger and pointed out that the leaders of Germany had undergone two military defeats in their own lifetime while in their whole 2,500 years' history the Japanese people had never previously had such an experience.

Dr. Packard brings out the Japanese horror at the thought of again being involved in war and the ineptitude of the Kishi government in its explanations to the people of the true purpose of the treaty. Kishi's own history as a member of the Tojo war cabinet was held against him, and his final arbitrary and seemingly un-Japanese manner of pushing the ratification of the Treaty through the Diet provided additional fuel for an already glowing flame. World events also played their part as did a burgeoning nationalism. The U-2 incident and the break-up of the Summit Conference in May of 1960 increased the apprehension of the Japanese people over the likelihood of war and the fear that the Security Treaty would compel their involvement. The impending visit of President Eisenhower was interpreted as American pressure being put on Japan. Prime Minister Kishi's reluctance to cancel the visit caused charges that he was a mere American puppet. Neither of these charges was true but it was what people thought was true that mattered.

The one thing lacking in this excellent book is an account of the actions and recommendations of the American Embassy during the months the crisis was building up and in its later phase. Until such a report is available it will be difficult to understand why the planning for the President's trip was allowed to continue to the point where its final cancellation seemed to signal a complete breakdown in American-Japanese relations. Such, fortunately, was not the case, and if the lessons that are implicit in *Protest in Tokyo* are truly learned we should be able to look forward to 1970 without foreboding.



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Peking Way to Power

Ideology and Organization in Communist China, *by Franz Schurmann (California. xlvi, 540 pp. $12.50), surveys the nature of contemporary Mainland society. Morton H. Fried is a member of the East Asian Institute at Columbia University.*

By MORTON H. FRIED

THE QUESTION is, how does China work? This book is nothing less than an effort to describe how a society that encompasses perhaps one-quarter of the world's population holds together and does the things which every society must do—keep most of the people alive, not completely miserable, and occupied at their jobs. Franz Schurmann, professor of history and sociology and chairman of the Center for Chinese Studies at the University of California, polyglot, ethnographer, and analyst of the economic system of Yüan (1206-1368) China, must have been quite mad to have undertaken it. But he is our benefactor even when we disagree with him, for he has turned out the best book yet to appear on Communist China, and one that may not be outdone for years to come.

Of course the book is flawed. It is ponderous (how could it be otherwise?); it is larded with sociological concepts of considerable respectability but dubious significance; it argues for important differentiations that seem unnecessary; it is laced with jargon, and it is repetitious and hard reading. It is also brilliant, provocative, argumentative, in a sense encyclopedic, and seminal. Scholars in the field will be attacking and defending Schurmann's theses and some of his data and interpretations for semesters and learned-journal issues to come.

Schurmann holds that the twentieth-century transformation of China involves three revolutions—political, social, and economic. He believes that while two of these have already occurred, the economic revolution remains in its infancy. The proposition is neither novel nor startling, but it is not exactly that simple either. Since the failure of the Great Leap nobody, certainly not the present leadership of the Chinese People's Republic, would deny that China faces a long and desperate struggle to modernize its technology and economy. But there are many who will deny that the social and political revolutions are either as profound as Schurmann asserts or as unheralded, or as permanent.

Schurmann's conception of the profundity of the Chinese revolution can be seen in his characterization of the new Chinese organization as "non-Weberian"; *i.e.*, by its resistance to bureaucratic routinization it fails to conform to Max Weber's model. According to Schurmann, a primary role of the Chiese Communist Party is to act as a constant revolutionary catalyst of the bureaucracy. He believes it accomplishes this by replacing the old value patterns of Chinese society, the ethos, with a new and systematic set of value patterns designed specifically to advance the purposes of the organization. He identifies organization as the "structures of differentiated roles which require the ordered exercise of power."

Here, expressed very early in the book, is its central ontological position; for Schurmann states flatly that "all organization is ultimately political," and through organization "power is transformed into action." The "core of any social system," he says, comprises the "social elements from which authority flows." He then makes it clear that "social elements" are really social aggregates, specifically social strata and especially the élite. In other words, Schurmann is asserting the Maoist-Leninist doctrine of the primacy of politics. Not considered but at least equally congruent with his data is the possibility that neither ideology nor politics may be the prime mover in sociocultural evolution. How curious! Idealism in the form of methodological emphasis on the ideological and the political is the fashionable doctrine in Communist, non-Communist, and anti-Communist circles alike.

Questions of ideology, the priority of politics, and the relation of Maoist thought to Soviet hagiology are given extensive treatment in the prologue and first chapter, a unit of more than 100 pages. Thereafter that theme becomes subdued, as if the author had exorcised himself of an incubus and could turn to a masterful and well-integrated picture of contemporary Chinese society. Perhaps we should not criticize Schurmann for making his analysis revolve around ideology and organization, for, apart from the validity of the thesis, they form a practical center about which he shapes in successive chapters the disparate details of party, government, industrial management, and social control. As if that were not enough, he does this in the context of a running comparison with the Soviet experience, and completes the tour de force with a discussion of both cities and villages under the Communist régime.

As he proceeds, Schurmann himself is struck by how marginally "Chinese" Communist China is, hastening to explain that he sees a lack of continuity with China's traditional social system, although admitting that Chinese culture persists. Consistent with this, and certain to receive attention in Washington, is his extensive comparison of General Motors and the Chinese Communist Party as management systems. What a magnificent corrective this is for the view that the ways of the Orient are inscrutable to "Western minds"!

There are many points at which I would like to take issue with Schurmann, but one illustration will have to suffice. At the heart of his belief that traditional Chinese society has been extirpated is his conviction that, "What had begun as a program of land redistribution ended as revolutionary terror in which China's traditional rural élite was destroyed." From one point of view it can be maintained that this élite was eliminated more than half a century earlier when, at the close of the Ch'ing dynasty, the examination system was discarded. Yet, from a less rigid point of view, the traditional rural élite managed to weather the end of the examination system and continued to play the role of local gentry in substantial economic, social, and political ways. From Schurmann's own account of events after the land reform, there is good reason to believe that under the tremendously heavy attack of the new régime the old élite, like spores, went dormant and awaited the re-emergence of the conditions that would summon them back to life. When Peking "retreated from the natural village," writes Schurmann, "the result was a resurgence of the rich peasants who, in a manner familiar from traditional times, once again took over village leadership." To argue, as Schurmann does, that the resurgent elements were not of landlord-gentry class but rich peasants is to confound slogans and reality. That, it must be admitted, is an understandable thing to do when one's sources are primarily derived from the shrill, hypnotic statements of Chinese publications.

A book as big and ambitious as this is easy to criticize. Nonetheless, its virtues far outweigh its faults, so that, despite significant theoretical differences with Schurmann, this reviewer can say that his achievement is to be admired.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

History, Politics, and Opinion

Communism in Europe: Continuity, Change, and the Sino-Soviet Dispute, Volume II, *edited by William E. Griffith (MIT. 439 pp. $12.50);* ***Strategic Power and Soviet Foreign Policy,*** *by Arnold L. Horelick and Myron Rush (Chicago. 225 pp. $5.95), and* ***Liberals and Communism: The "Red Decade" Revisited,*** *by Frank A. Warren, III (Indiana. 276 pp. $6.95), exemplify two contrasting approaches to scholarly study of political history. Harrison E. Salisbury was formerly New York Times correspondent in Moscow. His books include "Moscow Journal" and "A New Russia."*

By HARRISON E. SALISBURY

AT RATHER long last the question of the interrelation of Academia and Big Government is beginning to be discussed publicly, within a context that may not only produce a few useful guidelines but also enlightenment of a foggy yet important subject.

Academia has long assumed that because of the purity of its principles and the nobility of its purposes nothing so crass as money was likely to corrupt the scholarly escutcheon. But that, alas, was before the era of Big Government and Big Government Money. Academia has, in fact, been transformed in the past two decades by the influx of government funds and subsidies, which have poured in at a rate often beyond the capacity of long-undernourished faculties to absorb them. In the rejoicing over the golden rain there has been scant attention paid to the rainmakers or their ultimate motivations. After all, would not the scholarly oath to the Goddess of Pure Knowledge protect the valiant scientist, be he social or chemical, from any bending of the scientific process to ulterior political end?

Thus, certainly, ran the prevailing campus sentiment for many years. Of late doubts have arisen, due in no small measure to a rash of revelations about the remarkable interest on the part of such institutions as the Central Intelligence Agency in the most diverse fields of academic activity and/or scholarship.

The questions may be late in coming to the fore, but they are well taken. It is time—indeed, past time—for Academia to take a hard, cold, scientific look at the golden rain and its effect upon the community of scholars.

These random observations are inspired by this chance collection of three works, all published under respected university imprints, all the product of respected and excellent scholars.

Yet the three books differ in marked degree. Two are the products of group scholarship. *Communism in Europe* is a massive work in which contributions have been drawn from half a dozen individual specialists under the competent editorship of William E. Griffith. *Strategic Power and Soviet Foreign Policy* is the product of two scholars, Arnold Horelick and Myron Rush, both well known and highly regarded in their field.

These two books have another trait in common. *Communism in Europe* is the second volume of an exceedingly useful survey of European Communist movements as seen in the contemporary impact of the rift within the Communist world. Its contributors come largely from the staff of Radio Free Europe, an enterprise which has been supported at least in part by the CIA. The Center of International Studies at MIT, with which Professor Griffith is connected, was also supported for a time by CIA largess. Thus it might be suggested that, in a partial sense, this could be considered a government-commissioned work. The fact that it happens to be an excellent and useful analytic reference tool is, of course, not to be overlooked.

The Rush-Horelick book bears a somewhat similar character. These scholars have had a lengthy connection with the RAND Corporation, and their work is published as a "RAND Corporation Research Study." The RAND Corporation is a subsidiary of the United States Air Force, and is generally engaged in research projects deemed useful to Air Force policy. The fact that Mssrs. Rush and Horelick have written an interesting (if controversial) analysis of Soviet military and foreign policy should not, of course, obscure the fact that this, too, is in a sense a government-commissioned work.

The question that must be posed to Academia is simply this: To what extent is a community of interest created between the government agency providing research and support funds and the scholars working under such grants? Where does the invisible line occur where scholarship leaves off and advocacy begins? Should, indeed, a scholar accept funds from any interested source directly? Or, if the government agency is to finance research, should not the grant be made to a university or other academic body, to be placed in its general funds, with full control of use and disposition? Does not the government grant almost inevitably influence the form, content, and field of research?

It is quite obvious that Professor Frank A. Warren has not been commissioned by any government agency to go back to the 1930s and examine the currents of liberalism, radicalism, and extremism which made that decade so vivid a patch in the calendar of years. He has written a modest book, and he has done it all alone. But the work bears the indisputable stamp of a human and individual personality. It is one man's study and argument, agree or disagree as you like. And its style is breezy and self-confident, in contrast to the labored group expositions of the other two volumes. The plain truth is that no one can read *Liberals and Communism* without instantly recognizing the sharp, hard digging, the groping for theory, the careful balancing of one idea against another. Here is Academia, if not at its best, surely at its shirt-sleeve most earnest.

The contrast this affords with the commissioned or subsidized works is so striking that it provides its own moral: What's good for Academia may be good for the government, but what's good for the government is not necessarily good for Academia.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Causes of War, Conditions for Peace

World Politics and Tension Areas, *by Feliks Gross (New York University 377 pp. $10), examines the requirements for inter-ethnic and ideological conflict resolution by focusing on specific geographic tension areas. Harry Howe Ransom teaches international politics at Vanderbilt University.*

By HARRY HOWE RANSOM

A "REVOLUTION" in peace education was the subject of an essay by Princeton Professor Richard A. Falk in *SR*, May 21. More than 150 courses at 115 colleges and universities, have been organized in recent years stimulated by teaching materials on the problems of world order collected under the auspices of the World Law Fund. Such courses are aimed at "educating" participants about needed reforms in international society, so that the international system may be properly reconstructed along cooperative lines. Prevention of World War III is a primary aim.

This is good news. One problem, however, is that knowledge must precede eductaion. There is no shortage of "models" for a reconstructed world order. We have long had available a draft of a "World Constitution" and numerous other designs for peace through world law. Indeed, we have the United Nations, an often neglected instrument. We remain deficient, however, in basic knowledge of the causes of war and conditions of peace. No consensus exists about where to look for the causes of war. Some say the nature of man. Others, the institutional structure of society and the state. Some argue that armaments cause wars. Still others focus upon the international state systems.

In *World Politics and Tension Areas* Feliks Gross pursues basic knowledge about why tensions in geographically limited areas sometimes lead to war, while at other times conflicts resulting from such tensions are managed short of violence. Mr. Gross is professor of sociology at Brooklyn College and adjunct professor of government at New York University. This study by him centers upon international tensions associated with ethnic-group antagonisms and with ideological conflicts.

In an age of great-power nuclear stalemate, he notes, sharp antagonisms and local wars in limited geographical areas are now a part of the general pattern of world conflict. Because these tensions are "neither a new social phenomenon nor an entirely new form of conflict" Professor Gross believes that case histories of past patterns of conflict in limited areas may enable us to discover "ways used for the intensification or reduction of tensions. Further, this also allows us to focus our approach and develop theory of the process at a 'medium range' level. Where theory meets empirical data, its frame of reference is tested against facts."

His case histories cover a wide range in time and geographical area. They comprise not only interpolitical but interethnic and race relations that are internal rather than international. For example, he includes a somewhat sketchy analysis of interethnic group relations in New York City. Other cases range from the Arapaho and Shoshone Indian tribes to ethnic tensions among Serbs, Albanians, and Montenegrins in Kossovo, Yugoslavia.

IN a comparative, mainly sociological approach, Professor Gross seeks to identify the variables that cause intergroup tensions. For such knowledge, he feels, must precede man's power to "control, eliminate, or balance the variables that cause the tensions." In addition to brief case histories of nine geographically limited tension areas, the author deals, frequently on a too abstract level, with patterns of international relations, with a typology of tension areas, and with ideological and interpolitical tensions. An appendix contains three papers of some relevance to the book's main purpose, including an interesting paper, by Ted Gurr, on tensions among three African states: Somalia, Ethopia, and Kenya.

The author has not adequately synthesized all of his variegated material. His book lacks unified organization and a fully coherent framework. Some useful generalizations are to be found in his conclusions, although their tie to his case histories is not clearly revealed. What hope for peace is there in a world so diverse in cultural and political institutions? Professor Gross's answer: hope is to be found in a pluralistic approach that acknowledges the strengths and values of cultural differences but "can suggest limited forms of cooperation leading to unity and breaking the isolation, since one condition of pluralism is a minimum set of shared values among the diverse cultures." One obvious universal value is biological survival. Here at least is an identifiable starting point.

World Politics and Tension Areas will be of interest and possible use primarily to professional scholars in the fields of international politics and group-conflict resolution. It is less a tightly woven, unified analysis of conflict resolution with clear-cut "findings" and more a series of preliminary, somewhat disjointed research propositions. They could constitute a beginning toward more concrete knowledge of the causes of war and the conditions of peace.

"The Charga-plate, please."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

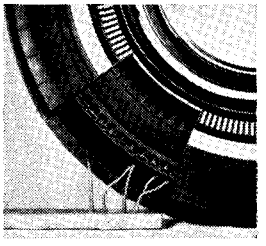
When there's no Goodyear

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man around, should be.

The loneliest place in the world is any place a lady has a flat. It could be in the middle of a crowded intersection, in a supermarket parking lot, or way out on a back road. The fact is, a woman wasn't meant to change a flat tire.

That's why Goodyear makes the Double Eagle tire with the optional LifeGuard Safety Spare inside. To keep her going. To get her safely to help. No matter where she is.



The LifeGuard Safety Spare takes over if for any reason the outer tire is punctured or goes flat. Because it's actually a tire in a tire, with its own air. It keeps the steering wheel from wrenching out of her hands, and the car from swerving off the road.

The Double Eagle, the outer tire, is the finest tire Goodyear makes. It's made with Goodyear's new Vytacord, a polyester that combines the smooth ride of rayon with the toughness of nylon. No other tire body is as durable.

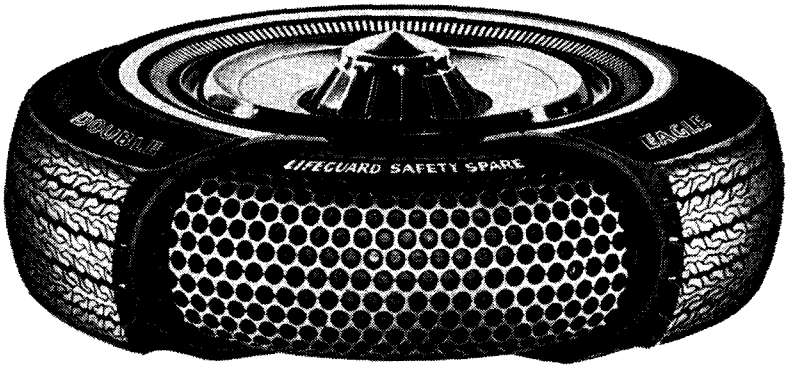
The thick, wide, wrap around tread is made with Tufsyn rubber for thousands of extra miles.

If safety is as important to you as mileage, you should know the Double Eagle with LifeGuard Safety Spare is the safest tire package on the road. A tire to make your wife's worst fears about tire trouble disappear.

And yours, too.

You may pay a little more for this tire... but isn't this kind of safety worth it?

See your Goodyear man for a demonstration.

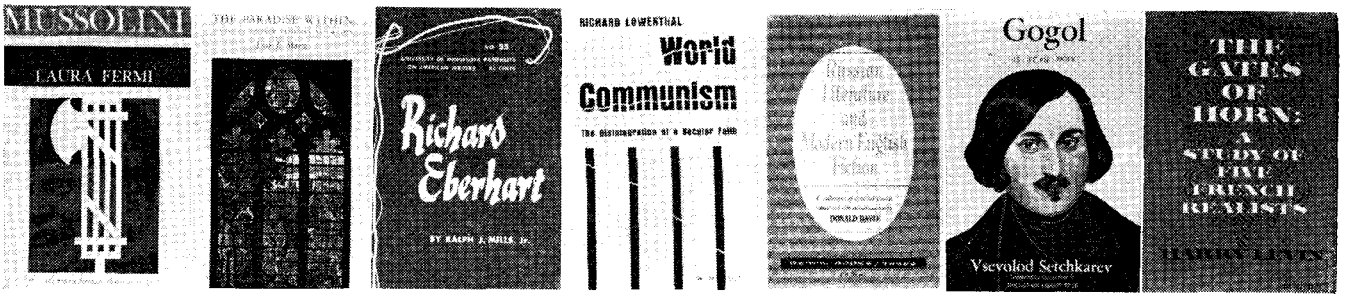


GOODYEAR

The safety-minded company

Double Eagle, LifeGuard, Tufsyn, Vytacord—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

That poetry is properly the business—and pleasure—of university presses is glowingly illustrated by Wesleyan University's outstanding paperback poetry series. Marianne Moore has called the books, now numbering thirty, "ornaments to any list"; Robert Penn Warren cited their "miraculously high level," while Archibald MacLeish relished them as "enlightened and useful and, more than either, *interesting*." Interesting they are, and varied, ranging from the traditional verse of Robert Francis and Donald Justice to the farther-out experiments of Tram Combs and Alan Ansen. "When we began the series in 1959 our press itself was only a year ago," Willard Lockwood, Wesleyan's energetic director, recently remarked. "We felt then, really quite altruistically, that poetry was a vineyard not being worked very diligently and that we could make a real contribution by encouraging poets. We had a selfish motive too. Richard Wilbur of our faculty suggested that our tiny, new publishing house would do better to capture first-rate poetry rather than to compete with big presses in other established fields." Mr. Wilbur proved to be not only a first-rank poet, but a practical man. The poetry series has garnered distinction and a handful of honors: a National Book Award to James Dickey's *Buckdancer's Choice*, a Lamont Poetry Selection to Donald Justice's *The Summer Anniversaries*, and the 1964 Pulitzer Prize to Louis Simpson for *At the End of the Open Road*.

When an aristocrat like Princeton joins the paperback crowd, times have changed. For years Princeton has been a hold-out, preferring to release its own hardcover backlist to commercial publishers rather than reprint itself. Now Princeton has come into the field—and heavily—with forty-five top-quality books and plans to increase production. "There's a need for us," said Gordon Hubel, executive assistant at Princeton's press. "Lots of things are different now, including the attitude of professors and students toward paperbacks. They want those tough, rigorous titles that have trouble getting published by a mass-market house." For commercial publishers a print order of less than 100,000 may prove uneconomical, while a university press is pleased with a 2,500 run. The fact that Princeton has joined the club doesn't mean it has softened the austerity of its standards. "We know our audience," said Mr. Hubel. "It's necessarily small, select, and scholarly." Appropriately, Princeton's books are masterpieces of research, the treasures of graduate students and enlightened laymen.

A somewhat different approach to paperback publishing is practiced with great success at the University of Illinois at Urbana, where beneath flowering crab trees the busy press has been turning out books neatly balanced between the scholarly and those dealing with the problems of our times. "We try to estimate what our readers' interests are and then we publish accordingly," commented Miodrag Muntyan, director of the press and one of paperback publishing's most vigorous champions. "We publish books we think are timely like Charles E. Osgood's *Alternative to War or Surrender*, which seeks peaceful solutions to our current dilemmas. Now we've just issued Wendell Willkie's *One World*. It's been out of print, and our editors feel that we can make it available to a whole new audience." Mr. Muntyan is convinced that paperbacks are going to take over publishing. "Gradually all books will be published in hard and paper covers simultaneously," he said. "The days of gathering great libraries of leather-bound books are over. With our speeded-up communications, we use books the way we used to use magazines; we read them and pass them along. But we can't be too sad about it. It's grand for students. The best scholarship is theirs for the owning and, as a bonus, they get into a book-buying habit. That lasts a lifetime, and there's nothing sad about that."

—ROLLENE W. SAAL.

The War and Then

December 7, 1941. How it happened, that it could ever have happened has amazed even the most sophisticated historians. In one chilling page after another of her book *Pearl Harbor: Warning and Decision* (Stanford, $2.95) Roberta Wohlstetter relentlessly pursues each event that leads inevitably to the final, flaming chapter. Another precise account of the way it was is Herbert Feis's *Churchill, Roosevelt, Stalin* (Princeton, $3.45), which one reviewer called "the most satisfactory one-volume history we have of Allied diplomacy in World War II." Italy's Superman is resurrected for another close look in Laura Fermi's *Mussolini* (Chicago: Phoenix, $2.95), which probes the complexities of a bewildering man.

Samuel P. Huntington's *The Common Defense* (Columbia, $2.95) reviews the period between 1945-60 and ponders such questions as how national security policies are formed within the framework of a democratic government.

The Writer, USA

The American writer, past and present, has been getting a careful going-over by the university presses. One of the best series is Minnesota's, featuring original scholarship on writers, the range of which is apparent in the latest titles, *Jack London* and *Henry Miller* (65¢). Each booklet (the series now numbers fifty-seven) provides a well-balanced combination of biography and critical study. Although Robert A. Bone takes a historical approach in *The Negro Novel in America* (Yale, $1.95), his conclusions, often acerbic, are timely. A particularly interesting collection of essays about a period now being reappraised is *Port of New York* (Illinois: Illini, $2.25), by Paul Rosenfeld, who was a critic of the arts during the 1920s. The "Fourteen American Moderns" whom he discusses are as different from one another as Carl Sandburg and William Carlos Williams, Georgia O'Keeffe and Albert P. Ryder, yet together they vitalized that unforgotten decade. Hart Crane lived during the Twenties, too, but his discordant life held him aloof from the cultural swing. *The Letters of Hart Crane* (California $2.25), edited by Brom Weber, comprises correspondence to such dazzling figures as Gertrude Stein, Otto Kahn, and Caresse Crosby. Of many moods, these letters again underscore the poignance

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Crane's death in 1932 at the age of thirty-three. Another vigorous decade is appropriately recalled in Chester E. Eisinger's *Fiction of the Forties* (Chicago: Phoenix, $2.25), which stirs recollections of John Hersey's and Irwin Shaw's wartime novels; of Truman Capote's early Gothic charm; of Saul Bellow and Wright Morris and Carson McCullers.

Communism

Proof that today's university presses have flown the ivory tower is the impressive roster of new paperbacks on one of the major issues of our times, Communism. Some of the most distinguished contemporary works now are available in paperback, studies such as *Africa and the Communist World* (Stanford, $2.65), edited by Zbigniew Brzezinski, whose articles deal with the policies various Communist countries pursue in their attempts to make headway among emerging nations. That Communism today takes many forms is further explored in Richard Lowenthal's *World Communism* (Oxford, $1.75), an analysis of the "irreversible process" of disintegrating Communist unity as exemplified by the end of Stalinism, the Sino-Soviet break, and the Hungarian revolt. Focusing attention on party leaders and followers from Albania to Yugoslavia, R. V. Burks's *The Dynamics of Communism in Eastern Europe* (Princeton, $2.95) reveals the similarities and startling differences from country to country. When Arthur A. Cohen's *The Communism of Mao Tse-tung* (Chicago: Phoenix, $1.75) was published in 1964, *SR*'s reviewer noted its "immaculate scholarship and sobriety of judgment." The author goes a long way toward elucidating Mao as political power, military leader, and philosopher.

Nikolai Bukharin, executed in the purges of the Thirties, set out to interpret Communism for the workers. His enthusiastic plan, *The ABC of Communism* (Michigan: Ann Arbor, $2.95), written in 1919, remains a fascinating record of recent history.

Theater

"Like the gold-seeker, I cannot will to my heirs my labors, my quests, my losses, my joys and my disappointments, but only the few grains of gold that it has taken me all my life to find," wrote Constantin Stanislavsky, Moscow Art Theater's great director. In her book *The Stanislavsky Heritage* (New York: Gotham Library, $3.50), Christine Edwards has done a masterful job of unearthing those nuggets and setting the record straight as to what "The Method" really was meant to be. A contemporary of Stanislavsky, Leon Shestov, who burgeoned as literary critic and philosopher among the Russian expatriates in Paris of the Twenties, wrote *Chekhov and Other Essays* (Michigan: Ann Arbor, $1.95). Less concerned with the writer, he seeks the idea behind the work—in the case of Chekhov, the imponderable hopelessness of the Russian hero.

For sheer heft (526 pages) Philip Whaley Harsh's *A Handbook of Classical Drama* (Stanford, $3.45) ought to get a prize. Massive in scope, it succeeds remarkably well in categorizing comedy and tragedy, Greek and Roman, from Aeschylus to Seneca, with well-indexed information about the plays, their origins, and influences. Prodigious and recommended.

A pair of books special in subject, but complementary to each other, are Marvin T. Herrick's *Italian Comedy in the Renaissance* (Illinois: Illini, $1.75) and Fredson Bowers's *Elizabethan Revenge Tragedy* (Princeton, $2.95). The *commedia dell'arte* of fifteenth-century Italy laid its hand on the turbulent blood plays of England a century later. The Elizabethan tradition is but one of the theatrical subjects discussed in Moody E. Prior's *The Language of Tragedy* (Indiana: Midland, $2.95), which contrasts poetry and prose in dramatic construction, reminding the reader that prose plays are fairly recent in the history of drama and that, after all, the great tragedies have all been poetic in form. And, lastly, *American Drama and Its Critics* (Chicago, $2.45), edited by Alan S. Downer, contains essays as nostalgic as Robert Benchley's on musical theater and as contemporary as Robert Brustein's pungent "Why American Plays Are Not Literature."

The Muse

One of the choicest offerings of the university presses is *The Poetical Works of Edward Taylor* (Princeton, $2.95), edited by Thomas H. Johnson. In 1937 Johnson came upon the 250-year-old manuscript in the Yale library and, after deciphering the spidery handwriting, succeeded in adding to American poetry coffers the treasures of Taylor's extraordinary verse. A New England pastor in Colonial America, Taylor wrote with the metaphysical richness of John Donne such lines as "Am I new minted by thy Stamp indeed?/Mine eyes are dim/I cannot clearly see./Be thou my Spectacles that I may read/Thine Image and Inscription stampt on mee."

Books of criticism far outnumber pure verse. Cleanth Brooks's *Modern Poetry and the Tradition* (Oxford, $2.25) finds Auden, Yeats, Eliot, and Frost less revolutionaries than bearers of a poetic tradition dormant since the seventeenth century. In *The Paradise Within* (Yale, $1.45) Louis L. Martz amplifies the Augustinian doctrine of "interior illumination," which holds that God's grace and glory glow within man himself, and explicates the poetry of Vaughan, Traherne, and Milton.

The nineteenth century provides a limitless mine for criticism. That Robert Burns

was not merely the laddie who sang "O, once I lov'd a Bonnie Lass" (at the age of fifteen) but indeed a complex poet is evident in Thomas Crawford's *Burns* (Stanford, $2.95), a scholarly account of poems, songs, and more poems. Carlos Baker concentrates in *Shelley's Major Poetry* (Princeton, $2.95) upon the decade between 1812-22, the mature years when Shelley was developing the artistry of his most lasting works.

World Literature

Not only have the university presses published in paperback critical material about the giants of literature, but, even more significant, scholarly works about the lesser-known figures, which in the past have been hard to come by. For instance, Ernst Rose's *Faith from the Abyss* (New York: Gotham Library, $1.95) offers a thoughtful portrait of Hermann Hesse, the German Nobel Prize-winning poet and novelist. Another welcome light on a dark and brooding genius is Mario J. Valdés's *Death in the Literature of Unamuno* (Illinois: Illini, $1.25), which explores the Spanish writer's major themes, both literary and philosophical.

Important work has also been done by university presses in the field of translation. Available now in English are such works as J. R. von Salis's *Rainer Maria Rilke: The Years in Switzerland* (California, $1.75), translated by N. K. Cruickshank. The author recounts the poet's final travail, the breakdown of his health, his retreat to Swiss serenity, during which at last he finished the *Duino Elegies*. Robert Kramer is the translator of Vsevolod Setchkarev's *Gogol* (New York: Gotham Library, $2.25), which attempts to plumb the depths of that tortured genius. Gogol again is the subject of an enlightening essay by Philip Rahv, included in *Russian Literature and Modern English Fiction*, edited by Donald Davie (Chicago, $1.95). Among other contributions in the books are such varied flowers as Henry James on Turgenev and D. H. Lawrence on Dostoevsky. Lawrence himself is warmly appreciated and his books and stories perceptively explored by Julian Moynahan in *The Deed of Life* (Princeton, $2.95). Like enthusiasm is expressed by Harry Levin in *The Gates of Horn* (Oxford, $2.75), an enlightening study of five nineteenth-century French realists—Stendhal, Balzac, Flaubert, Zola, and Proust.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lucky in Love but Not in Life

Yoshitsune: A Fifteenth-Century Japanese Chronicle, *translated by Helen Craig McCullough (Stanford and Tokyo. 367 pp. $6.50), presents one of the most important versions of an epic about a great but ill-fated warrior. Earl Miner is the author of "Japanese Court Poetry" and other works on Japanese literature.*

By EARL MINER

IN HISTORY and legend alike Minamoto Yoshitsune (1159-89) is a compelling figure. His story has the best ingredients—persecuted youth, bravery, superb generalship, a devoted mistress, and retainers loyal to the death. His rise was spectacular and his fall great. His brother Yoritomo, then the effective ruler of Japan, hunted him down, fearing a rival in the state, and Yoshitsune died by his own hand. There are periods of his life about which history tells us little, but they have been filled out and magnified by legend into epic, romance, and tragedy. From Yoshitsune's contemporaries to movie producers today, the story of this brilliant but ill-fated warrior has held constant interest.

There are numerous episodes that have become famous through versions in prose, in Noh, or in Kabuki. The story of the young Yoshitsune's defeat of the enormous warrior monk, Benkei, is known to every Japanese schoolchild. The devotion of Yoshitsune's mistress, Shizuka, the fidelity of the Sato brothers, the slander of the villain Kagetoki—all these and more are common knowledge. But there are also less famous aspects of great interest—the betrayal of her father's secret book by a girl who falls in love with Yoshitsune, or the storm of dead warriors in the Inland Sea. It is very good to have the story in English and in full.

Helen Craig McCullough has commented upon one of the most important versions of the story, the *Gikeiki,* or *Chronicle of Yoshitsune.* Her introduction carefully distinguishes between the historical and the legendary in the work. With equal care she has translated the work, omitting some passages for lack of interest but preserving them in an appendix. Her primary aim is accuracy and her intent historical. Having mastered Japanese scholarship, Mrs. McCullough has succeeded so well that it is difficult to believe that *Yoshitsune* will ever need to be translated again.

Yet I cannot but feel that the true appeal of the work has escaped this able translator. Immersed as she is in feudal history and the lives of major warrior figures, Mrs. McCullough takes an austere historian's line toward what is as much a romance as a chronicle. She regrets that the legends cast a courtly aura about the sterner military figure of the historical Yoshitsune. But it is precisely the courtly and the legendary that we want in such a work. If this were not the case, *Yoshitsune,* the *Aeneid,* and the Arthurian stories would not have been written. Regrettably, the introduction has nothing to say about literary appeal, much less techniques. We still must await the appearance of true literary criticism of medieval Japanese prose narrative.

Fortunately, accuracy is a prime virtue in a translator, and it has produced an attractive story. Once he is used to the mouth-filling names (which might have been further simplified) and gets to know the characters, the reader will find that *Yoshitsune* is a rattling good story, at times tender, at times deeply moving. The specialist will find it difficult to fault Mrs. McCullough as a historian and be much indebted for the wealth of information she supplies. *Yoshitsune* has not the serious themes of *The Tale of the Heike,* the greatest of Japanese military romances, but it treats the important legends and history effectively. Perhaps we may expect that Mrs. McCullough will next give us *The Tale of the Heike.* If so, every reader will hope that Stanford and Tokyo University presses will provide us with another such splendid jacket and handsomely printed book.

The Hidden Enemy in the Self

The Werewolf, *by Aksel Sandemose, translated from the Norwegian by Gustaf Lannestock (Wisconsin. 374 pp. $5.95), treats drives that limit man's will and balk his efforts to achieve harmony. P. M. Mitchell wrote "A History of Danish Literature."*

By P. M. MITCHELL

THE READER who has inherited ideas about what Norwegian literature should resemble may be disenchanted with Aksel Sandemose's book, for it does not suggest the poetic prose of Hamsun, the neat patterns of Ibsen, or the sensibility of Sigrid Undset. It does, however, partake of newer Scandinavian traditions which are less well known in the U.S.

Specifically, *The Werewolf* touches on the same psychological problem of the German occupation of Norway that informs the work of another Norwegian novelist, Sigurd Hoel's gripping *Meeting at the Milestone,* Moreover, there are analogues with elements in books by two slightly older Danish writers: the social chaos and nihilism in Tom Kristensen's post-World-War-I *Hærværk* (which is scheduled for publication in the same Nordic Translation Series in which Sandemose's book appears), and the melodramatic effects employed in some of the novels by the Nobel Prize-winner Johannes V. Jensen. The Danish connection is not surprising—until he was thirty, Sandemose himself wrote in Danish—but it is not crucial.

Sandemose's novel belongs to contemporary literature, for it was originally published in 1958. That it is now issued in English translation under governmental and academic auspices implies that it should tell us something about Norwegian, and by extension Scandinavian, literature today. *The Werewolf* has at least three characteristics in common with much contemporary Scandinavian writing. First, the novel shows long-range results of Freudian theories. It has a frontal and matter-of-fact approach to sex, but not a trace of the sensuous, the titillating, or the pornographic. The concept of the werewolf, of which the characters in the novel speak, symbolizes those human drives which, coupled with

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sex, or subsidiary to it, limit man's will and inhibit his efforts to achieve harmony.

Second, the novel reflects the imperfect union of individuals in modern society, even in an ethnographically closely knit "welfare state." The social consciousness so typical of much earlier Scandinavian literature is apparent only when Erling Vik, the main character, views in retrospect the concerted action of Norwegians against the German forces and their Norwegian collaborators during the Second World War. Third, the novel makes extensive use of modern narrative technique, notably the expository but nondramatic monologue, a device that is enjoying considerable vogue in Scandinavia. Sandemose's monologues are often presented as if they were pieces of dialogue, but their great length and their noncolloquial style preclude any identification as a manifestation of actual speech.

One could point to several other traits in Sandemose's prose which are common to narrative art in various modern literatures and which at the same time would differentiate his from Sigurd Hoel's prose style. The presentation is not chronological, and the argument is neither organic nor methodical. The reader has some difficulty in keeping memory and experience apart, and indeed at the end of the novel he is forced to conclude that the one is scarcely possible without the other. The existential quality of Sandemose's characters is deduced from a series of situations that make patterns in the reader's mind rather than on paper. There is no teleology behind the novel.

Sandemose's occasional use of traditional connective narrative is a weakness rather than a strength in a book clearly meant to be a psychological canvas. The touch of the murder mystery that concludes the novel seems rather out of place. While Sandemose's tendency to include insignificant generalizations about his characters is tiresome and misleading, the occasional insertion of a witty observation or epigram comes as an agreeable surprise. Thus, "the criminal code is the law-makers' confessional," or "a man of the type who constantly must have proof that women also exist without clothes."

The reader not oriented upon Scandinavian literary history will miss the significance of not a few references to older writers such as Erich Pontoppidan, Ludvig Holberg, and "I.P." (that is, Jens Peter) Jacobsen, but this fact will constitute no more barrier to an understanding of the story than the possible ignorance of younger readers about Norwegian-Swedish relations during World War II.

Unfortunately, the translation is not infrequently rather clumsy.

Too Terrible to Be Told

Harold Frederic's Stories of York State, *edited by Thomas F. O'Donnell (Syracuse. 340 pp. $6.50), are based on a distinguished author's boyhood recollections of the American Civil War. Richard H. Goldstone teaches English at The City College of New York.*

By RICHARD H. GOLDSTONE

IN THE American experience nothing has proved so traumatic as the Civil War. Americans who came of age in the Eighties and Nineties were haunted by it. And today—101 years after the war's end—it is still being fought, not only in books and periodicals but in Selma, Birmingham, wherever, in fact, the struggle for civil rights goes on, or the Ku Klux Klan terrorizes a citizenry.

The publication of a collection of Civil War stories, written in the 1890s by Harold Frederic (1856-98), author of *The Damnation of Theron Ware,* raises one's expectations. For one of the baffling paradoxes of our American culture is that so central an event as the War Between the States should have been ignored by our greatest fiction writers. No nineteenth-century novel, not even Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage,* comes to grips with the Civil War as *The Sun Also Rises* and *The Thin Red Line* explore the effects of war in our own century.

Not Henry James, nor Mark Twain, nor Melville (except in some poems), nor even Howells put down the anguish, revulsion, and dismay of that vast fratricidal conflict. Walt Whitman, to be sure, sentimentally recorded his experiences as a wound dresser:

> . . . some are so young;
> Some suffer so much—I recall the
> experience sweet and sad
> (Many a soldier's loving arms about
> this neck have crossed and rested
> Many a soldier's kiss dwells
> on these bearded lips.)

All seven of the *Stories of York State* represent a distinguished writer's boyhood recollections of the Civil War—what he heard, what he saw. Only one of them, "A Day in the Wilderness," takes us to the battlefield; the others are mainly limited in setting to the environs of Utica, New York.

"The Copperhead," about a New York State farmer who believes in the justice of the Southern cause; "The War Widow," contrasting the hometown obsequies for two fallen soldiers of a single household, and "Marsena," portraying a war-happy coquette, suggest some of the bite of Frederic's *Theron Ware.* "The Eve of the Fourth," "The Deserter," and

(*Continued on page* 74)

"Do try to relax, dear. Sit down and write a few imaginary memos."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Theories About the Beautiful

Art and Philosophy: A Symposium, *edited by Sidney Hook (NYU. 346 pp. $6.50), provides a spectrum of viewpoints on the evaluation and meaning of the arts and their relation to reality. George W. Linden is chairman of philosophical studies at Southern Illinois University in Edwardsville.*

By GEORGE W. LINDEN

MOST anthologies are fusty scissors-and-paste jobs. *Art and Philosophy*, however, is a true symposium of position, counterposition, and dialogue. Sidney Hook is much too modest when he states that the comments have been "bunched together." On the contrary, their order is one of cumulative development and interaction, a true meeting of minds as well as of words. Meaning emerges not merely from the articles themselves but from the tensions among them. There is a sense, then, in which Professor Hook's book is itself a work of art. It has its own distinctive rhythm and permeating quality of excitement. One encounters many ideas in this volume. One also meets their fascinating advocates. But the immediate impression the reader gains is that thinking and arguing about art is in itself a joyous experience.

The symposium moves through three phases. The first is a discussion of how art is to be evaluated; the second of how meaning in art is to be interpreted; the third is concerned with the more general and profound question of the relation of the arts to reality. Each section begins with a major position paper which is then evaluated by other participants.

In the first paper, Meyer Schapiro argues that the standards of perfection, coherence, and unity of form and content are hypotheses. Although some of these hypotheses may be dispensable with regard to specific works and all of them are subject to historical re-evaluation, Schapiro believes they do aid us in perceiving the merit or demerits of art objects. Since the comments on his paper are a lively dialogue they reveal both interesting insights and strange blindnesses. Most of the critics, for example, overlook the fact that Schapiro promises to describe perfection but actually discusses coherence.

Professor H. W. Janson undertakes to discuss the visual arts and then, unaccountably, rules out the dance. Chauncey Downes comes closest to defining perfection when, following Max Black's distinction that it cannot be both a quality and a criterion of judgment, he argues that it must be a basis for judgment. Perfection, states Downes, must be "a closure, a fittingness...that no more heaping up can ever attain." Professor Hook's own article in this section depends heavily upon technique as a criterion, although he does encourage a creative role for the critic, not merely a judgmental one.

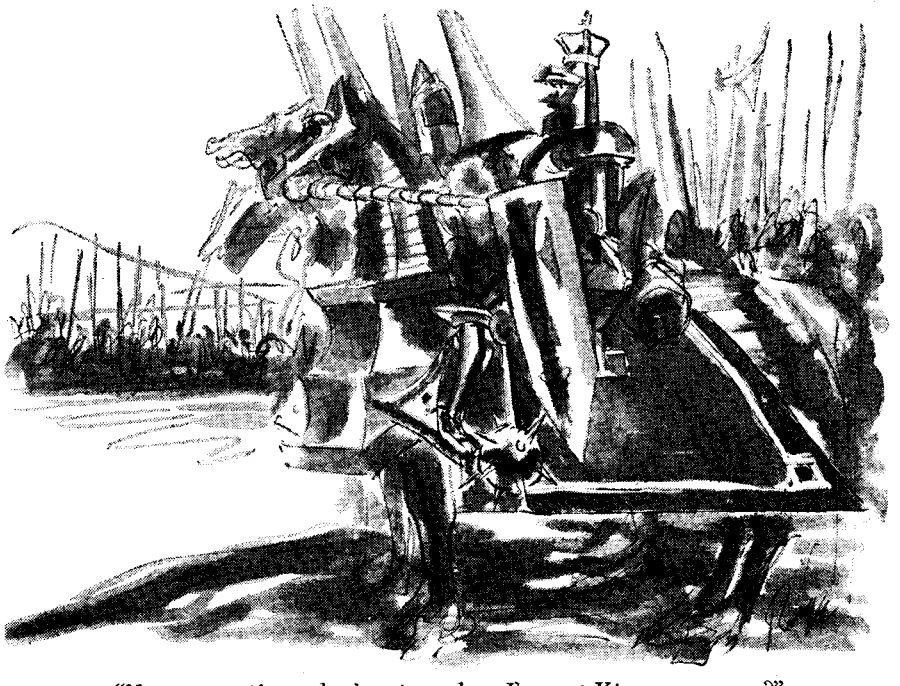
Monroe C. Beardsley's long paper entitled "The Limits of Critical Interpretation" begins the second phase of discussion. Professor Beardsley strives valiantly to create order in the realm of esthetic theory. He divides such theory into two kinds, both of which appear to stem from their author's preferences for particular arts. Those thinkers who are enchanted by literature, says Beardsley, usually develop a Significance Theory. The Significance Theory asserts that all art is referential: it is a sign or a symbol of meaning. On the other hand, theorists who are most sensitive to music usually claim that art is not a symbol of anything but is merely the presentation of a perceptual object which refers, if it refers at all, only to itself. Beardsley calls this the Immanence Theory. Having established these two classes, he then applies several rules to them based on his own distinction between depiction (connotation) and reference (denotation).

Unfortunately, Professor Beardsley's rules do not help much, for his definitions become too restrictive. His critics point out that not all theories of art can be placed in his two classes of Significance or Immanence. Some of them also contend that the "meaning" in art is not of the same kind as that of language. Albert Hofstadter, for example, argues that a Content Theory which views art as the articulation of meaning would overcome some of the difficulties of reference raised by Beardsley's distinctions.

John Hospers has written the position paper on the last topic: art and reality. His essay is an interesting mixture of Positivism and the Idealism of Hartshorne. In spite of the imported Idealism, however, Hospers insists upon pristine perceptions and immaculate conceptions. The latter may be possible in religion, but seem strangely out of place in discussions of art. Hospers spends much time arguing the classical position that literature must be true to life. Unfortunately, as his critics point out, life is stranger than fiction. Or, as William Barrett puts it, if we knew what human nature was, then art would not be a searching; it would be simply irrelevant.

Most of the current philosophical positions are represented in these discussions. The Existentialists and Language Analysts join forces in insisting that the concept of art be kept open, but for quite different reasons: the Existentialists because of the radical insecurity of both art and life; the Language Analysts because they are convinced that no true definition of art can be given.

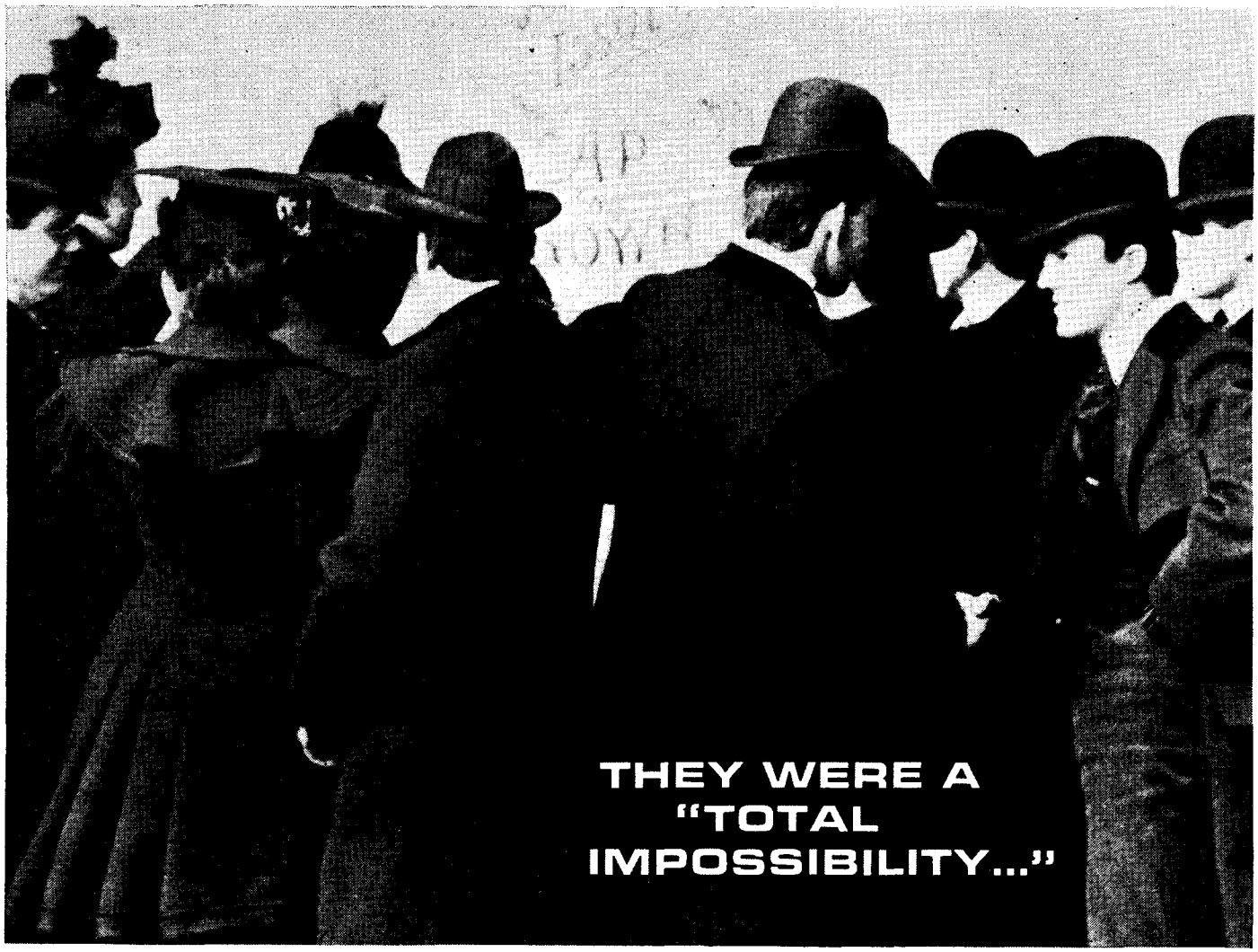
(*Continued on page* 62)



"You mean if we don't win today, I'm not King any more?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GREAT MOMENTS AT CHICAGO



These are members of the first graduating class of The University of Chicago. The University was the "impossible idea" of William Rainey Harper, its first President. A visionary, who put no limitations on his dreams, Harper turned to the one man who could bring them into being, John D. Rockefeller. The story of how Harper transformed the Baptist college that Rockefeller thought he was financing into a major university is told in HARPER'S UNIVERSITY by Richard J. Storr.* Harper was a man who lived three or four lifetimes in a short 49 years. He frequently accomplished the impossible. Yet, at the peak of his success, Harper was dissatisfied. In his own words, what remained to be done was: "Much, very much, almost everything."

One of the first universities in America to have graduate study and intellectual discovery as its primary goals, Chicago also boasted the first University Press conceived as an integral part of its University, for Harper believed that knowledge must be carried to the people.

The future of the Press was presaged by the books it published to celebrate its 10th Anniversary – substantial works by Robert A. Millikan, Albert A. Michelson, Jacques Loeb, Shailer Mathews, Thorstein Veblen and George Herbert Mead.

Today, the influence of the Press belies its brief 75 years. Each year, it sends throughout the world nearly two million books and another half million copies of its scholarly journals.** And each year its books receive praises and prizes from here and abroad. Yet the guiding idea of the University of Chicago Press – as of the University – is the conviction that in academic exploration and intellectual discovery, what remains to be done is "much, very much, almost everything."

*HARPER'S UNIVERSITY: The Beginnings by Richard J. Storr. *Illustrated.* Until July 1, $7.50; thereafter, $8.95

**A 75th Anniversary catalog of all the books and journals published by the University of Chicago Press, 1891-1965 is available at $6.00. It also includes an account of the history of publishing at Chicago.

75th Year

1891-1966

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

Chicago and London
In Canada: University of Toronto Press

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There is also a definite difference of approach and objective. The Language Analysts seem to fear experiences of art. Few of them talk about art at all; most spend their time talking about talk about art. The Existentialists, on the other hand, try to grasp the experience of art itself in their language.

Two of the most striking essays in this section are by Kai Nielsen and Patricia Carpenter. Nielsen's essay, "How Not to Talk About Art," is notable not for its split infinitives nor for the anger with which he speaks, but for completely missing the point of Phenomenology as a method. He states: "It is simply that no description of an experience, however accurate, however faithful could—logically could—ever be identical with the experience itself. Of course it couldn't, for then it would be the experience itself and not a description of experience." He then adds an unjustified *ad hominem* on Heidegger's politics.

But it simply will not do to attack Heidegger and his followers for not doing what they have no intention of doing. The function of the Phenomenological method is not primarily to depict, to describe, or to represent, but to present and re-present experience itself. Professor Barrett and others may do this well or ill, but one must at least be clear on what it is they do.

Miss Carpenter's essay is notable for quite different reasons; it is beautiful, profound, and moving. Her approach to music as audible gesture is a most exciting presentation. One hopes that Miss Carpenter will clarify further her assertion that in music "what is meant is what is happening" and that she will give us more expanded descriptions of the experiencing of music as excarnation.

Fortunately for the symposium, and the reader, not all the papers are written by professional philosophers. Such cross-discipline discussions are fruitful for everyone. It might help the general reader, however, if in future symposia Professor Hook included short biographical identifications of the participants.

It is not possible for any reader to identify with all the various positions taken in this book. Nor is it possible for him to agree with all of them. And, perhaps, this is the real value of Professor Hook's work: by following the lines of argument and watching his own positive and negative reactions, the reader can also become creative. He can define who he is.

They Lost Religion but Kept Faith

The Unbelievers: English Agnostic Thought 1840-1890, *by A. O. J. Cockshut (NYU. 192 pp. $5), discusses seventeen Victorian writers who rejected orthodox Christianity but failed to recognize the cultural function of religion. Morse Peckham is professor of English literature at the University of Pennsylvania. His most recent book is "Man's Rage for Chaos: Biology, Behavior, and the Arts."*

By MORSE PECKHAM

FOR SOME people God died more than a hundred years ago, not just the other day. In this book A.O.J. Cockshut, who teaches in that most Victorian of cities, Manchester, directs his slightly amused attention to how a group of English Victorians responded to so notable a demise: Mill, Clough, Arnold, Huxley, George Eliot, Spencer, Butler, "and others"—in all at least seventeen, a great many for so short a book. Still, the author has intelligent and often penetrating things to say about most of them. Since one theme is the "absence" of the later Ibsen, Nietzsche, and Lawrence, his position is that with few exceptions all these writers had abandoned orthodox Christianity but were still propelled by its moral force.

If I grasp him correctly, with the exception of Clough, Butler, and Hardy, who at least felt the coming change, they triumphed in the overthrow of superstition and myth but did not experience the appalled recognition that religion has a cultural function, even for the most civilized of men. They had not yet reached the modern paradox that the most utterly irreligious man is exactly the most religious, for he has penetrated to the position that something must perform the psychological function that in the past, and for most people today, religion has indeed performed. Even to discover and isolate that function is a task of baffling difficulty, for which there are few cultural models.

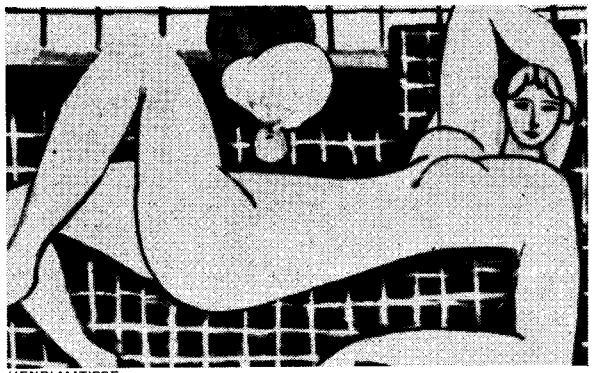
Mr. Cockshut's point, then, is that the Victorian agnostics' rejection of Christian orthodoxy was only a superficial rejection of religion. Their culture, particularly their childhood training, sustained them: their sense of liberation was insular and deceptive. In fact he seems a little puzzled at both their intense emotionalism and their stupendous capacity for work. His assertion that they were unaware of how emotional they were is inexact. He has depended too much on their public utterances, in which a decent reserve is still the proper tone for most intellectuals. In poetry, and imaginative prose, the exploration of the deepest, most subtle, and even strangest feelings was the great nineteenth-century subject, even for Mr. Cockshut's artists.

As for their astounding productivity, there are many explanations: access to print was far less of an economic problem than it is today; again, they were more aware that their liberation created a cultural crisis than Mr. Cockshut appears to believe, and work—an exploration of the multitudinous problems that their liberation entailed—seemed to be the only way to deal with it. Yet one can accept his contention that the writers he discusses had, for the most part, not yet realized the full implications of that crisis and were still supported by cultural assumptions which they had not yet got around to questioning, as had certain Continental figures—Kierkegaard and Dostoevsky, for example.

For American readers, however, the book is not really satisfactory, not because the subject is English, for these writers were read here at least as widely as in their own country. Rather, the tone of the book places it too clearly in that titillating and clever but superficial tradition of so much current English criticism and literary scholarship. It is a little like prize-day at an English public school. Mr. Cockshut rewards his authors with comfits, and smartly raps their knuckles when they make logical errors. He accuses them of insularity, and the accusation is just; but today there is a new English insularity, a new provincialism, complacent, a little smug, smooth, superficial, lazy. It is distressing. Mr. Cockshut is often pertinent but he has little to say. He is good at scoring points, but American literary scholarship is richer, deeper, more learned, and above all more sympathetic and more profound in its comprehension of Victorian cultural crises and problems.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EARLY SPANISH MAIN



HENRI MATISSE

PSYCHOLOGY OF ART

NEW FROM CALIFORNIA

MANY MEXICOS

Henri Matisse

Texts by JEAN LEYMARIE, HERBERT READ, AND WILLIAM S. LIEBERMAN. Every aspect of the work of Henri Matisse for over half a century. 63 pages of color and 177 black and white reproductions illustrate the Matisse accomplishment in painting, drawing, printmaking, sculpture, and *découpage*. No other single work offers so broad a visual coverage of the lifework of Matisse. $22.95

Toward a Psychology of Art

RUDOLF ARNHEIM. A significant step toward dealing scientifically with the most intangible of all human manifestations. The essays in this volume, drawn from 25 years of the author's work, confront some of the great puzzles of art, especially modern art. $10.00

Ideology and Organization in Communist China

H. F. SCHURMANN. After a discussion of ideology in its first part, this book attempts to answer the question how Chinese Communist organization functions and why it is so successful. *A publication of the Center for Chinese Studies.* $12.50

The Heart

Second Printing Now Available

ARTHUR SELZER, M.D. Written by a leading heart specialist, this book provides the reader with a systematic, clear presentation of current views on the function and diseases of the heart and blood vessels. $5.95

The Sciences and the Humanities

W. T. JONES. "A tough argument to answer, but Mr. Jones deserves credit for trying—and especially in language so easy for the layman to understand."—*The New York Times* $6.50

The Early Spanish Main

Second Printing before Publication. CARL O. SAUER. "Columbus: ignorant, blundering, vain, tyrannical, he set the disastrous and irreversible course of Spanish colonial policy. Specialists will be fighting over the volume for years to come, but no one has to be a specialist to be excited, instructed, and entertained by it."—Virginia Kirkus in a *starred review* $7.95

Many Mexicos

Silver Anniversary Edition

LESLEY BYRD SIMPSON. "If there is one single book on the history of Mexico which deserves reading above all others on this subject it is Lesley Byrd Simpson's. *Many Mexicos* is . . . written with wit and sympathy but without the extremes of either sentiment or pedantry."—Robert R. Kirsch, *Los Angeles Times* $7.50

Images in the Margins of Gothic Manuscripts

LILIAN M. C. RANDALL. Much has been written of the great illuminated initials of medieval manuscripts, but the small *drôleries* have been largely ignored. This book presents a detailed index of *drôlerie* subjects from over two hundred 13th and 14th century European manuscripts. 738 illustrations. $22.50

The Letters of George Catlin and His Family

MARJORIE CATLIN ROEHM. "A major find. . . . The letters are marvelous—warm and revealing, and shedding new light on one of our major western artists."—Ray A. Billington $8.50

Grierson on Documentary

Revised Edition. Edited by FORSYTH HARDY. After being out of print for a decade, this classic book is being reissued—with additions making it half again as long as before. $8.50

University of California Press BERKELEY · LOS ANGELES · NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Good books from Vanderbilt

NEW PERSPECTIVES OF BRAZIL
Edited by Eric N. Baklanoff
Ten experts, each from the vantage point of his own discipline, have here given their separate views on the past, present, and future of that emerging world power in the Western Hemisphere.
xvi+327 pp—$7.50

MORALITY AND THE LAW
By Samuel Enoch Stumpf
Traces the arguments of those who see law as derived from morality and those who hold that law has no necessary connection with morality, analyzing the Supreme Court's work, Soviet Law, theories of Sovereignty, International Law, and Natural Law.
xiv+247 pp—$5.00

SHAKESPEARE'S POETICS IN RELATION TO *KING LEAR*
By Russell Fraser
"A crisply written, unpedantic book which sheds a great deal of light on what Shakespeare was about, especially in King Lear."—*London Observer*
Illustrated—xi+184 pp—$5.00

THE TRADITIONAL AND NATIONAL MUSIC OF SCOTLAND
By Francis Collinson
The first complete work relating Scottish music and poetry, with much emphasis on ballads and folk songs from Gaelic literature.
Illustrated—xv+288 pp—$8.95

TRADITIONAL DANCING IN SCOTLAND
By J. F. and T. M. Flett
A factual picture, given in fascinating detail, of the social background and the historical descriptions of Scottish dancing before 1914.
Illustrated—iv+313 pp—$8.95

NEIGHBOR AND KIN
LIFE IN A TENNESSEE RIDGE COMMUNITY
By Elmora Messer Matthews
Here is a sociologist's absorbing account of a colony of middle Tennessee hill folk wherein "everybody's kin to everybody else." True equality, and often violence, prevails.
Illustrated—xxx+178 pp—$5.00

DEAR ONES AT HOME
LETTERS FROM CONTRABAND CAMPS
Selected and Edited by Henry L. Swint
A selection of letters written by two Massachusetts school teachers who came to the South and taught the freedmen from 1863 to 1869.
vi+274 pp—$6.95

Vanderbilt UNIVERSITY PRESS
NASHVILLE • TENNESSEE • 37203

Criterions for Criticism

Tillers of a Myth: Southern Agrarians as Social and Literary Critics, *by Alexander Karanikas (Wisconsin. 251 pp. $6.50),* ***Language of Fiction: Essays in Criticism and Verbal Analysis of the English Novel,*** *by David Lodge (Columbia. 283 pp. $7.50),* ***The Nature of Narrative,*** *by Robert Scholes and Robert Kellogg (Oxford. 326 pp. $7),* ***Refractions: Essays in Comparative Literature,*** *by Harry Levin (Oxford. 359 pp. $7.50),* ***D. H. Lawrence as a Literary Critic,*** *by David J. Gordon (Yale. 172 pp. $4.75), and* ***The Satiric Art of Evelyn Waugh,*** *by James F. Carens (Washington. 195 pp. $5), provide a spectrum of views on values with respect to creative writing. Gay Wilson Allen, literary critic and biographer, is professor of English at New York University.*

By GAY WILSON ALLEN

A GENERATION ago the study and teaching of literature in American colleges and universities was dominated by philology, a practice which not only overemphasized the historical origins of the English language but also the origin of each literary work. It was Professor Ronald Crane at the University of Chicago who started a reform in 1935 with an essay in *The English Journal* in which he called for a shift of emphasis from history to criticism. But it was the so-called "New Critics," with little regard for Crane's Aristotelian orientation, who mainly brought about the pedagogical-critical revolution.

The success of the "New Critics" in their exclusive attention to form, structure, imagery, and technique, at the expense of ideas and social significance, led to narrowness and sterility. Poets as well as critics and teachers felt the restrictive influence of this formalistic approach to literary value, but reforms have been under way for several years. The new theories and re-evaluations are coming from the academic community itself, and it is both appropriate and encouraging that the university presses are leading in the publication of books in this field.

Since this revolt is especially against the "New Critics," their own origins are now being subjected to close and rather unsympathetic scrutiny. The most influential of these critics have been John Crowe Ransom, Allen Tate, Robert Penn Warren, and Cleanth Brooks. They are all Southerners by birth and nurture—though all exiles from the South for at least two decades—, and in their early manhood they took a prominent part in a movement promulgated at Vanderbilt University called "Agrarianism." Recently this indiscretion has been examined by several scholars to see if the esthetic purity of the "New Critics" began in the political, social, religious, racist, reactionary movement called "Agrarianism." The latest of these investigators, and one of the ablest, is Alexander Karanikas in *Tillers of a Myth.*

The South of the Agrarians in *I'll Take My Stand,* the manifesto that they published in 1930, to which Ransom and Tate contributed, was indeed a "myth" of a unified culture and gracious manners which the Civil War destroyed. This "dream South" also resembled the "tradition" preserved by a landed aristocracy for which T. S. Eliot had longed in *The Sacred Wood* (1920), or the antihumanism of T. E. Hulme in *Speculations* (1924).

Other writers as different from Eliot and Ransom as Sherwood Anderson and Joseph Wood Krutch also took a dim view of the society being built on industrialism, science, materialism, and rationalism. But Professor Karanikas attempts to show that the collapse of Agrarianism led Ransom, Tate, and Warren to turn from sociology and economics to metaphysics and esthetics, ignoring biography and history, and postulating an absolute esthetics.

It is indisputable that the critical theories of Tate and Ransom, and of Brooks and Warren in *Understanding Poetry,* have until very recently favored certain poets, casting a blight, for example, on Shelley and Whitman, while exalting the poets strong in irony, paradox, and "texture"; nevertheless, their theory should be judged by its results rather than its genesis. These critics soon deserted the Agrarian movement, and whether they deliberately or subconsciously embraced an opposite, asocial extreme in the formulation of their esthetics is not in itself important. The value of Karanikas's book, however, does not rest on his proving this connection. The critical history he traces in *Tillers of a Myth* is useful in showing

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cornell
UNIVERSITY PRESS

NEW BOOKS OF LASTING SIGNIFICANCE

Viking Art

By DAVID M. WILSON *and* OLE KLINDT-JENSEN. In an illuminating study of the unique Viking civilization, the authors trace its art from 800 to 1100 in both Scandinavia and the Viking colonies. *244 photographs, 69 line illustrations.* $11.50

Greek and Roman Gold and Silver Plate

By D. E. STRONG. Ritual and domestic vessels made of gold and silver in the classical world from the Bronze Age to the early fifth century A.D. are dealt with in this lavishly illustrated volume. The book covers objects found in an area ranging from Egypt to Scandinavia, Scotland to the Steppes. *126 plates, 40 text figures.* $12.50

Renaissance and Baroque

By HEINRICH WÖLFFLIN. *Translated by* KATHRIN SIMON. *Introduction by* PETER MURRAY. Written in 1888, *Renaissance and Baroque* is Heinrich Wölfflin's classic study of the transition from Renaissance to baroque in Italian art in the period from 1520 to 1630. *33 photographs, 33 text drawings.* $7.00

The Emergent Decade

Latin American Painters and Painting in the 1960's
Text by THOMAS M. MESSER. *Artists' profiles by* CORNELL CAPA. Prepared in conjunction with an exhibition of Latin American paintings now at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, this handsome and richly illustrated volume offers a view of art and artists in Latin America today. *Over 200 halftones, 14 color plates.* $18.50

Marcello Malpighi and the Evolution of Embryology

By HOWARD ADELMANN. This monumental study, built around the life of Marcello Malpighi, includes the first English translation of Malpighi's two revolutionary dissertations on the development of the chick and twenty-eight excursuses which trace major developments in embryological research up to the time modern concepts began to emerge. *11 full-color plates, 4 portraits, bibliography, 4 appendixes.*
5 volume set, boxed, $200.00

The Problem of Slavery in Western Culture

By DAVID BRION DAVIS. The first book in a projected multivolume study of antislavery movements in Britain and America, this outstanding work surveys the intellectual and moral traditions — from the Greek period onward — that provided the framework for the great slavery controversies of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. $10.00

The Waffen SS

Hitler's Elite Guard at War, 1939-1945

By GEORGE H. STEIN. This is the first major study in any language of the combat branch of the SS. "Mr. Stein has done ample justice to the subject." — *N. Y. Times Book Review. Photographs and maps.* $7.50

Horace Walpole

By R. W. KETTON-CREMER. Horace Walpole's activities as historian, politician, architect, antiquarian, collector and unrivaled chronicler of the social life of 18th-century England are masterfully related in this book, hailed in England as "the most interesting life of Horace Walpole ever written." — *Manchester Guardian. 8 illustrations.* $6.95

VIKING ART
the Waffen SS
Greek and Roman Gold and Silver Plate
THE EMERGENT DECADE
MARCELLO MALPIGHI AND THE EVOLUTION OF EMBRYOLOGY
HORACE WALPOLE
THE PROBLEM OF SLAVERY IN WESTERN CULTURE
DAVID BRION DAVIS

Cornell University Press, ITHACA, NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STATE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK BOOKS

Our expanded publishing program is described fully in our catalog. Write also for details on backlisted books, trade and educational discounts, terms of sale, etc. All inquiries should be addressed to The Antioch Press, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

RECENT TITLES

THE THOREAU CENTENNIAL

edited by Walter Harding. This volume contains papers presented at the Thoreau Centennial meetings in New York in 1962, sponsored by the Thoreau Society. Contributors include Howard Mumford Jones, Rev. Donald Harrington, Braj Kumar Nehru, and others. (1965) $5.00.

SWINBURNE'S THEORY OF POETRY

by Thomas E. Connolly. Believing that a solid and consistent core of poetic theory underlay all of Swinburne's critical essays, casual pieces, and letters, Professor Connolly has reconstructed the theory from an analysis of these writings. (1965) $5.00.

A READING OF THE CANTERBURY TALES

by Bernard F. Huppé. A refreshingly stimulating guide to Chaucer's masterpiece for the student, teacher, or general reader. Huppé's thesis is that Chaucer's art of high comedy has behind it a literary tradition which may be traced not only through the characters but in the narrators of the stories. (1965) $6.00.

THE LINEAR B DECIPHERMENT CONTROVERSY RE-EXAMINED

by Saul Levin. Until now, Michael Ventris' decipherment of the Linear B script on the prehistoric tablets discovered in Greece and Crete has been treated with either wholehearted acclamation or total rejection. Dr. Levin's study confirms the transcriptions as a major breakthrough, but a more limited one than had previously been thought. (1965) $6.00.

THE MEXICAN MINING INDUSTRY 1890-1950

by Marvin D. Bernstein. This timely case study of a major Mexican industry provides valuable information pertinent to the development of emerging countries. The conflict between heavy foreign investment and a new nationalism and growing social awareness is of universal interest in our age. (1965) $10.00.

STATE UNIVERSITY OF NEW YORK

"how in a generally democratic culture, a group of critics so obviously alien to democracy" gained a commanding position in the English departments of American colleges and universities."

Not only the "New Critics," but nearly all modern critics have agreed in the notion that language does not determine the value of a novel in the same way, or at least to the same extent, that it does for a poem. In *Language of Fiction* David Lodge challenges this assumption and attempts to show that a novel can only have value through its verbal structure. F. W. Bateson, he says, states in *English Poetry and the English Language* "what is now the modern critical orthodoxy: that poetry is an essentially verbal activity, and that 'it is only by observing the words that the reader can become aware of the poet's structure.'" The media of prose, Bateson says, is "ideas."

A basic dogma of modern criticism is that a good poem is untranslatable. The "New Critics" also add: unparaphrasable, though of course their explication is really a form of paraphrase. Lodge demonstrates that a novel in translation (*e.g.*, Scott-Moncrieff's famous version of Proust's *Du Côté de Chez Swann*) is not quite the same as the original. For one thing, even a slight shift in word-order can alter the reader's psychological response. Vocabulary, rhetoric—in fact, all the devices of "stylistics"—give meaning to a work of fiction. If a novel were concerned only with events and ideas, a full synopsis would have almost as much value as the full-length novel. Obviously it does not, because only the unique extension, intension, and texture of the complete novel give the reader a whole esthetic experience. Mr. Lodge demonstrates his linguistic approach to the criticism of fiction in chapters on Jane Austen's *Mansfield Park*, Charlotte Brontë's *Jane Eyre*, Dickens's *Hard Times*, a scene from James's *Ambassadors*, Wells's *Tono-Bungay*, and some examples from Kingsley Amis.

In *The Nature of Narrative* Robert Scholes and Robert Kellogg attempt "to provide an antidote to all narrow views of literature, ancient or modern." They believe that the criticism of narration, especially, has suffered from the application of limited views. For two centuries the major form of narration has been the novel, which has acquired a realistic tradition. Consequently, critics tend "to apply the standards of nineteenth-century realism to all fiction," ignoring the various kinds of narrative in poetry as well as prose.

In fact, the novel as a literary genre is no longer a useful concept, because for decades the genres have become increasingly scrambled. Under the influence of Proust and Joyce, prose fiction has grown more poetic (a point which supports Mr. Lodge's argument in *Language of Fiction*). These collaborating authors might also have mentioned Melville's *Moby Dick*, which some critics call an epic poem, others a prose romance, still others a tragedy in dramatic form, etc. "Meaning, in a work of narrative art," say Scholes and Kellogg, "is a function of the relationship between two worlds, the fictional world created by the author and the 'real' world, the apprehendable universe. When we say we 'understand' a narrative we mean that we have found a satisfactory relationship or set of relationships between these two worlds." Finding this relationship "is a creative problem for the author, and it is a critical problem for the reader."

"Historical scholarship," an anathema to the recently deposed "New Critics," may be needed to understand the narrative. "Even a contemporary work, if it springs from a milieu or a mind quite alien to the reader's must be approached by him with a special effort if he wants to understand its meaning rather than merely to see what he can make it mean." This "must depend to some extent upon historical scholarship or what used to be called 'learning,'" though of course the learning must be used imaginatively. Criticism notoriously lags behind creation, and this book attempts to reveal the basic nature of all narrative, from folklore to the latest movie, so that the author's work shall not be misjudged by arbitrary criteria.

In the collection of essays and addresses which Harry Levin has called *Refractions: Essays in Comparative Literature* we find a still broader approach to literary criticism. As one of the country's most distinguished comparativists, once a student of Irving Babbitt and now holder of the Babbitt Chair at Harvard, he looks at all literature "as one organic process, a continuous and cumulative whole. Yet, in shifting our attention from those objects which seem to have attracted it most concretely, we run the risk of obscuring them behind a set of abstract labels." Thus, in a general way, he is working toward the same liberal interpretation as Lodge in *Language of Fiction* and Scholes and Kellogg in *The Nature of Narrative*.

Professor Levin also has "ground for hoping that the comparative method can throw light upon the esthetic and formal aspects, the styles and structures of literary craft. But criticism, particularly within the Anglo-American sphere, has suffered more from a lack of theoretical equipment than from its failures in appreciation. Here is where a broader outlook can help it to make its terminology more precise and its categories more meaningful." In the first two essays in the book, "Semantics of Culture" and "Some Meanings of Myth," Levin re-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

examines "critical catchwords." In "Notes on Convention" he also shows how useless many critical generalities are. "Technicalities," he concludes, "help us more than generalities—particularly when they concern the relations of technique with history and society. The socio-historical approach needs to be balanced – not canceled out – by methods of formal analysis."

The comparative method in the hands of a critic who knows as many languages and literatures as Harry Levin can also be used for revealing the weaknesses of a work like Hawthorne's *Marble Faun,* which he thought his best novel (or "romance") and which in his lifetime was so regarded by the public. But it was actually the most dependent of all his works on "changing tastes and literary conventions. Always a self-conscious writer, Hawthorne was never more so than here; yet the result is uncharacteristic because, so far from home and unsure of his ground, he had to reinforce the delicate outlines of an ambitious plan by drawing heavily on bookish precedent and unassimilated tradition." In his essay Levin amply substantiates this judgment.

In *D. H. Lawrence as a Literary Critic* David J. Gordon reveals Lawrence not as a literary critic in the usual sense of the term but as a passionate writer who used other works to enforce his own indictment of nineteenth-century society. In Gordon's opinion, Lawrence illustrated Baudelaire's prescription: "Criticism should be partial, passionate, and political, that is to say, it must be written from an exclusive point of view, but from a point of view which opens up the widest horizons." Lawrence's excoriation of "white consciousness" in *Studies in Classic American Literature* has been called "a litany of white vice." Pronouncing Natty Bumppo "a killer" and Whitman in love with death represents one-sided interpretations, but Lawrence's harsh criticism of these and other "classic" Americans lead the reader to a more discriminating perception of the true and false meanings in these authors.

Gordon admits that it may be "nostalgia for an heroic conception of man and society, for belief in radical innocence and in an infinitely open future" which sends so many scholars back to Lawrence. But it may also be because "A man who passionately believes that 'Destiny lies in the strength of our desires,' and who is at the same time intelligent enough to understand that 'no man is great enough to rise clean above his times,' must appear to us as a hero. Our faith in self-transcendence may have receded, but it cannot have disappeared."

Evelyn Waugh and D. H. Lawrence had little in common except their na-

Seminal books on education

JEROME S. BRUNER is this country's most challenging and provocative writer on education and the art of teaching. His three books to date are bestsellers in the field. Highly lauded, sharply criticized, they make heady reading, and Bruner himself is hailed "the prophet of the new age," who stirs up "more excitement than any educator since Dewey."

TOWARD A THEORY OF INSTRUCTION, his latest, published this spring, is already a successful newsmaker. It goes right to the heart of how children learn and can best be taught. Robert Wallace, in his review of it in the *Book-of-the-Month Club News* calls Bruner "one of the great innovators in contemporary education." *2nd big printing.* Belknap Press. $3.95

THE PROCESS OF EDUCATION, enjoying its 9th printing, is a "classic," as *The New York Herald Tribune* predicted. $2.75

ON KNOWING is Bruner's famous exploration in the realms of creativity, aesthetics, and intuition. *3rd big printing.* Belknap Press. $3.75

THE QUALITY OF EDUCATION IN DEVELOPING COUNTRIES *C. E. Beeby.* Writing from 20 years of experience with educational systems in developed and developing countries, the author of this vigorous and enlightened book urges that new countries develop educational systems of high quality in distinct stages and not simply try to instantly adopt other nations' systems. $3.95

PLANNING FOR EDUCATION IN PAKISTAN: A Personal Case Study *Adam Curle.* A former consultant to the Education Section of the Pakistan Planning Commission, Mr. Curle describes the evolution of that country's Third Five-Year Plan and adds the often overlooked human dimension to his astute analysis of educational planning. $5.25

RELIGION AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS *Paul A. Freund and Robert Ulich.* Two distinguished scholars consider the legal and educational aspects of the Supreme Court "school-prayer" decisions, with emphasis on what is left open to the schools in the area of the teaching of ethical and spiritual values. $2.00

At bookstores

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS

79 Garden Street
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Whoever attempts to say anything more about college education in this century, from any perspective, will now have set for him a formidable standard."

THE REFORMING OF GENERAL EDUCATION

by Daniel Bell

"It is certainly the most valuable study of the intellectual structure of college education since the Harvard "Redbook" and Chicago's *Idea and Practice of General Education.* Appointed as a 'committee of one' to recommend to the faculty of Columbia College what might be done with 'general education,' Mr. Bell had very little chance, one might expect, to write a book of interest and value to the world at large. But somehow he has turned the trick.

"The fusion of far-ranging ideas and detailed practical suggestions is all the more impressive because there are so few, these days, who see the crisis of the colleges as calling for an intellectual attack... Mr. Bell is the first in recent years to attempt with full seriousness to describe what colleges must do, in the last third of this century, if they are to fulfill their traditional task of liberating students by making them 'aware of the forces that impel them from within and constrict them from without.'

"This book deserves to be studied, and built upon, and studied again."

(All quotes from a review by Wayne C. Booth, Dean of the College of the University of Chicago, in the May 22nd issue of **Book Week.**)

$6.95 at your bookstore

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
2960 Broadway New York,
New York 10027

tionality. Though both thought modern society a tragic failure, their reasons for thinking so were almost diametrically opposed. "To have been born into a world of beauty, to die in ugliness, is the common fate of all us exiles." This statement, says James F. Carens in *The Satiric Art of Evelyn Waugh,* might well serve as an epigraph for Waugh's whole career as a writer. His subjects were: "The decay of civilization, futile sensuality leading to boredom, the poverty of spiritual life. . . ." A satirist does not dwell on remedies, but Evelyn Waugh's joining the Catholic Church indicates that his remedy was the same as T. S. Eliot's.

"Modern satire is not a genre," Carens points out, "but an attitude toward man and society that may be given expression by means of certain traditional techniques, in any literary form." Carens's book is a study of these techniques. Waugh himself "insisted that his novels were not satirical. He reasoned that satire is 'a matter of period' and that 'it flourishes in a stable society and presupposes homogeneous moral standards.'" But Waugh's admiration for the British Empire before its decay, for English aristocracy, and the Roman Catholic Church gave him his standards, and he wrote his novels in angry protest against their violation. Even liberal readers must admire the clever skill displayed in his "satiric art."

Poetry on the Campus

By ROBERT J. CLEMENTS, *author of "The Poetry of Michelangelo."*

DURING recent months Harvard Press has attested to the continuing popularity around the Yard of Congressman Dickinson's daughter, who is the subject of David T. Porter's *The Art of Emily Dickinson's Early Poetry* ($4.95) and Jack L. Capps's *Emily Dickinson's Reading* ($5.50). Professor Porter plots the boundaries of the poet's early career and identifies the stylistic habits that informed the abundant outpouring of verse during and after 1862. An analysis of metrics, rhyme, imagery, formal diction, and language usage shows that the poet exercised strong command over her early tendency toward nervous expression. Porter concludes that in more than a dozen pieces before the flood year of 1862 "she had mined the deepest depths of her creative sources."

Recalling Miss Dickinson's commonplace that "There is no Frigate like a Book/To take us Lands away," Professor Capps decided to find out just which foreign texts brought faraway perspectives to the homestead in Amherst. It is interesting to know more of the poet's reading habits, but disconcerting to find her reading only literature in English: The King James Bible, Watts, Shakespeare, the Metaphysicals, Emerson, Dickens, George Eliot, the Brownings, and so on. No mention of Homer, of Vergil, of Dante. Her preparation was worlds apart from the internationalist Cambridge of her time. If her reading thus reduced her seclusion, as Capps alleges, it did not diminish her isolation.

A most original investigation by Arthur L. Scott has culminated in a rich little volume, *On the Poetry of Mark Twain, with Selections from his Verse* (Illinois, $4.50). During the years he was preparing a book on Twain criticism, Professor Scott began taking notes on poetry or comments on poetry by the Missouri wit. He soon found himself with a sampler of poems hitherto unknown, here brought to light. The accompanying essay on Twain's interest in poetry shows how keen that involvement became. The poetry is personal, occasional, humorous, and colloquial, with a "gewhillikins" here and a "by George" there. Poetry is pulled out of the major prose works: the Duke's version of Hamlet's soliloquy from *Huckleberry Finn* ("To be or not

to be; that is the bare bodkin.") and "He Done His Level Best," from the tale of the celebrated jumping frog. Nevertheless, Scott inevitably concludes that the best of Twain's poetry is found "in the magnificent prose passages of *A Tramp Abroad, Life on the Mississippi, Huckleberry Finn,* and other books."

Wordsworth is the subject of Christopher Salvesen's *The Landscape of Memory* (Nebraska, $5.50). Memory, says this Scottish don now at Dublin's Trinity College, was the forte of Wordsworth's muse, needed "to fetch invigorating thoughts from former years." The wording of the title was obviously supplied by the poet himself:

> . . . year by year the landscape grows
> Familiar to the stranger's child . . .
> And year by year our memory fades
> From all the circle of the hills.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The subject is particularly appropriate to Wordsworth, so much of whose poetry is remembrance of things past rather than invented experience.

Two more modern poets, Donald Davidson and Stephen Mooney, reflect on the culture of our South, the former at least avoiding the familiar masochism of its literary native sons. Davidson's *Poems, 1922-61* (Minnesota, $5) lingers with local pride over "Southern autumns" and the War of the Secession. Mooney's title, *News from the South* (Tennessee, $3.95), refers to violent *faits divers* in Alabama and Mississippi. The first section is devoted to such "news" as Birmingham bombings, Selma shootings, and, incidentally, a Negro parson preaching equality ("The Crazy Preacher Again"):

> How can that mocking-bird fail to distinguish
> A hawk-shriek from a thrush-call? How can he
> Cry jay, cry cardinal, cry joree?
> He never had Tereus to teach him anguish.
> But he will learn it. Let him sing and see.

In *Before Dark* (Rutgers, $3.75) Professor Horace Hamilton covers a variety of topics. Recalling that one of his "liberal" Rutgers colleagues almost threw the New Jersey gubernatorial elections into disarray, we understand better Hamilton's excoriation of an insistent colleague, as persistent as Horace's boor:

> Was it about Algeria? How to die? What to vote?
> Our debt to integration, the egg-head's guide?
> No matter: pinned upon your sleeve, my heart bled . . .

Among the new titles one finds two important collections of poetry in translation. *Poems from Black Africa,* edited by Langston Hughes (Indiana, hardbound, $4.95; paperback, $1.75), is sponsored by the P.E.N. Club and Unesco. It is widely representative of the Dark Continent and achieves the difficult goal of translating native African speech. At the International P.E.N. Congress in Budapest the black South African Ezekiel Mphahlele pointed out that the oral tradition of such poetry requires gestures which elude translation. However, Hughes's first section, "Oral Traditionals," is lively and meaningful without gesticulations or drumbeats. The contemporary poetry in the other sections not only evokes Western verse but was composed in English, French, and Portuguese. Much of it is nationalistic, exposing ancient grievances and bitterly attacking the whites in Africa, in Louisiana, and even in New York. The assassinated Patrice Lumumba of the Congo is included, with his violent stereotypes of the white oppressor.

> . . . They put a treacherous big viper on your chest:
> On your neck they laid the yoke of fire-water,
> They took your sweet wife for glitter of cheap pearls,
> Your incredible riches that nobody could measure, . . .

One is forced to conclude that the noble doctrine of négritude, the poetizing of what is best in the Black African tradition to achieve a world-wide communion among Negroes meanders all too frequently into this area of racial hatred. Incidentally, the prominent creator of the concept of négritude, Aimé Césaire, is for reasons best known to editor Hughes, not included.

Most welcome is a bilingual volume of Rafael Alberti, *Selected Poems* (California, $6.50), edited and translated by Ben Belitt. Alberti was a leading member of the generation of Spanish poets, including Lorca, Guillén, Salinas, and Machado, whose lives were convulsed by the Civil War. Having won Spain's National Prize for Literature at the age of twenty-three, Alberti fought on the losing side, then exiled himself to France, Argentina, and finally Italy, where he still writes and paints. Influenced, like Lorca, by popular poets and particularly Juan Ramón Jiménez, Alberti nevertheless indulges in the stylistic and linguistic elegance of Gongorism. Like Spanish music, Spanish poetry has an ineffable quality of its own. Yet some of the best of the poems, such as those on angels, on bullfighting, and on painting, make safely the trip into English.

Professor Marcel Ruff's *Baudelaire* (New York University, hardbound, $5; paperback, $1.95) is both an introduction to and a final summation on that "accursed" poet. The literary historian from the faculty of Aix-Marseille fulfills his promise to steer clear of the legendary Baudelaire and to find the true portrait. "The only means of recapturing the truth is to confine oneself to authentic documents, and to subject the testimony of Baudelaire's contemporaries and even of his intimate friends to an extremely rigorous critical examination." Thus Ruff gives us an evaluated synthesis of previous generations of scholarship, but never loses sight of his quarry, whose works he analyzes with sensitivity and brilliance.

Rutgers UNIVERSITY PRESS

THE PATTERN OF HUMAN CONCERNS

by Hadley Cantril

This challenging book proposes a new way of looking at mankind's social structure. "In the field of international social psychology, *The Pattern of Human Concerns* is clearly a work of first magnitude."

—PROF. GORDON ALLPORT, *Harvard University*

Charts, diagrams, 450 pages. $10.00

•

THE BRITISH BROADSIDE BALLAD AND ITS MUSIC

by Claude M. Simpson

"A major work of scholarship. . . .The ballads apply widely to many fields, to social and political history, as well as to literature, musicology and folksong scholarship."

—ROBERT COMMANDAY, *San Francisco Examiner & Chronicle*

540 musical examples, notes, indexes, 960 pages. $17.50

•

JOURNAL OF THE FICTIVE LIFE

by Howard Nemerov

"Some of the most fascinating and penetratingly introspective pages of meditation ever written. . . . A book which will surely endure."—LOUIS R. RUBIN, JR., *Washington Star*

189 pages. $6.00

•

RUTGERS UNIVERSITY PRESS

New Brunswick, New Jersey

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

amphetamines
and
ombudsmen
are in the news —
and University of Toronto Press
has books on these newsworthy subjects

University of Toronto Press has recently published *Northrop Frye, Clifford Leech, Nicholas Mansergh, Marshall McLuhan, James Eayrs, William E. Blatz, A. P. Thornton* and *Cornelius Lanczos*

University of Toronto Press major projects include *The Collected Works of John Stuart Mill*, the *Dictionary of Canadian Biography*, and *The Wellesley Index to Victorian Periodicals*

University of Toronto Press will publish this year a new edition of *Design with Type* by the famous typographic designer Carl Dair; *Painting in Canada: A History*, by J. Russell Harper, Chief Curator of the McCord Museum, McGill University; *The St. Pierre and Miquelon Affaire of 1941* by Douglas G. Anglin; *The Race of Time* by Herschel Baker (in the Alexander Lectures series, which also includes works by *Bertrand Bronson, Douglas Bush, R. S. Crane, E. M. W. Tillyard*, and *Leon Edel*)

University of Toronto Press is one of the largest university presses in North America; our New York warehouse, with a complete stock of publications, ensures that orders from U.S. customers will be filled promptly

University of Toronto Press
Toronto 5, Canada

UTP

From Notes to Novels

Told in Letters: Epistolary Fiction Before Richardson, *by Robert Adams Day (Michigan. 281 pp. $7.50), deals with the precursors of Richardson and the epistolary novel. Pulitzer Prizewinner Leon Edel wrote "The Modern Psychological Novel."*

By LEON EDEL

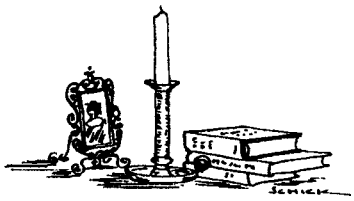
IT IS a commonplace of literary history that the epistolary novel was the creation of Samuel Richardson, whose *Pamela* in 1740 swept England and Europe. The author of *Told in Letters* does not dispute this; but he demonstrates, with patience and careful scholarship, that Richardson built upon a century of letter-novels. In a word, he demonstrates again that behind every classic there is a tradition; that it takes much trial and error and quantities of subliterature to produce the given burst of genius, the synthesized masterpiece.

Bravely reading his way through dozens, indeed hundreds, of forgotten novels, Robert Adams Day has thus filled a gap in the history of the fictional form. The titles suggest the sort of thing he waded through—*The Post-Boy Robb'd of His Mail*, or *The Power of Love In Seven Novels*, or *The Unnatural Mother and Ungrateful Wife*. From such works he disengages the essential elements of the genre: the need for the storytellers to manipulate their materials in order to get the story told; the portrayal of character through the kinds of letters written; the general subjective and psychological quality of this type of novel, which links it to the stream-of-consciousness experiments of our own time. The epistolary novelist, confined to letters, must create story, character, and personality within severe restrictions; the modern subjective novelist, confined to a given stream of thought, undertakes in depth what his primitive predecessors first adumbrated.

In the course of his treatise Day discusses various French models, the taste of the age, the increasing skills acquired by the hack-writers. The letter-form achieved tremendous popularity; indeed, certain titles have survived whose texts were "read out of existence" and are no longer extant.

A neglected and unrewarding area in the novel's history is thus usefully explored with clarity and insight. If *Pamela* and *Clarissa* transcended their inept predecessors, so that Richardson emerged as the supreme creator of the epistolary genre, this was because he breathed humanity into his story; he had a mastery of suspense, a remarkable eye for detail. Above all he fell, perhaps unwittingly, upon the supreme subject of the eighteenth century. His readers read *Pamela* as the story of an embattled servant girl preserving her virginity against the assaults of her master. But behind this, it was read also as a triumph of the lower classes over the upper classes. In that light, Richardson may be bracketed with Rousseau.

Mr. Day's book suggests an interesting thought. The real reason for the popularity of the bad novels he writes about was that they gave people a feeling they were reading other people's mail. These are keyhole-peeping books; and their history may bear a relation to



the subliterature of our time in which not only the keyhole is available but the key as well.

Perhaps some day our current voyeuristic novels will enjoy the same oblivion as the novels described by Mr. Day It is a happy thought.

Gifts

By A. D. Freeman

IN his first sermon
the minister, just fledged,
said, I come to you
in fear and trembling;
summer ironed
the waves outside.

The next June
lavender dyed
fallen flesh; I cried No, No.
But the dead man walked steadily
into the lake.
He grew smaller, smallest.

The minister wanted
to give me spiritual consolation.
I said, Keep away.
But, sorting clothes afterwards,
I sent him a pair of
new gray suede gloves
and a white silk scarf.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Motive Was Economic

A History of Negro Slavery in New York, *by Edgar J. McManus (Syracuse. 219 pp. $5.95), and* ***Life in the North During the Civil War: A Source History,*** *by George Winston Smith and Charles Judah (New Mexico. 397 pp. $6.50), find the anti-slavery movement in the North to have been motivated more by economics than by idealism. Harry Hansen, former literary editor of the New York World and the New York World-Telegram, wrote "Civil War: A New One-Volume History."*

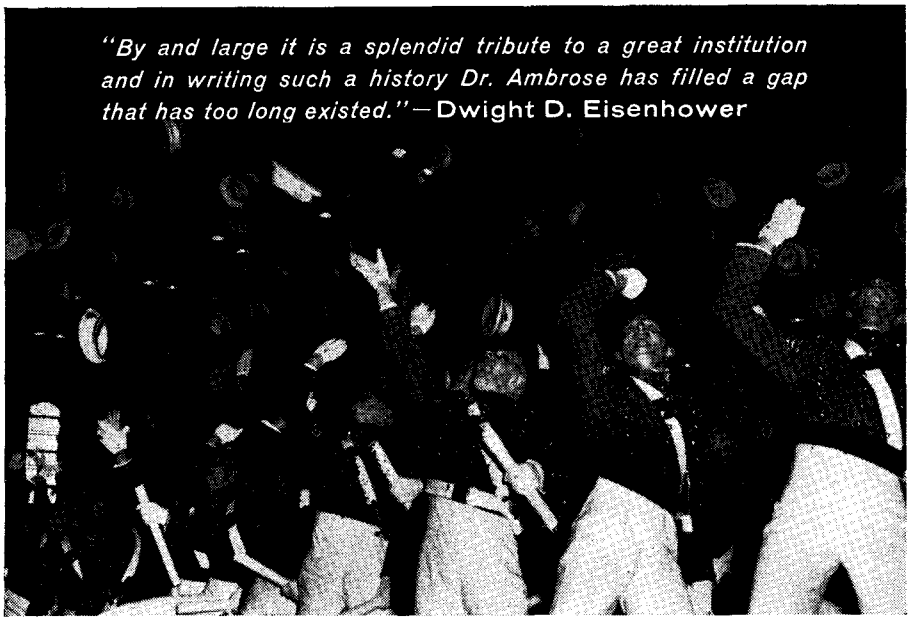
By HARRY HANSEN

THE REASONS why the freed Negroes remained an isolated segment of American society after the Civil War continues to engage the interest of revisionist historians, and the two books here discussed are new examples of their activity. Both reach practically the same conclusions, although in different ways: Edgar McManus's is a concise account of the fortunes of Negroes under slavery in New York State, and although it stops with emancipation, it provides numerous conclusions about the treatment of the free Negroes in white society. Professors George Winston Smith and Charles Judah likewise deal only with Civil War times in the North, as their title indicates; but they, too, provide evidence of the hostility that awaited the free Negroes in the states that had been violently antislavery during the war.

Dr. McManus assumes that there is an economic reason for most political and social movements, even to the extent of subordinating the idealistic efforts of eighteenth-century New York leaders to economic influences. While he gives full credit to the New York Manumission Society, founded in 1785, for being "the real working organization of the antislavery movement," and names its distinguished sponsors—John Jay, Alexander Hamilton, Melancton Smith, St. John de Crèvecoeur, Philip Schuyler, James Duane, and Chancellor Robert R. Livingston—he concludes that "although opponents of slavery stated the issue in ideological terms, the fact remains that no real progress was made toward general emancipation until the economy had virtually completed its adjustment to a system of free labor." In describing the New York emancipation statutes, reluctantly enacted over the opposition of the state's lower house, Dr. McManus says it was more "highminded" to free the slaves because slavery was wrong than to free them because the system had become uneconomic. He also points out that the strongest advocates of anti-slavery were the well-to-do, who had little to lose; the opposition came from the workers, who feared competition for jobs.

This leads to the question whether the Negroes were qualified to compete for work that required special skills. Dr. McManus believes they were, and cites "the heavy volume of newspaper advertisements for Negro workers" in the New York newspapers of 1772 to 1779. He also asserts that "full occupational mobility regardless of race existed in New York throughout the colonial era." This seems to be taking in quite a bit of territory, especially since he describes the hardships suffered by Negroes during the British administration, and the fear of Negro conspiracies felt by New York citizens after the slave revolt. But he does a service in showing that slavery was not an absolute; there were grades in bondage, and the slaves were not mere chattels but individuals who knew how to obtain concessions and to learn skills. The white workingmen, according to Dr. McManus, were the chief instruments of Negro exclusion from good jobs.

Professors Smith and Judah describe *Life in the North During the Civil War* as "a source history," the method used being to introduce a theme with expository paragraphs and then give original extracts from speeches, editorials, and reports of the war years. Their book may not be designed to concentrate on the Negro, but this is nonetheless its effect. There is also evidence to show that the American citizen was harassed by many other matters; there were slums and degradation for the poor, reckless speculation by the rich, controversies over inflation, a national paper currency, and manufacturing by the government in "national workshops." There was fear that the Roman Catholic hierarchy "in ambush behind the Democratic party" was about to take over the government with 150,000 Irish militia. The authors


"By and large it is a splendid tribute to a great institution and in writing such a history Dr. Ambrose has filled a gap that has too long existed."—Dwight D. Eisenhower

DUTY, HONOR, COUNTRY

A HISTORY OF WEST POINT

by Stephen E. Ambrose Foreword by Dwight D. Eisenhower

Lee, Jackson, Grant, Sherman, Pershing, Eisenhower, MacArthur — the story of the long gray line is an exciting adventure in American history. It is once again brought to life in this accurate, readable, and impartial book.

$8.00 regular edition $11.00 deluxe edition

Available at your favorite bookstore

THE JOHNS HOPKINS PRESS BALTIMORE

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Texas Sampler

ROYAL COMMENTARIES OF THE INCAS: *And General History of Peru.* By GARCILASO DE LA VEGA. Translated by HAROLD V. LIVERMORE. Introduction by ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE. A splendid new translation—the only complete one in this century—of the first native American historian's panoramic account of the Incas and their conquest. Two volumes. June. $17.50

MEXICO IN ITS NOVEL: *A Nation's Search for Identity.* By JOHN S. BRUSHWOOD. The first full-scale examination of Mexican reality as revealed through the nation's novel. June. $6.00

THE ANTHROPOLOGIST LOOKS AT MYTH. Compiled by MELVILLE JACOBS. Edited by JOHN GREENWAY. Eleven prominent anthropologists join in attacking the tendency which has relegated verbal art to a minor role in modern anthropology. Published for the American Folklore Society. June. $6.00

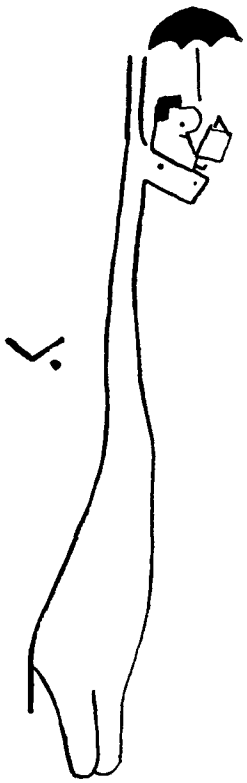
MEXICAN FINANCIAL DEVELOPMENT. By DWIGHT S. BROTHERS and LEOPOLDO SOLIS M. A pioneering study of financial development and its relation to overall Mexican economic growth. Published. $7.50

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS PRESS
AUSTIN AND LONDON

prove their contention that there was "ideological discord in the North."

One incident is worth mentioning because it still affects American life. A mass of 2,000 grain shovellers met in New York to protest the erection of grain elevators, on the ground that they would lose their jobs. Today Chicago building constructors may not employ automatic concrete mixers; the work must be done by shovel men, for the same reason.

The authors found evidence that the North agreed slavery was detestable and must go, but little to show the moral fervor that is supposed to have accompanied this feeling. They conclude that "practically everyone held him [the Negro] in contempt as the member of an inferior race. Moreover labor feared him as a source of cheap competition." This backs up Dr. McManus's emphasis on the economic factor. With idealism relegated to a subordinated role, and emancipation credited to military necessity, the good will on which Americans have prided themselves calls for further definition. Dr. McManus believes that after emancipation the Negro faced "obstacles of implacable racial hostility." Professor James M. McPherson of Princeton University in *The Struggle for Equality* takes a milder view when he says "the mass of Northern peoples had never loved the Negro, were tired of the everlasting Negro question, and were glad to see the end of it." But as Frederick Douglass said, the Indian retreats before the onward march of civilization and dies of a broken heart, but despite all hardships the Negro remains "a permanent element of the American people."



FOR NEWSPAPER EDITORS ONLY

Two Special Features from Saturday Review

The cultural boom and the educational explosion have created thousands of new readers throughout America for authoritative, incisive, comprehensive news and reviews of all that's new in

Books & Music

Saturday Review's syndicated services for newspapers provide exclusive, original reviews, interviews, personality profiles, news and inside gossip from the worlds of books and music, authors and composers, publishers and performers for your readers every week.

Both exclusive services, written and edited under the supervision of SR Music Editor, Irving Kolodin and distinguished book critic, John Barkham, are fully illustrated.

VERY REASONABLE RATES.
TERRITORIAL EXCLUSIVITY.

More than 30 satisfied newspapers now subscribe.
For details, write, wire or telephone

SATURDAY REVIEW
NEWSPAPER SYNDICATE

380 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shakoes in a Yeasty Time: The late Robert Benchley is credited with having declared that "all generalizations about women are made by men under five feet four." There are probably comparable hazards to generalizations about successful newspaper proprietorship, but the temptation offered by the "selected disquisitions" of E. W. Scripps in *I Protest* (Wisconsin, $12.50) is more than can be resisted.

This random and oddly delightful volume, introduced and edited by Oliver Knight of the University of Wisconsin school of journalism, invites the generalization that success with a newspaper or newspapers is most often attributable to the force of character of an individual. The names of many pop up in any look at American journalistic history. Unfortunately, other names pop up to make the generalization less than satisfying. Press lords of the counting house were not uncommon.

E. W. Scripps, founder of the group of papers latterly known as the Scripps-Howard chain, and of what is now known as United Press International, indulged himself in dictating his views after his retirement to his Hearst-like ranch outside San Diego. These pieces range from highly personal ruminations to needle-sharp directions to his editors and managerial associates. They are set in two time tracts, Scripps's own span of life and the first quarter of the twentieth century.

The first thirteen, somewhat pompously headed "Search for Life," provide a savory intimation of the man—loquacious, conceited, not very deep, but oh so determined. Whether they provide an adequate portrayal had best be left to others, but they can be taken to reveal one kind of mind it took to make a success in American journalism in that generation.

Those interested in the history of newspapers in the United States will want to read the second group of disquisitions in the glow of the first, but they will do well to hold in mind the period of American history in which E. W. Scripps scored his success. This was a yeasty time when references to the social awakening had burning meaning; and Scripps's advice to a new editor, Paul C. Edwards, was decidedly in tune with the time. This item, a combination of two documents written by Edwards and Scripps, is in many ways the gem of the book.

E. W. Scripps's lucubrations on reform, politics, foreign affairs, American business, and labor are of historical interest, but the reader catches himself wondering what other artifacts would be unearthed in the same layers of compacted soil. Time has moved on with a vengeance, and these are what Robert Louis Stevenson once described as many fierce-looking shakoes on broomsticks still peeking above a parapet from which the soldiery has long since passed on.

I Protest runs to considerable length —761 pages of text, plus a tabular listing of the E. W. Scripps newspapers, and an excellent bibliography and index. The book bespeaks the vigor of Scripps's mind and the range of his interests; it is good reading, certainly to any who have pursued newspaper work and probably to many general readers. It also bespeaks first-rate scholarship by Mr. Knight and his colleagues at the University of Wisconsin. —Nat S. Finney.

"Fill him up!"

New Writing from the Philippines

A Critique and Anthology

By Leonard Casper. This is an exciting introduction to the rich variety and quality of contemporary Philippine writing in English. The first extended critical study of the literature to be published in the United States, it combines a critique of some thirty Philippine writers with an anthology of nearly forty pieces, including Nick Joaquin's remarkable play, *Portrait of the Artist as Filipino.* $7.95

Swinburne Replies

Notes on Poems and Reviews, Under the Microscope, Dedicatory Epistle

Edited by Clyde Kenneth Hyder. Here in their first critical edition are Swinburne's three most important rejoinders to his critics, essays that constitute, in effect, his *ars poetica.* Brilliantly displaying Swinburne's genius for stinging invective, they are important for their biographical revelations, and for their strategic place in literary history.

The editor has provided an illuminating introduction and detailed critical notes. $5.25

Gabriele D'Annunzio in France

A Study in Cultural Relations

By Giovanni Gullace. D'Annunzio's phenomenal personal and literary success in France in the years before World War I provides the focus for this study, which examines his novels, theatre, poetry, and personality, and analyzes the cultural trends of the period, to discover why the flamboyant writer was far more enthusiastically acclaimed in France than in his native Italy in those decades. $6.25

At your bookstore or
SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY PRESS
Syracuse, New York 13210

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

W. B. Yeats and Georgian Ireland

BY DONALD T. TORCHIANA

During the last twenty years of his life, the period in which he wrote his best poetry, Yeats felt a close identification with Protestant Ireland and its eighteenth-century heritage. Professor Torchiana has made a thorough study of these influences, bringing to our attention many unpublished Yeats papers, letters, speeches, and interviews.

xvi + 378 pages $10.95

Internal Evidence and Elizabethan Dramatic Authorship

BY S. SCHOENBAUM

Even though the Elizabethan period was the greatest in English stage history, its documentary records of authorship are often fragmentary, contradictory, or erroneous. This study, an essay in literary history and method, discusses various solutions to the problem.

xi + 232 pages $7.50

Northwestern University Press
Evanston, Illinois

DOCUMENTS ON RUSSIAN – AMERICAN RELATIONS – WASHINGTON TO EISENHOWER

by Stanley S. Jados, Ph.D.

An important title which will meet the need for quick and convenient reference in any historical inquiry that may be undertaken. The classification is chronological and alphabetical.

$12.95

ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT IN SOUTHERN ITALY, 1950 – 1960

by Joseph A. Martellaro, Ph.D.

This new title explains the types of aid that have been provided to help this section, the steps the residents are taking to improve their conditions, and the form of possible future assistance.

$4.95

Publishers of
THE FATHERS OF THE CHURCH
Write for Brochure

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA PRESS
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20017

York State

Continued from page 59

"My Aunt Susan" are suitable for adolescent readers of any age.

All of the stories are, alas, a disappointment. They tell us nothing much about the war itself, nor anything of significance about its impact on those who kept the home fires burning. Frederic even fails to illuminate the war issues, issues to which his Mohawk Valley neighbors never appear to give thought or expression. You may read through the volume and never guess that slavery existed, or that the North fought to end it and preserve the Union.

Though *Stories of York State* fails either to illuminate the tragedy of the Civil War to achieve any high degree of literary distinction, Thomas F. O'Donnell is to be commended for making Frederic's tales available again, not only to admirers of *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, but to all those with a serious interest in the development of American fiction.

It may be that the trauma of the Civil War so stunned the American psyche in the latter part of the nineteenth century that Frederic's stories are as close as any writer could come to the actual experience. It has taken seventy-five or 100 years and all the developments of twentieth-century psycho-sociological science to enable the contemporary mind finally to come to terms with this buried wound.

Evening for Insights

***People in the Summer Night,** by Frans Eemil Sillanpää, translated from the Finnish by Alan Blair (Wisconsin. 158pp $4), generally regarded as the last impressive work of the Finnish Nobel Prize-winner in Literature (1939), is a series of vignettes that compound into a perceptive discourse on the human condition. Columbia's Professor Emeritus John H. Wuorinen has published several books; the latest are "A History of Finland" and "Scandinavia."*

By JOHN H. WUORINEN

SILLANPAA, born in 1888, was the son of a crofter and farm hand. Despite most modest circumstances, he was able to acquire the secondary-school education necessary for matriculation at the University of Helsinki, where his main field of interest was biology. Four years at the university sufficed to pull him away from the concerns of science and propelled him toward a literary career. His first full-length novel appeared in 1916, and three years later he was recognized as a main figure in the world of Finnish and general Scandinavian letters.

When *People in the Summer Night* was published in 1934, Sillanpää could look back on two decades of successful literary effort. The thirty years before his death in 1964 at the age of seventy-five, on the other hand, witnessed a decline of his creative powers, although he published his highly regarded *The Month of August* in 1941 and continued to publish until 1957. These and other essential biographical data are ably summarized by Thomas Henry Warburton in his introduction, which, incidentally, does not disclose the fact that Warburton himself has an important place in Finland's literary firmament; his publications since the mid-Forties include an excellent survey of Swedish-language literature in Finland.

To characterize *People in the Summer Night* is by no means easy. Alan Blair's translation more than suffices, to be sure, to make the reader aware of the high literary quality of the work. Yet the story itself, composed as it is of well over forty sketches describing and commenting on a luminous summer night during which a variety of human beings move, interact, and portray many-sided reality, has an elusive quality not easy to capture. Birth, love, death, and problems and frustrations large and small, experienced or observed by old and young, the untutored and the sophisticate, are depicted and emerge as components of reality skillfully delineated.

This novel, indeed a fine introduction to a central Finnish literary figure during the past half-century, is one of the Nordic Translation Series published by the University of Wisconsin in conjunction with the Nordic Council. Richard B. Vowles and his colleagues on the Advisory Committee have demonstrated once again the significant contribution the Department of Scandinavian Studies at Madison is making to American studies of Scandinavia; they deserve more than a hasty nod of approval.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Scholars Face the Future

Containing the Arms Race: Some Specific Proposals, *by Jeremy J. Stone (MIT. 252 pp. $6.95),* ***Three Worlds of Development: The Theory and Practice of International Stratification,*** *by Irving Louis Horowitz (Oxford. 475 pp. $8.50), and* ***Right and Wrong in Foreign Policy,*** *by James Eayrs (Toronto. 57 pp. Hardbound, $2.25. Paperback, 95¢), concern aspects of bringing about peaceful change in an unstable world. Philip Van Slyck wrote "Peace: The Control of National Power."*

By PHILIP VAN SLYCK

AS WE move into the tumultuous final third of this century, a new type of international-relations scholar seems to be emerging. He is the technical scholar, the problem-structurer and problem-solver, the builder of models and systems to help guide both the decision-maker and the concerned layman.

The function is not entirely new, since philosophers of history have always influenced policy and opinion and have from time to time been co-architects of new institutional and strategic concepts—the League of Nations, the United Nations, the postwar international monetary, trade, and aid systems, and even the sweeping schemes for general disarmament that have been tabled in the past few years.

Yet the function is in important respects new, reflecting the latest intricacies of international problems, the spectrum of dangerous alternatives facing policy-makers (and the peoples they lead), as well as the new tools—and weapons—available to both the thinkers and the doers.

The doers, for their part, are armed with some tarnished ideologies, great technological and capital resources, and the ready power of nearly instantaneous intercontinental destruction. At the same time, despite intimations of arrogance, the decision-makers on all sides are showing both uncertainty and nervous restraint—in Moscow and Peking as in Washington—in the use of awesome powers.

It is in this context that the new scholar has become an important adjunct-technician of policy. Armed with his scholarly discipline, vast stores of data, and his versatile tools of electronic data-processing, econometric and games-theory analysis of public policy, and models, systems, and scenarios, he is in pursuit of greater certainty in and less dangerous ways of using power. He is essentially a pragmatist, seeking practical ways to transcend intractable conflicts, seeking out the higher level of mutual interest beyond a conflict of interests, and sketching out new strategies for the peaceful management of change. He is the philosopher turned management consultant on grave problems of public policy.

In this role he may move from the detachment of the library to the commitment of a government contract, from the campus to the White House or the Pentagon or a "think factory" such as the RAND Corporation or the Hudson Institute, from the study of past history to the projection of possible future histories. In his progress he may be vilified for "thinking about the unthinkable," for being "politically unrealistic" in his view of the future, or for questioning sacred dogma. But the contributions of these thinkers are influencing national strategies and international dialogues, and are even seeping into public understanding.

Jeremy Stone's think piece, proposing modest first steps for containing the arms race, is a sound contribution to this new tradition. Its chief value—to the interested layman as well as the specialist—is that it is thorough in analyzing a few specific problems of offense-defense balance in certain strategic weapons systems while, in the process, it illuminates the techniques of thinking about the whole range of arms control and disarmament problems.

This is a pragmatic exploration of the possible utility—to both sides—of such limited arms-control measures as restraint in procuring antimissile systems, bomber burning, missile reductions, and a freeze on strategic-weapons procurement. Dr. Stone makes no attempt to construct a general theory of disarmament, and he avoids the pitfalls of trying to psychoanalyze national characteristics, our own or our adversaries'. Dealing exclusively with unclassified information, he weighs the dangers of the present strategic balance and the relative risks, strategic and political, of his proposals.

The key to Stone's thinking—and

Books Worth Keeping

PUBLISHED BY
UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS

WORLD OF LAUGHTER
The Motion Picture Comedy Short, 1910-1930
By KALTON C. LAHUE. A sprightly history of the silent short comedy in its heyday—with an appendix listing the comedy shorts made by the principal film comedians. Photographs. $4.95

GOOD HUNTING
Fifty Years of Collecting and Preparing Habitat Groups for the American Museum
By JAMES L. CLARK. World-wide adventures of a man who has raised taxidermy to the level of a fine art. Illustrated. $5.95

THE AMERICAN POLITICAL NOVEL
By W. GORDON MILNE. The first comprehensive critical survey of this genre—from the late 18th century to *All the King's Men,* and beyond. $4.95

VIENNA IN THE AGE OF FRANZ JOSEF
By ARTHUR J. MAY. The evolution and legacy of one of the most brilliant cosmopolitan cultures Europe ever evolved. *Centers of Civilization Series.* $2.75

ON THE CONTRACTS OF MERCHANTS
By JOHANNES NIDER. Translated by CHARLES H. REEVES. Edited by RONALD B. SHUMAN. A new edition of a remarkable book first published about 1468, which may be the first study of business ethics printed in the Western world. Illustrated. $3.75

Now at your bookstore
UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA PRESS
Norman, Oklahoma

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Thomas Hardy's Personal Writings:
Prefaces, Literary Opinions, Reminiscences.
edited by Harold Orel
Ready June 27 **$6.00**

Hazlitt and the Creative Imagination
by W. P. Albrecht
Hazlitt's theory of the imagination as a key to his political and critical ideas and practice. **$4.00**

Jonathan Swift and the Age of Compromise
by Kathleen Williams
Reissued in response to demand.
$5.00

Pierre Samuel Du Pont de Nemours
by Ambrose Saricks
A historian's biography of the first famous bearer of the family name (1739-1817). **$7.50**

UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS PRESS, Lawrence

Blake's THE BOOK OF URIZEN
Introduction by Clark Emery

Includes a photographic reproduction of the Trianon Press facsimile of Blake's early attempt at cosmogonic myth. Since even facsimiles of Blake poems are published in expensive limited editions, this volume will be welcomed by those whose familiarity with Blake has been confined to the printed page.

The introduction, providing a double interpretation of the poem, shows the poem to be as modern as the latest textbook in psychology and as solidly based in the European intellectual tradition as T. S. Eliot's *Ash Wednesday*.

In preparation Paperbound $3.00

#6 in the University of Miami Critical Studies.

Also forthcoming

No. 2, Rare Books of the Theatre Series "THE WORK OF LIVING ART" & "MAN IS THE MEASURE OF ALL THINGS," by Adolphe Appia. Long out of print. Cloth $6.50

FLORIDA'S LAST FRONTIER, by Charlton W. Tebeau. Revised, 1966 Hard $4.00

UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI PRESS
BOX 8104
CORAL GABLES, FLORIDA 33124

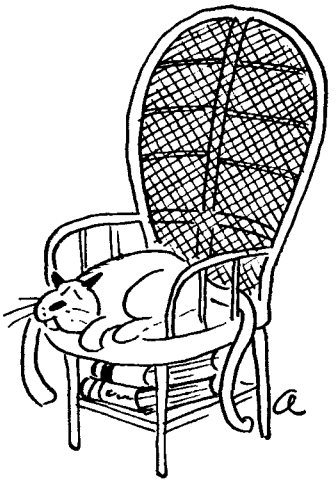
probably to any real progress in managing the arms race—is the twin conviction that both sides have a mutual interest in arms control and that each must therefore try to pursue the other's interest as it pursues its own.

Louis Horowitz's study deals with broader issues of a social, economic, and political nature as they affect the peaceful management of change. In pursuit of the principles of a general theory of development, Professor Horowitz, a prolific and innovating sociologist, has undertaken a "qualitative study of the three worlds of development"—the first world, the United States and its Western allies; the second world, the Soviet Union and its East bloc allies; and the third world, that of the developing nations.

His goal is admirable: to substitute some scientific values for the evolutionary ideology of traditional sociology, to treat social science as an applied science, and to turn sociology away from nostalgia and toward a more practical engagement with contemporary problems. The result is provocative rather than definitive, since much of the space is devoted to criticism of traditional theories of development, and even of recent general theorists such as J. K. Galbraith, W. W. Rostow, Gunnar Myrdal, and Wilbert Moore.

Some strong biases permeate the book, including an astonishing conviction of the "deepening isolation of the United States from the world political economy," and the author's assumption that, unlike the USSR and China, the United States has already "forfeited its opportunity" to provide "strategies and tactics with which the member nations of the Third World can identify." The concluding section offers a series of propositions, a "model of models," to serve in the formulation of a general and interdisciplinary theory of development. With their admitted "obvious imperfections," these propositions are no more than roughly sifted raw materials, and should be received as such.

The third volume is in some respects a disclaimer from the new tradition. James Eayrs's two brief essays (delivered as the 1965 Plaunt Memorial Lectures at Carleton University, Ottawa) focus on the ethics more than the substance of foreign policy, and come up with some painful reminders that deceit, treachery, and cruelty are normal to modern statecraft. Eayrs is also disturbed that the preoccupation of the new scholars of the Hudson Institute variety with "unthinkable" problems such as nuclear war may make them "somewhat deficient in moral sensitivity." He suggests that "prolonged attention to these sorts of problems is not very good for the human spirit. It may not be so very good for the human race either."



PERHAPS not, although it is difficult to conceive of a useful philosophy that does not concern itself with evil as well as good. The systems-builders and model-makers and the searchers after general theories, who must peer into the dangerous future, are probably as susceptible as the rest of us to ethical lapses, value misjudgments, and other human imperfections. Yet they are not afraid to assert man's responsibility to take charge of his future.

"History rolls onto her pages effortlessly and with grace....A well-rounded and compact introduction to the mountain fastness of the French Broad"—
Saturday Review

The French Broad

by WILMA DYKEMAN

"A fascinating chronicle of an Appalachian river and a watershed and a way of life, hailed by critics as "sound, flavorsome Americana" *(New York Times)*, "an absorbing book" *(Los Angeles Times)*, "a distinguished volume ...poetry tempered by sophistication" *(New York Herald Tribune)*, "a lovely, vibrant panorama" *(Boston Post)*.
371 pages, $5.50

At your bookstore or directly from
The University of Tennessee Press
Knoxville, Tennessee 37916

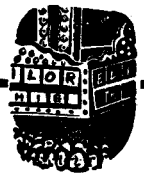
NEW FROM PURDUE . . .

THE HAPPY MARRIAGE AND OTHER STORIES
by R. V. Cassill
7 stories by a noted American writer
cloth **$3.50**

NEW VOICES IN AMERICAN STUDIES
ed. Browne, Winkelman, Hayman
15 selected essays demonstrating the interrelationship of the many disciplines comprising American studies
cloth **$4.75**

PURDUE UNIVERSITY STUDIES
308 STATE STREET
WEST LAFAYETTE, IND. 47906

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Comic Bounty

THE UNDERTAKING of a screen comedy is dangerous, for there is no way of telling within the relative silence of a studio set or a location whether the supposedly funny stuff is going to work in a theater. I am pleased, therefore, to be able to report that *The Russians Are Coming The Russians Are Coming* worked fine when I saw it with a large audience. It is with gratitude that I pay my compliments to Norman Jewison, the director, and to William Rose, the screenwriter, for what is probably the funniest American comedy to come along in many months.

I have a few reservations to make along with the bestowing of praise, but I think we should be grateful for large Hollywood favors, when we get them. And the fact that the basic story—taken from Nathaniel Benchley's novel, *The Off-Islanders*—has some contemporary relevance is all to the good. For all we know, the film may be of some help in improving American-Soviet relations.

The postulation of Mr. Jewison and Mr. Rose is that a Russian submarine has prowled too close to an island near Cape Cod, just so the fascinated commander (Theodore Bikel) can get a better look at our strange land through his periscope. But the submarine gets stuck on a sandbar. A landing party is sent ashore for help, but the islanders mistake it for an invasion force—and the incidents that follow pop into hilarity with the regularity of a string of firecrackers.

Particularly helpful in keeping the situation bubbly is Alan Arkin, who plays the leader of the Russian landing party. Soon enough he encounters a summer renter, Carl Reiner, who is the first to panic at the sight of a genuine Russian. Among Mr. Reiner's vicissitudes is one which finds him literally tied together with Tessie O'Shea, the island's switchboard operator. Jewison here pays homage to the running gag of silent-screen comedy fame, and the more the gag runs the more laugh-inducing it is. Another such gag has Doro Merande bound to a chair, gagged, and hung on a wall (to keep her out of mischief) while her deaf, ninety-year-old father blandly eats his breakfast a few feet away. Then there is Ben Blue, a drunken Paul Revere, vainly attempting to catch his horse so that he can sound the tocsin. Finally, there is a super-patriot, played by Paul Ford, who attempts to take charge of the hastily recruited local militia, but runs afoul of the more level-headed sheriff, a part that Brian Keith turns into a personal triumph.

Now to my reservations: Having created a marvelous sense of quite understandable confusion, Jewison straightens it all out with too much neatness and dispatch, using for the purpose a small boy who has got himself caught on the overhang of a village church. Both Russians and Americans join in the rescue, and the resulting harmony gets a bit too thick. I thought, too, that Mr. Ford overdid his Bircher-like patriot, thus throwing what I can only call the comic realism slightly out of key. But these are small annoyances in a generally satisfying film. Hollywood, in one big bounce, has got with it.

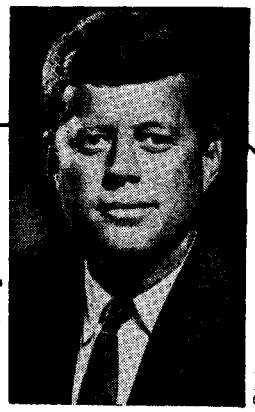
In Italy, though, they've gone far back into the past for their comic material, digging up and dusting off Machiavelli's *Mandragola*. This, too, is a fully satisfying film, played with exactly the properly cynical, irreverent spirit by Philippe Leroy, Jean-Claude Brialy, Rosanna Schiaffino, and Romolo Valli. Albert Lattuada, a veteran director who was long associated with Italian neo-realism, has gone in for richness and opulence in re-creating the atmosphere of Renaissance Florence, and he has also preserved the ribaldry of his source.

In essence, the tale is of one long, infinitely complicated seduction, involving the most bizarre kind of intrigue, all aimed at compromising the virtue of a beautiful wife whose problem is that she can't manage to provide her doltish husband with a son and heir. Lattuada has dug up some of the prevalent remedies for such a condition—hot stones on the stomach, spice baths participated in by husband and wife—but all to no avail. Meanwhile, a roguish prince has cast a languishing eye on the beauty, is seized with the desire for conquest, and masquerades as a doctor to accomplish his aim. He is aided by a parasitic chap (Jean-Claude Brialy) and an avaricious monk (Toto), and the scheme they concoct is, let us say, entirely Machiavellian. The playing is brilliantly effective throughout, and Lattuada's direction is wise and informed.

The tone of irreverence has occasioned a condemnation from the National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures. To me, however, there is not the slightest hint in the film of anything that could be charged as obscene or pornographic, and I suppose that Machiavelli can only twitch restlessly in his tomb, for his tale was first banned by the Papacy some 400 years ago—admirable consistency, to say the least.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

"SEASON'S FIRST MUSICAL HIT!"
— NADEL, World Telegram
LERNER and LANE'S
ON a CLEAR DAY you CAN see FOREVER
A New Musical
STARRING
BARBARA HARRIS JOHN CULLUM
Eves.: $10.95, 9.25, 8.25, 7.25, 6.25, 5.25
Mats. Wed. & Sat.: $7.50, 6.25, 5.75, 4.75, 4.25. List alternate dates and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.
MARK HELLINGER THEATRE
237 W. 51 St., N.Y. 10019


Fabian Bachrach©
Your kind of ambassador?
Your $5 sends John F. Kennedy's *Profiles in Courage*, and nine other carefully chosen American paperbacks, to underdeveloped, book-hungry countries where these books can do the most good. Ed Murrow started BOOKS USA "to help close the book gap." President Johnson says: "I urge all Americans to give BOOKS USA their generous support." Answer the President's appeal; send book packets abroad in your name. ***Send Food for Thought — Give to BOOKS USA, Box 1960-A, Washington, D.C. 20013.***
BOOKS USA
Make checks payable to BOOKS USA. Contributions are tax-deductible. Space donated by this publication.

BUY U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

La Belle Epoque Revisited

PARIS.

DESPITE President de Gaulle's efforts to detach himself from NATO, expel American troops from France, and otherwise diminish or demean the American presence, there is precious little indication that his political line has translated itself into the minds of the Parisians. If anything, Paris seems to be developing an ever increasing aptitude for American tastes. The long lunch hour that used to mean a trip back home for the midday meal and possibly a siesta may still exist, but it would seem, when noon strikes in Paris, that the whole city accepts it as a signal to head for *le snack*, or as it sometimes is called in its long form *le snack bar*. The short-order quick lunch has become the accepted mode among office workers and some executives who frequently show up at places that guarantee more speed because they offer that refinement *le self service*.

There is also a newly developed vogue, not for anything so sophisticated as Bergman or the far-out Japanese films, but for that sturdy contribution to culture, the hoss-opera. American Westerns, played end-to-end in a Paris movie theater, recently drew long lines and sell-out crowds. It was a stroke of some genius that the new Paris Hilton [see *SR*, June 4] opened its major specialty restaurant in the cowboy mood, calling it Le Western, decking it out in glorified trappings of the upholstered desert, and dispensing beefsteaks, pinto beans, chile con carne, and other standbys that would be better understood, one would have thought, in the kitchens of Birdland-sur-Potomac than in the fatherland of Escoffier. *"J'adore le maïs,"* I heard a French starlet at the Hilton purr the other day as she chomped an ear of corn that in the France of a short time ago would have been served only to pigs.

The Orly Hilton, the airport hotel that gave Hilton its first toehold in France, has reached back to New Orleans for the theme of its restaurant, which it calls La Louisiane. Here the bill of fare trumpets creole dishes, but it is, by chance, more successful with its soft shell crabs imported from Maryland, which bring Parisian connoisseurs all the way out to the jet-washed hinterlands when a shipment arrives. The jambalaya with green Louisiana hot sauce and Tabasco is passable, possibly because it borrows so heavily from a standard Spanish paella that is well known to all chefs. Alas, La Louisiane comes a cropper with its sazaracs served—you should all pardon me down on the Delta—*with* ice and *without* Peychaud bitters. The gumbo, thin and bereft of authority, could only inspire the French to send Care packages to their creole cousins whose French forefathers settled in the bayous so long ago. What the polished maître d'hôtel M. Jacques Bertrand so fetchingly called "peck-in pie" was baked in a cake crust usually found in open tarts. Of the pecan filling—there being a shortage of Karo syrup in these parts—I shall not distress you with description, but I promised M. Bertrand I would send him recipes from Brennan's *New Orleans Cookbook* before some Gaullist minister dines at La Louisiane, declares the creole country an underprivileged area, and de Gaulle moves to nullify the Louisiana Purchase.

Besides the overtones of American life that it has imported, Paris seems also to be captivated with the bygone era known as *La Belle Epoque* and known on our side of the ocean as the Gay Nineties. With a few white globes, some brass decorations, and a couple of potted palms, almost any old cellar can be made to look like *La Belle Epoque*, and that is exactly what has been done in St. Germain-des-Prés. Much of the brass and palm, enough of it to warm the heart of any displaced San Franciscan in whose city the form also is in high vogue, has been concentrated in the small street called Rue St. Benoit, which begins opposite the old Brasserie Lipp on the Boulevard St. Germain. Of the twenty-eight numbers along the street, most are taken by small restaurants, almost all of them embroidered with names that, for some peccadillo I don't understand, begin with the letter B. One of the smartest is Le Bistrot de Paris,

which is decked out in old tiles, untamed plants that climb all around the skylight, dozens of old globes, an ancient bar, and a collage-covered screen. The atmosphere is *Belle Epoquish* and the bill of fare makes a campy point of doing cheap fish and peasanty vegetables in flamboyant ways. Split pea soup, which the Baroness de Buissier, who was in our party at lunch one day, assured me is never, but *never*, seen on good menus, is a favorite at Le Bistrot. So are mullet, stuffed and left in its *"chemise," "poires 'gros seins' au Muscadet"* (a rather ribald reference to pears in a modest wine) and cooked lentils served cold with vinegar. Its operator is Michel Oliver, who formerly managed his father's Grand Véfour, one of the best restaurants in all France, where such dishes would never, heaven forfend, be discussed, much less served.

M. Oliver is involved with a syndicate that operates a noisy *Belle Epoque* restaurant and club called Le Bilboquet, and a new restaurant called Le Bistingo. Bilboquet is that name for the knuckle-knocking device in which a heavy block of wood drilled with a hole is swung on a string, the idea being to make it come down on a knob of wood that fits into the hole. Bilboquets, painted bright colors, are having a new vogue. Bistingo is derived from *bistro* and *distingué*. It is more the former than the latter probably, but the menu is acceptable enough, leaning to seafood and grilled steaks and chops. The management insists that nozzles in the walls dispense waves of air heavily charged with oxygen and *odeurs* of the sea. The oxygen is supposed to impart a feeling of well-being, and the sea air enhance an appetite for seafood specialties. Whether it is the fault of such an ingenious contraption or not the management refuses to say, but the place is packed, giving the syndicate heart to undertake a new restaurant to seat nearly a thousand diners and to be called, after a street term for a house of pleasure, Le Bidule.

Then there is La Brocherie, which has a grill, and, on the Rue de Dragon, A là Bougie, where for $3, one can come by *pâté de canard, moule marinière* or steak, followed by cheese or fruit or a tart. On the nearby Rue Jacob, Jacques Gautier runs a *tisanière*, a place where one can come to shop for jewelry, especially plastic earrings—the new rage—or climb the stairs for a *tisane*, a remedial tea steeped in such unusual leaves as linden, wild mint, and thyme. All the teas are designed to relieve different disorders and the *tisanière*, properly enough, brews them on a *pot à tisane*, a special sort of porcelain teapot.

The Université Shop on the Rue St. Benoit is fairly exploding with slacks and shirts in violent hues hitherto identified with American sports clothes. The shop

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Do you have to be in London early in the morning?

You do.

Fine with us.

We depart from Kennedy every night at 8:30. That's an ideal time to leave because you arrive in London with a full day in front of you.

Flying Air-India makes good sense, too.

We use Boeing 707 Intercontinental Jets. These dependable jets have carried over 100 million passengers.

Though the pilots of most major airlines fly 707's, we insist Air-India pilots return to their base headquarters, every 6 months, and fly the flight simulator. That machine makes flying in the atmosphere seem simple.

Our hostesses are Indian girls with soft voices and gentle manners whose serenity is contagious.

When you arrive in London you'll find more than enough energy to accomplish everything you've planned. Beginning with an early morning trot, of course.

AIR-INDIA

The airline that treats you like a maharajah.
Over 33 years of flying experience.

For reservations or information, see your travel agent or Air-India, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 10019, PL 1-6200. Offices in principal cities.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is handy to its patrons who congregate about Le Drugstore, a second edition of the place that made such a hit on the Champs-Elysées when it opened there several seasons ago. The new one incorporates the best of two diverse worlds, for it is a take-off on the American style drugstore, but it follows the other local trend by dressing itself in *Belle Epoque* style. Insofar as it sells all sorts of merchandise including drugs, it is in the American theme. But it goes further than many an American drugstore owner could imagine. Facing the sidewalk it has a *zinc* bar. Upstairs it has a kitchen dispensing Russian dishes —always served with vodka. Among its souvenirs are such apparently salable items as antique telephones and electric egg boilers, as well as watches, gadgets, and gifts. It has a movie theater in which one can choose one's seat from an illuminated panel alongside the box office before stumbling into the dark. It sells records, books, and theater tickets, and also operates a picnic shop where, until two o'clock every morning, one can buy caviar, smoked eel, salami, and a dozen different kinds of bread. Mixed with the *Belle Epoquery* are plaques that seek to reproduce and preserve for posterity such memorable features of the celebrated as the mouths of Bardot, Moreau, and Sagan and the eyes of Oppenheimer, Picasso, and Duke Ellington.

Strangely enough, the St. Germain drugstore, which is mobbed at all hours of the day or night—and not by tourists, either—faces those old caves of the intellectuals and students, the Café Flore and its sister sidewalk café, Les Deux Magots. Both are holdovers from the days when Sartre was the Pied Piper. Le Drugstore is also exactly next door to Le Brasserie Lipp, that venerable den of sauerkraut and beer, which, without altering one salt-shaker, is a true, unrestored relic of *La Belle Epoque*. So, for that matter, are some of its patrons. Going there on a Sunday night, as I did recently, and trying to get a table downstairs, is something like trying to get a garden table at Luchow's in New York in the middle of the bock beer festival. If you're not known, you're upstairs, buddy, and at Brasserie Lipp, no American is ever known. As a consequence, the old patrons with the curling gray moustaches have chairs on the tiled floor downstairs while the garret is filled with tourists being served platters of *choucroute* and boiled beef by puffing, apoplexy-red waiters who have to huff up the stairs in long aprons.

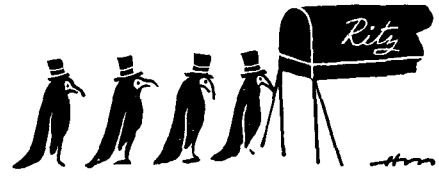
Yet another drugstore has opened, this one in the suburbs of Paris about half an hour out of town. Called Drug West, it is paved in paneled woods and sheets of marble, not at all reminiscent of the fountain in the corner drugstore. Its restaurant serves fancy foods and aperitifs, its quick lunch is called Snob Snack, it has the largest bar in the nation, and its counters, like those of its two forerunners, bulge with gadgets, perfumes, and a large assortment of newspapers, magazines, and books. Drug West serves a housing center and is part of an American style shopping center that has forty stores on two decks.

It would, of course, be absolutely hilarious, especially in view of de Gaulle's present attitudes, if tourists began to dismiss Paris as too American. It isn't, to be sure, and it still offers lovely mornings to stroll, as I did recently, through the Louvre looking at such patent staples as the Venus de Milo, the Mona Lisa, and the Winged Victory of Samothrace, as well as such dazzlers as the 106-carat Regent Diamond once in the crown of Louis XV, and the diamond-encrusted sword of Charles X. A few hours of looking is really enough museum for one day, I have recently begun to conclude, and by noon, aglow with the reflection of all those jewels, we were in a mood to say, Damn the expense, and hie off to Le Grande Véfour. For $23 we bought a gorgeous little lunch for two—an omelet with *morilles* for Madame, and a toasted square swimming with shrimp afloat in a gorgeous hyper-caloric sauce for me; a salad; an outrageously rich dessert; and coffee.

Some friends conducted me one night to a bustling neighborhood place called Chez Eux, near the Invalides (and not in Michelin), which starts everyone off with a snippet of salami and a copper cup of some sort of *alcool* that was foreign to my buds. There follows a great tray of *crudités*, the French term for celery, radishes, olives and such, only in this case it also included pigmy artichokes, lima beans, and peas, all to be eaten raw. The *cochonaille* that followed included such an assortment of bolognas, salamis, and head cheeses that my plate looked like an explosion in a wurst factory. For a dessert, an American friend suffering great nostalgic longings for Schrafft's ordered ice cream with everything, and "everything" turned out to be a two-deck rolling tray heaped with bowls of candied cherries, candied orange peel, a variety of sauces, gooseberries in heavy syrup—indeed a wild enough assortment to make an American banana split look a cup of custard.

Toward the end of my stay in Paris we invaded Montparnasse, the real Paris of other days, and, it being late, we washed up at the door of La Coupole, that renowned barn of clatter and odd types that seems to know no closing. I had viewed the current Americanization of Paris in my week or so in town, but here, surveying the beards, the beats, the black sweaters, the fading *boulevardiers*, the performers, the mistresses, all brought together at this late hour to find new strength in the steaming onion soup or a dozen belon oysters, I thought I was inhaling the essence of the old Paris still faithfully preserved. Then I heard a voice at my elbow say, "It sort of reminds you of Lindy's, doesn't it?" And the vision faded.

—Horace Sutton.



Insist on
COOK'S
Travelers
Cheques
and save
25% on the
issuance
charge

Still only 75¢ per $100
WHY PAY MORE?

In $10, $20, $50, $100 and $250 denominations. At authorized banks, travel agencies and all Cook's Offices.

THOS. COOK & SON
WORLD'S LARGEST TRAVEL ORGANIZATION

FREE EUROPE BY CAR CATALOGUE 36 PAGE FULL COLOR

SAVE UP TO 35% ON CAR RENTAL & PURCHASE

VOLKSWAGEN VOLVO
MERCEDES JAGUAR
CITROEN PEUGEOT
RENAULT MG ETC.

EUROPE BY CAR, Inc.
630 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 20 TEL. LT 1-3040
9000 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles TEL. 272-0424
CAR (S) _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ SR-11

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Exit Perry Mason

WHEN ERLE STANLEY GARDNER sold television the rights to his Perry Mason stories, he wrote an eighteen-page "bible" for the producers, stipulating rigid "do's and don'ts" that must be adhered to by all writers of programs in the series. A Hollywood director who worked on the series told me this. Mr. Gardner decreed that Perry must never lose a case; that his client must always be innocent; that Perry must never use physical violence; and that the masterful, handsome lawyer must never be associated with even the innuendo of a flirtation.

The cruelest victim of the last shrewd, perverse obsession has always been Della Street, Perry's efficient secretary. Though she has taken his dictation for nine years, stood at his office gate, fed and even given him nursing care on occasion, Perry has not once betrayed even the slightest quiver of masculine response to her presence. This touching, loveless quality of Della (who has been played all along with charm and taste by Barbara Hale) saved the recent, farewell program of the series from being a sad testament to human frailty.

"The Case of the Final Fade-Out" dealt with a double murder in a television production company finishing a season's shooting. The producer issues new contracts, but the star, in bad faith, refuses to sign. The star is murdered during a production "take," and the producer is arrested and becomes Mason's client. Death comes to him on the cutting room floor; and an aging actress who had been fired by the producer is the new suspect. Perry takes up her case and reveals the killer—the writer of the series.

A mechanical little plot, it escaped the rigor mortis of the show's demise by having real members of the Perry Mason production company step before the cameras. The grips, electricians, prop and make-up men, costumers, secretaries, the executives—all identified themselves during the scenes in which the D.A. questioned witnesses to the first murder. One or two, I think, played bit parts: even Erle Stanley Gardner was on hand, in the robes of a judge in the story. It must have been fun for the company. To actually walk on stage in a final show is a familiar stunt in show business.

Getting into the act is a sort of psychic stamping of one's usually anonymous identity on a collective effort in which he has invested much of himself. In this

case it was also, on a deeper level, a protest against the passage of time, an unconscious resistance to the final fade-out.

Time was the real killer of the show—a double murderer. It killed first through the medium of frozen time. The show had not changed its formula in nine years, and it suffered the negatives as well as it enjoyed the positives of familiarity. My two daughters, who have grown up with the series, had reached the point where they could predict every move of the game—the moment of the discovery of the corpse, the switch to the courtroom, the camera titillations as it bounced from one witness's face to another, and the inevitable confession on the stand by the guilty one—defiant, conscience-stricken or, alas, gloating. The second mortal blow was struck by time in its physical aspect. The leading players have matured; but, trapped in the shallow grooves of their unchanging roles, they have not been permitted to draw from any new springs of commitment which would have given fresh life to their acting.

The script itself bore signs of unconscious protest. The victims were an older producer and an aging actress. The villain was a young writer. The Old Guard trapped him, of course; and in the final fade-out, Perry, Paul Drake, and Della, with no one else in the courtroom, nibbled at the edges of a new case. It was an illusion: there will be no new cases, except for summer repeats and syndicated re-runs.

Weep not for the leading players—residuals will refresh them. We who have internalized Perry Mason in our lives salute the company for its gallant defiance of time—but we, too, are older. Only Della remains unscathed. Having never loved, she never lived—in time. Della is ageless.

Whenever I shall remember Perry Mason, I shall not recall: "I object . . . sustained . . . your honor, this is a shyster's trick . . . he's dead . . . get me Paul Drake." I shall see only Della the demure, as on a Grecian urn, triumphant in her purity, holding out the telephone to Perry with a smile, and saying: "It's for you, Perry."

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

"Chow!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Goodman at the Rainbow Grill

IT WAS a quintet, not a big band. It was the Rainbow Grill, not the Pennsylvania Hotel. But it was unmistakably Benny Goodman, with a floor full of dancers in front of him, just as it used to be.

The group sounded happy. "Strange, isn't it?" Goodman said afterward, with a grin. Doc Cheatham, the trumpet player, possibly had something to do with it. "I hadn't heard him play in years," Goodman admitted. "Morton Gould's brother, Walter, mentioned his name a little while ago. He had heard him with Juanita Hall. 'Awful sweet' was the term he used."

Doc Cheatham is a veteran who has known the game a long time. He was in Europe as early as 1930 with Sam Wooding, and he played in the bands of Chick Webb, Cab Calloway, Teddy Wilson, and Benny Carter. In 1944, he participated in an important phase of pianist Eddie Heywood's career, and, when the big jazz bands fell on evil days, he worked for leaders like Perez Prado and Machito. Obviously, he has always been a musician's musician.

His is a tone that is seldom heard today and it belongs to a tradition which ran parallel to that of Louis Armstrong, and was exemplified in the work of Joe Smith, Fletcher Henderson's famous trumpet player. It is certainly a sweet tone, as Walter Gould recognized, but it is not anemic. Plaintive and protesting, it is exciting and moving when muted.

Photo by Sam Siegel

Benny Goodman: "doing what came naturally." From left to right: Al Hall (bass), Goodman, Morey Feld (drums) and Adolphus ("Doc") Cheatham (trumpet). The dancers are, right, Goodman's daughter Rachel, and escort Peter T. Cook.

Having Cheatham in the group seemed to have released an element in Goodman that has sometimes been constrained. He was out-going in manner, good-humored, and he sounded relaxed. Nor was he alone in this. Accompanying him were three other excellent musicians: the irreproachable, smiling Hank Jones; Al Hall, steady and propulsive on bass; and Morey Feld, long associated with Goodman, very much in command on drums. All five men obviously shared one concept that was being expressed in their music, and Goodman was doing what came naturally.

The audience's enthusiasm was of a kind not often encountered in jazz rooms nowadays. There was nothing perfunctory about it. It was *delighted* applause, mixed with an emotional vocal quality that indicated relief as well as nostalgia —relief that jazz could still be made to so happy a formula. "Each night, the people seem to come in all set to enjoy it," Goodman's singer, Annette Sanders remarked. "Not like a nightclub where they want you to *prove* what you can do."

Miss Sanders was a valuable addition to the quintet. She sang and swung a number of Goodman standbys, such as "You Turned The Tables On Me," "Cheerful Little Earful," and "Let's Fall In Love," and on ballads like "Soon" and "My Romance" she showed taste, feeling, and ease of delivery. Cheatham's muted interludes and obbligati were of an artistry now rarely heard, and they gave a unity to these vocal performances that evoked nostalgia for an era when a singer was an integral part of a band rather than a dominating personality.

As vehicles for improvisation, Goodman turned to such standards as "Avalon," "Stompin' At The Savoy," "Keepin' Out Of Mischief Now," "Exactly Like You," and "After You've Gone." The mutual confidence within the group enabled it to operate with a minimum of planning and contrived effects. "Take another chorus," was an immediate reward for inspiration, and this applied to the leader as well as his men.

"After this," Goodman said, "it's a variety of things. I go to Chicago to record with Morton Gould. We'll do the concerto by Carl Nielsen, the Danish composer. Then we're going to Cleveland, Stonybrook, Wheeling and several other places." Many of these he noted, would be symphony performances. "But I want to play with this group, too," he added. "I think they sound fine. They are great guys."

Goodman remains undiminished. The perspective is a bit broader today, as is indicated by the annual series of concerts entitled *Benny Goodman Presents* in Stamford, Connecticut. This year it will begin with a performance by another clarinetist, Pete Fountain. Unfortunately, Goodman will be recording in Chicago on that date, otherwise there might have been a bonus comparable to that of last year when Duke Ellington played a concert.

"He hasn't got his ax with him," Ellington explained then, as the crowd demanded that the two famous musicians play together. But when Ellington's clarinetist, Jimmy Hamilton, proffered his instrument, Goodman capitulated and the blues were jammed in classic style.

Besides Fountain this year, there will be guitarist Charlie Byrd. "Charlie is doing a Haydn quintet," Goodman observed. "When he gets to the jazz, though, I'll be in there with him, I hope." Other artists in the series are Goodman's daughter, Rachel, an accomplished pianist; and Peter Serkin, Arnold Steinhardt, Joanna Simon and Henryk Szeryng. "We concentrate on a good program," Goodman continued. "Whether it is jazz, chamber music, or whatever, the subscribers seem faithful. A lot of planning goes into this series. We don't just book anybody and say, 'Go on—we'll let you know when to stop.'" He paused, and then added, with a smile, "I don't think we do, anyway."

The conversation gravitated to his recent Columbia Masterworks album, and thence to matters concerning common and uncommon ground between jazz and classical music.

"A jazz musician isn't required to play double piano and double forte within eight bars—not as a rule," Goodman said. "I'm not saying he's unable to, but it is not *required* of him, except perhaps in his own imagination. In his case, we hope or presume he is improvising, even on things he has played before. If he is playing classical music, he has, instead, to play what is required. On my own instrument, for instance, if you're playing Weber, and you have a dotted eighth note and then a sixteenth, you must play them very exactly, in a way a jazz musician would call corny. If you don't, everything gets loused up." The difference, he maintained, is one of phrasing, but there are many others. Speaking again of the clarinet, he pointed out that although vibrato is permitted in classical music, it should never "get in front of the tone."

Referring to the minimal liberty that

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can be afforded a group of musicians the size of a symphony orchestra, he quipped, "I guess it's a matter of opinion, but I don't think you need too much of it in a big jazz band, either! The band I took to Russia a year or two ago was fourteen bands in one. That's probably true of every outfit nowadays. Everybody wants to be a bandleader. I suppose it's understandable."

"The idea of a small group appeals to me," he observed. "You have a certain amount of doubt about a big band as a rule. Certainly I do—though some people think I put a band together two days before the show. It's always at least three," he commented, deadpan. "A band means worry over arrangements, sections, and so forth. It gives me the willies to go in anywhere—as most people have to nowadays—playing music with no one knowing who or what is about to happen. Unless a band has been playing regularly together, I don't feel terribly content. As a rule your suspicions are justified. Nothing good happens overnight. I think a big band is the most nerve-wracking thing in the world." He had high praise, however, for Count Basie who, he felt, pays the utmost attention to tempos.

"Back of the trend away from dancing," he hazarded, "may be the fact that twenty years ago jazz bands stopped playing for dancers. Concerts became the thing. When I first played Carnegie Hall, it was a novelty. Musicians said, 'What are we going to do? Just play? No fancy hats?' Now it has come around full circle. Musicians say, 'What, the people want to dance? You must be kidding!' "

One thing, he added, that helped the swing era was that the hit tunes were written for dancers, and to play them right, the bands had to find the right tempos. When they did, they found this helped them as well.

LOOKING out on the crowded floor of the Rainbow Grill, he maintained it was untrue to say dancing is *coming* back. "Not coming—it's back, isn't it? How about those couples who are dancing to Basie? Look at Herb Alpert and his Tijuana Brass. People know how to dance to that, don't they? If the band is good, and they like it, they'll dance to it. It's as simple as that. It doesn't have to be a hard-and-fast thing," he said. "Regardless of the current mode, some things endure—if they're good enough."

When it comes to reputations that endure, and a music that keeps its following, it would seem that Benny Goodman and Count Basie have a lot in common. Not, as Jimmie Lunceford once put it, "For Dancers Only," but for dancers principally, perhaps. —HELEN DANCE.

Ornette Coleman in Stockholm

IN 1958, when Ornette Coleman's first recordings appeared, many listeners were puzzled; his music sounded, they were apt to put it, "too far out" for them. Some musicians were puzzled too, but they were more apt to find his work simple, or even to voice a doubt as to whether Coleman knew what he was doing.

Two new LP releases of *The Ornette Coleman Trio at the Golden Circle, Stockholm* (Blue Note 4224 and 4225) are the alto saxophonist's first new recordings in several years. They may answer the earlier reservations of both audiences and fellow players. Coleman's original talent, his refreshing approach to jazz rhythm, jazz melody, and improvisation have been around long enough to be familiar. No, his ideas have not yet found their way into an Andy Williams record but there was some would-be Coleman during a recent TV background score. By now, most listeners can go directly to the music itself, rather than be stopped by its surface unfamiliarity. And a musician will surely note the clarity and precision with which Coleman now articulates every note, every inflection, every phrase. There seems no question about it, Ornette Coleman knows what he is doing, he means it all, and he now plays with almost the careful deliberateness of a sculptor whose small mistake may destroy a larger design.

The question that remains for a listener is how much he likes what he hears. A musician of course may have the additional question of how fruitful he finds Coleman's approach for the future of the music.

By the time these "live" Stockholm performances were taped, the Coleman Trio had developed praiseworthy individual and collective virtues. Bassist David Izenzon had begun to swing more, and he has a particularly well organized solo on "Dee Dee" in Volume 1. Drummer Charles Moffet had elaborated his basic, down-home style (a style appropriate to Coleman, who is basically a bluesman) so that it became capable of an appropriate variety of textures (again, hear "Dee Dee").

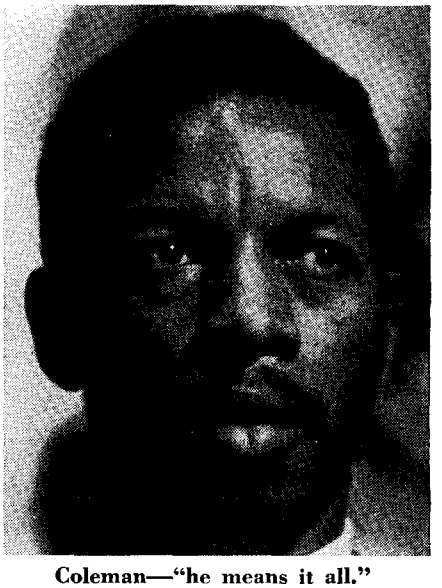
"Faces and Places," also in the first volume is characteristic, finely developed Coleman—a swift and frequently ingenious monologue built on melodic permutations of one direct rhythmic idea. "European Echoes" is a lightly humorous waltz in which Coleman's solo grows out of an enunciation of the basic waltz count, 1-2-3. Perhaps the most successful piece is "Dawn," a lovely group invention in which each member contributes equally and almost simultaneously.

One of the most striking performances in Volume 2 is also descriptive, "Snowflakes and Sunshine"—and this judgment, I should add, comes from one who usually distrusts the idea of program music. It is a tissue of shimmering impressionistic sounds on which Coleman plays some functionally successful violin and trumpet. There is also a slow, prayerful but optimistic "Morning Song," a variant on the dirge-like mood of which Ornette Coleman is a master. "The Riddle" is a wonder and a real contribution to the jazz language, a riddle of tempo that moves in and out of several speeds with such natural musical logic that one barely notices. Similarly, on the deliberately meandering "Antiques," there are casual changes of tempo.

These records show Ornette Coleman's music at such a level of development that, if one doesn't know his work at all, Blue Note 4224 and 4225 are an excellent place to begin.

Coleman's style allows for free melodic improvisation, not on the outline of a succession of chords, as in earlier jazz (the "harmonic variation" of classical parlance), but on an harmonic pedal-point or "drone." Coincidentally, I am sure, Miles Davis used a similar approach on certain of his pieces, and after

(*Continued on page* 86)



Coleman—"he means it all."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RECORDINGS REPORTS: JAZZ LPs

PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
Dorothy Ashby: *The Fantastic Jazz Harp.* Dorothy Ashby, harp; Richard Davis, bass; Grady Tate, drums; Willie Bobo, conga; and, on four titles, Jimmy Cleveland, Quentin Jackson, Sonny Russo, Tony Studd, trombones. Atlantic 1447, $4.79; stereo, $5.79.	Obviously intent on more than virtuosity and pretty glissandi, Miss Ashby shows, in her phrasing and beat, the way to a jazz language for her instrument somewhere between those of vibraphone and electric guitar. From a purely decorative viewpoint, the harp is highly effective on the four tracks employing an excellent trombone section, but on the others there is more than an illusion of swinging. This is largely due to the formidable part played by bassist Richard Davis, but Miss Ashby relates to it with great skill and understanding.
Hank Crawford: *After Hours.* Crawford, alto and piano; John Hunt, Floyd Fielder, trumpets; Wendell Harrison, tenor saxophone; Howard Johnson or Alonzo Shaw, baritone saxophone; Willie Jones or Sonny Forrest, guitar; Ali Mohammed, Charles Lindsay, Charles Dungey or Charles Green, bass; Joe Dukes, Wilbert Hogan or Milt Turner, drums. Atlantic 1455, $4.79; stereo, $5.79.	Despite an assertion in the notes, Hank Crawford's music is neither eloquent nor elegant, but rather homely—down-homely. This undoubtedly accounts for its popularity, as evidenced by the regularity with which his records appear. Although they have a kind of blunt honesty, which appeals today when so much jazz is pretentious, a performance like that of "After Hours" suggests retrogression in jazz taste. As compared with the original by Avery Parrish with Erskine Hawkins, it is surprisingly flavorless. Yet Crawford *can* communicate at the piano, and does so in a stark, melancholy version of "Makin' Whoopee."
King Fleming: *The Weary Traveler.* Fleming, piano; Melvin Jackson, bass; William Cochran, drums. Cadet 4053, mono and stereo, $4.79.	Today's cocktail pianists are less schmaltzy and more energetic rhythmically than their predecessors, but they are just as predictable. Devices coined by Ahmad Jamal, Ramsey Lewis, and the Quartette Très Bien, among others, are common currency, and it is hard to judge whether the players are conformists by choice or under duress from the record companies. The Fleming trio puts several standards into the contemporary mold neatly enough, reduces "One O'Clock Jump" to size, swings on "Riff a Plenty," and garnishes the blues with soulful clichés on "Darn It." The Three Sounds do much the same, but with superior teamwork (they've been together a long time) on their latest Blue Note album, *Out of This World* (4197). The surprisingly popular Les McCann stirs a crueler gruel in an album appropriately called *Spanish Onions* (Pacific Jazz 10097), his numbers having instant titles like "El Soulo" and "Get Them Grits." At an even more banal and boring level is Roy Meriwether's *Popcorn and Soul* (Columbia Cl 2498). Meriwether can be distinguished from the others because he is the loudest.
Frank Foster: *Fearless Frank Foster.* Foster, tenor saxophone; Virgil Jones, trumpet; Al Dailey, piano; Bob Cunningham, bass; Alan Dawson, drums. Prestige 7461, mono and stereo, $4.79.	During his eleven years in Count Basie's band, Frank Foster was a featured soloist as well as one of its most successful arrangers. The area in which Basie chooses to work exerted its own healthy disciplines, but outside it Foster has revealed a wide range of aspirations, both as leader of his own big band and of small groups such as this. There are waltzes here, a piece with a Latin flavor, a blues in the Horace Silver vein, and another at a straight-ahead Basie up-tempo.
Grant Green: *I Want to Hold Your Hand.* Green, guitar; Hank Mobley, tenor saxophone; Larry Young, organ; Elvin Jones, drums. Blue Note 4202, $4.79; stereo, $5.79.	No great heights are reached or attempted in this set, but it is full of easy, unforced invention, with the guitarist in much better form than on some of his previous albums. He impresses not only in his horn-like improvisations, but also in swinging, melodic statements. Elvin Jones again shows his adaptability to contexts other than John Coltrane's, not least in the unobtrusively firm foundation his brushes and cymbals give to "Stella by Starlight." The well-chosen material is a decided asset: "Speak Low" proves a good vehicle for up-tempo variations, while Cole Porter's "At Long Last Love" is transformed in a well-constructed performance of powerful impact.
Onzy Matthews: *Sounds for the '60s.* Matthews, piano and arranger, with big band. Capitol T 2479, $3.79; stereo, $4.79.	As a pianist and arranger, Matthews is workman-like but not inspired. There is a good deal of compromise here with the rhythmic concepts of the teenage market, which may, of course, be one way to get youth interested in big bands again. Best of the soloists are Bobby Bryant, Curtis Amey and Ray Crawford. There is also some good alto saxophone by Sonny Crisp, who sounds like Sonny Criss, just as Amey sounds like Curtis Amy. The notes, in rich Hollywoodese, might profitably have been curtailed in favor of accurate personnel data.
The Mitchell-Ruff Trio: *After This Message.* Dwike Mitchell, piano; Willie Ruff, bass and French horn; Helcio Milito, drums. Atlantic 1458, $4.79; stereo, $5.79.	Ruff is an extremely gifted musician and his rapport with well-equipped Mitchell always makes their collaborations fruitful. Outstanding in this collection is a version of "I Got Rhythm" at so slow a tempo that wholly unexpected characteristics are revealed in Gershwin's standard of standards. Here the bassist provides a warm pulse beneath the pianist's glittering structure. His bowing in "Autumn Leaves," on the other hand, is wonderfully evocative of sad, soughing winds as the year dies. And on *The Prank* (based on a theme from "Till Eulenspiegel"), he demonstrates convincingly the practicality of the French horn as a jazz instrument.
Lou Rawls: *Lou Rawls Live!* Rawls, vocal; Tommy Strode, piano; Herb Ellis, guitar; James Bond, bass; Earl Palmer, drums. Capitol T 2459, $3.79; stereo, $4.79.	Capitol's billing of Rawls as "the great blues singer" is overstatement at a high level. He is remarkably unsatisfying even on such usually sure-fire numbers as "Stormy Monday" and "Goin' to Chicago." The blues require heart to be significant, and it is a quality that seems to be largely absent from these superficial renderings. The able accompanists do their best in an unenviable situation.
Shirley Scott: *Blue Seven.* Shirley Scott, organ; Joe Newman, trumpet; Oliver Nelson, tenor saxophone; George Tucker, bass; Roy Brooks, drums. Prestige 7376, mono and stereo, $4.79.	Among several superior performances, there is a twelve-minute version of "Wagon Wheels" on which Joe Newman's tasteful, muted statements and a relaxed tempo create an especially congenial atmosphere. The soloists are good, too, in an interpretation of Sonny Rollins's "Blue Seven," which is handsomely underlined by the late George Tucker's bass. Miss Scott's ability as an accompanist is well shown on this during Oliver Nelson's stirring solo. —Stanley Dance.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OTHER SIDE

Hands Across the Hi-Fi

LONDON.

SPRING brought to Londoners and those who converged upon the capital from further afield two Hi-Fi exhibitions for the price of one (i.e. a free invitation ticket). While the traditional Audio Festival & Fair occupied its traditional venue, the Russell Hotel, for the traditional "long weekend" (Thursday to Sunday inclusive), a more compact show drew enthusiasts to elegant St. James's Street where, at the United States Trade Center, the American Institute of High Fidelity collaborated with the U.S. Department of Commerce in a display of transatlantic audio equipment.

There was no sense of rivalry about these essentially complementary functions: the U.S. exhibition held its Press Show on the eve of the Audio Festival and remained open well into the following week, but it afforded us our first-ever opportunity of studying at first-hand a really representative range of American products. They were not all unfamiliar for, in recent years, several of the more enterprising U.S. manufacturers have gained a foothold on these shores; one thinks especially of Shure and ADC pick-ups, Ampex tape recorders, Fisher, Scott and Sherwood amplifiers and a handful of loudspeakers that have tended to be rather costly by our standards. But the fact remains that, of the thirty-three firms exhibiting at the U.S. Trade Center, only ten already enjoyed some form of representation in this country, and it was clearly felt that more could be done to exploit a market that is one of the most flourishing in the world outside the United States.

Whether this attitude is perhaps too optimistic must remain a moot point for the time being; speaking as one who has been intimately concerned with the growth of Britain's Hi-Fi market for twenty years or more, I believe that the reason British manufacturers are able to compete in the USA prevents American firms from competing effectively in Britain—except possibly in certain small sectors.

The fact is that, in general, British products are cheaper because of lower labor and distribution costs and can bear shipping and import charges. This applies particularly to amplifiers, tuners, and loudspeakers, and it is the reason behind the decision of firms such as Fisher and Sherwood to handle their own distribution in the United Kingdom. Only by cutting out the middle-man and supplying direct-to-retail outlets can they hope to peg prices at a level that will interest the mass of enthusiasts, and not merely a handful of affluent snobs.

Even so, it will be an uphill struggle, for many people may be reluctant to purchase components not backed by a British-based service organization unless they are demonstrably superior to the local product. We may be relying increasingly upon imported turntables, pick-ups and tape recorders, but where amplifiers, tuners, and loudspeakers are concerned "buying British" remains a predominant habit. For many visitors to the U.S. Trade Center the strongest impulse was perhaps curiosity to see and hear products long familiar through the pages of American periodicals—names like Altec-Lansing, Electro-Voice, Marantz, KLH, Grado, Bozak, McIntosh, Acoustech, and others. And there was plenty to see in nine sizeable, but well-filled booths, which also served as demonstration rooms, though their close grouping and less-than-perfect sound insulation made any valid aural appraisal difficult if not actually impossible.

As a long-standing devotee of the Quad Electrostatic Speaker, I was especially anxious to gain a first-hand impression of the much larger and costlier Acoustech system, but the prevailing conditions—too much sound from surrounding booths, people coming and going and talking all the time—left one with only a vague impression of the speaker's potentialities.

In other respects the show was very deftly organized: one was made to feel very much at home in pleasant surroundings. However, should the results justify a repetition of the event at some future date, I hope that further thought will be given to the problem of demonstrations, no matter how difficult this may seem.

At our own Audio Festival, by contrast, courtesy was less easy to come by. There were no press hand-outs listing the more important new products, and the traditional press luncheon gave rise to a sordid little squabble over who had, or had not, been invited. But, with the display stands, as ever, on the ground floor and demonstration rooms thinly spread out over five upper floors of the hotel, one could at least listen to the exhibits under tolerable conditions.

For an event that has struggled vainly

"You might as well know, Marnie, I'm leaving you for good!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for many years to achieve adequate coverage by the national press, it must indeed have been galling to find itself the subject of an acid feature article in the April 15 issue of the influential *Financial Times*. Under the heading "Must Hi-Fi Always Mean Low Quality?" a staff writer castigated the general standard of demonstrations at the Russell Hotel, which he considered the worst he had heard "since the first fumbling attempts at stereo"—a verdict bitterly resented by all those involved and unduly harsh to my mind, though not without a grain of truth at heart.

The trouble with our Audio Festival seems to me twofold: to begin with, it embraces too many firms whose products do not really deserve to be labeled as Hi-Fi, and of those who genuinely "belong" only a handful seem capable of putting on a demonstration which avoids giving offense to musical ears. Whether one likes or dislikes pop music is really beside the point. The fact remains that you cannot judge a pick-up or loudspeaker with the aid of recordings containing nothing but heavily "processed" sounds, usually full of inherent distortions and played at a volume level close to the threshold of pain! Such experiences were the more regrettable when some really fine sound *was* available this year, thanks to the BBC's putting on stereo broadcasts (from a low-powered transmitter on the hotel roof) specially for the occasion. Some of these were tantalizingly good, for we learned that the Corporation is ready to go ahead at fairly short notice once the government decides to give its permission; whether this can be extracted before Color-TV plans are finalized remains a moot point.

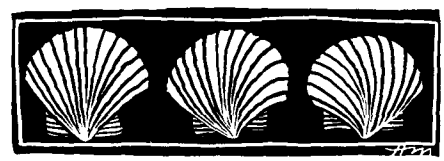
What, then, of current audio trends? There were plenty of new products from British manufacturers: a compact speaker and an integrated pickup from Leak, an improved range of loudspeakers from KEF, a neat little solid-state amplifier from Goodmans Industries (hitherto only loudspeaker manufacturers), an exceedingly interesting pickup arm (using mercury contacts in place of the customary lead through the pivot) from Audio & Design, the Decca-Kelly Kardioid loudspeaker system, to mention only a few that spring to mind. Of the general pattern that emerged, one noted that solid-state amplifiers were hardly more numerous than last year (even at the American show there was still a sprinkling of tube amplifiers), and that for pickups and turntables, as well as for tape recorders, we now rely more and more upon European and American imports. Tape recorders, of course, have never been Britain's strongest suit, but we certainly ought to be producing a wider range of transcription turntables and high quality cartridges than is actually the case. It may be that our Hi-Fi industry is growing middle-aged and a shade complacent, and that we must await the emergence of a second generation. —THOMAS V. HEINITZ.

"Come, come Set-neb, that's hardly the medium for topical humor."

Coleman

Continued from page 83

recording these pieces with Davis, John Coltrane developed the idea on certain of his (try "Naima" on Atlantic 1311, for example). Such an approach is at once relatively simple and highly challenging. The soloist has only one chord or one "drone" to deal with instead of several, but he has to make that single point-of-departure yield a long stretch of eventful melody.



I am sure that Ornette Coleman found his way to such "modal" improvisation on his own. Perhaps it seemed to certain New York musicians as if Coleman had already staked out a personal claim in territory where previously they had only panned some nuggets. In any case, it should come as no surprise that John Coltrane was attracted to Coleman's music. Atlantic now has issued concrete evidence of that attraction, an album recorded six years ago with Coltrane on tenor and soprano saxophones, Don Cherry on trumpet, Charlie Haden or Percy Heath on bass, and Ed Blackwell on drums—in effect, Coleman's group of the time without Coleman.

Perhaps six years is too long a time to have waited. Coltrane is certainly more adept at "free" improvisation now than he was then, and his style has become richer both technically and emotionally. Admittedly, "The Blessing" and "Invisible" are early and tamer Coleman, but on Cherry's piece, "Cherryco," unless I am missing the point, Coltrane seems stuck for ideas. He is at his best on the more conventional Thelonious Monk piece "Bemsha Swing." I am disappointed, too, that the most interesting of the three Coleman compositions included, "Focus on Sanity," is truncated. The original (on Atlantic 1317) uses several ensemble passages, several changes of tempo, and shifts of mood. This version virtually cuts it down to a medium-tempo section followed by a faster one. Throughout the LP, Cherry offers one fanciful melodic turn of phrase after another, generally with a technical precision not heard on his previous recordings. —MARTIN WILLIAMS.

HARPSICHORD

. . . the instrument that opens to you a whole new world of fascinating music and sound. The choice of Universities, artists, teachers and music lovers. Write to the Makers for free catalog:

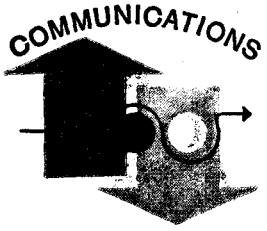
SABATHIL & SON

Dept. S, 3911 W 25th, Vancouver, B.C., Canada

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



EDITORIAL
By Richard L. Tobin 87

LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR 88

THE COMING CABLE TV WAR
By Albert Warren 90

A NEW LOOK AT CURTIS
By John Tebbel 94

A SPEAKING LIKENESS
By Margaret R. Weiss 96

THE TAPE RECORDER AS HISTORIAN
By Joel Lieber 98

PUBLIC RELATIONS: COWLES KNOWS BEST
By L. L. L. Golden 100

BOOKS IN COMMUNICATIONS: THE IVY LEE STORY
By Alfred Balk 102

Eye People and Ear People

THE AMERICAN Newspaper Publishers Association's annual convention has come and gone, the New York merger strike appears to be near final settlement after all, new approaches to printing a newspaper are coming into being almost every day, and U.S. circulations and advertising revenues have never been higher. So perhaps this is as good a plateau as any from which to look at what is likely to happen to the American newspaper in the foreseeable future. Let's start with the meaningful statistics buried, as always, under a perfect avalanche of stuff and guff at the Waldorf.

The ANPA review of the past year shows that daily papers reached new highs in practically every measurable area of performance. Circulation went to 60,357,563 copies daily, advertising volume topped $4.4 billion, more than four times the volume of advertising twenty years ago. Newsprint was consumed at the rate of 8.46 million tons, another record high. Employment reached 345,900 people, almost 40 per cent above newspaper payrolls in 1946, despite the desperate status of New York's strike and merger casualties. No fewer than sixteen new daily papers began publishing in the past year, though eighteen succumbed or were merged. And newspaper growth exceeded the growth of the economy, according to a study by Dr. Jon Udell of the University of Wisconsin. All in all it has seemed a good year, but there are some headaches.

One basic fact of publishing a daily paper in 1966 is that much of the printing equipment in this country is either worn out or hopelessly outdated by new publishing processes. Enormous advances in offset printing, many of which completely by-pass the actual setting of type and the casting of old-fashioned stereotype plates, are practically ignored in many metropolitan areas. One reason is, of course, the heavy investment involved, but at the Waldorf many old friends confided that they were slow to adopt new production methods because they feared union trouble. Linotypers and stereotypers have been notoriously slow to recognize that the salvation of their business lies in the new technologies. If any proof were needed, the continuing fact of "bogus" typesetting, which is tossed into the hellbox at the end of the day and is a total and irrevocable waste of money and time, condemns the unions' attitude. A parallel probably exists between the newspaper unions' recalcitrance toward technological progress and the railroad unions' attitude on obsolete firemen. Indeed, there's a deadly parallel between the two giant industries that once dominated their respective fields of communication but are now besieged on every hand by labor roadblocks to modernization.

Another of the witches stirring the cauldron of newspaper trouble is ever-keener competition from radio and television news. The unbelievable speed of electronic communication has robbed the newspaper of its original reason for being, as the auto, bus, and airplane have robbed the passenger train. News, information, communication, once the monopolized province of the newspaper and the printed page, are now permanently subdivided and shared. TV and radio alone account for what is

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

undoubtedly the vast majority of the modern world's news bulletins and first reports, and print media have had to be increasingly content with sober second-thought, detail, discussion, and the historical record. Just the same, there are and will ever be eye people and ear people and, though man's environment appears to be changing back to the tribal, ear-oriented world, there are those millions who simply do not wish to absorb, and probably cannot grasp, information except through the printed page. Both eye and ear media are here to stay if only for the good and sufficient reason that neither can do precisely what the other does.

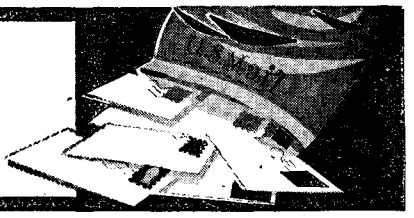
What we are trying to say belatedly to our ANPA friends is that there are too many eye people on this earth ever to be satisfied with electronic news alone, for print can do things by permanent record impossible electronically. The indigenous birth, death, wedding, sports, and local items that make up most of the news content of the small city daily or weekly need more time-space than even local radio can give them. The tiny classified ad cannot easily be broadcast—it would take twenty-four hours simply to read aloud the classifieds in one issue of the Los Angeles *Times*, and then you wouldn't be sure what the man had said. Wall Street stock tables are literally impossible to broadcast in full on either radio or TV, as is most other tabular matter—baseball and football box scores, for instance.

So, we suggest to our departed friends that they give up their lugubrious view of the professional world they have chosen, enjoy as quickly as they can the logic of automated tape, electronic typesetting, and the latest in offset printing, and combat whatever union intransigence exists in their territories. The entire process of producing and distributing a newspaper is in violent change: the wise publisher will face up to it regardless of threat.

Above all, we should say to the editor who feels tossed into the discard by an electronic world: Nothing and no one can truly take the place of the printed page. There will always be eye people, as there will always be ear people, and the eye people will stay firmly loyal to you and your daily product. Some things newscasters can do now that newspapers cannot hope to compete with, in the instantaneous time equation of an electronic world. But, on the contrary, what you are doing each day is for the record. It can be read and re-read, clipped out and saved, perused again and again. A radio or TV broadcast cannot, under ordinary conditions, and even if it were taped it would still not be the same thing to an eye person as type on a permanent page of white newsprint.

—R.L.T.

Letters to the Communications Editor



Like Your Editorial Should

To an *SR* reader who has long been fighting a rear-guard action in defense of the old values of the English language, R.L.T.'s prose poem on the misuse of *like* [*SR*, May 14] was a battle cry. I'm truly grateful for the lift in morale. In hope, too. With a man of his stature and influence in the forefront of the struggle, it is inconceivable that *as, as if* and *as though* can be annihilated by the militant *like* hordes.

Ann F. Wolfe,
Former Head Librarian of
Manhattan College.

New York, N.Y.

I love you for your piece on the word *like*. I refuse to smoke Winston cigarettes because their tobacco is as bad as the Carolina diction. I find the advertising a constant reproach. I despise it.

But please express yourself on the worse sin, *real good*. I refer to Billy Graham's "and may the lord bless you real good." I do not want to go to a place and spend an eternity listening to Southern illiterates abusing by mother tongue. The sulphur of Hades would be preferable.

Toynbee said we had less to fear from the Communists than from those things for which Madison Avenue stands. Sportscasters, the radio clergy, stockbrokers, and used-car salesmen point up what he probably did not have in mind. They make my listening hours miserable.

Robert J. Halsey.

Avila Beach, Calif.

The "like a cigarette should" problem has more subtle consequences than merely offending the educated eye and ear. During a short stint of teaching English composition in a junior college, I once used the sentence in a multiple-choice quiz: "Winston tastes good (like, as) a cigarette should." Of course the class was unanimously wrong. When I explained the principle involved, one boy asked, "But why do they let them write it like that if it's wrong?" I had a hard time proving to him that there is no supreme "they" to police the written word. He was shocked to discover that the Establishment had let him down on such an easy question as a rule of grammar. If he could be betrayed by writers and editors, who are supposed to know the difference between *like* and *as*, could other authorities be misleading him, too? For a not-too-bright young man, the question is unsettling at best. He may give up reading altogether.

Elizabeth W. Zern.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

That old kidder Goodman Ace must have read your copy before he wrote his own column for the same issue of May 14 and decided to pull your leg. He not only uses *like* for *as if* but *as* for *like*: "any ball that looked like it might break a window;" "the diamond was not really shaped as a baseball diamond." As for the Winston copywriters, you purists are giving them far too much credit as language molders. I've been monitoring periodicals for a dictionary for about six years, and I have dozens of examples of *like* for *as* from other advertisers, and even more of *like* for *as if*, which your experts (mistakenly) regard as less acceptable, and which Winston doesn't use.

Just to consider car ads alone, from *The New Yorker* alone (and it's said to prune its advertisers' diction): "Looks like it's going to be a Chrysler year;" "The 'Jeep' V-6 zooms along the highway like it had wings;" "It just seems like $6,000 is a lot of money for an extra 44 mph" (Volvo); "For well under $6,000 you can buy a sportscar that looks and performs like it cost twice as much" (Jaguar); "You're enveloped in luxury that looks like it came out of an Italian carrozeria" (Pontiac).

The reason *like* for *as if* is more common now than *like* for *as* is that we have found another way of avoiding that *as*, which we seem determined to get rid of, even if we have to use two words to do it. For example: "I have never seen anyone treat it the way he does" (Henry Brandon, *SR*); "He looked the way his books sounded and sounded like the most colorful of his own Bostonians" (John Mason Brown, *SR*). (That *like* of Brown's is really a conjunction and is usually avoided by "careful writers," according to Webster II.)

Ethel Strainchamps.

Springfield, Mo.

Your delightful editorial "Like Your Cigarette Should" in *SR* May 14 preceded [May 7] by Granville Hicks's provocative "The Wrong Word For It" prompts me to thank you both for speaking out on a subject too often overlooked. I only hope that yours are not voices "crying in the wilderness"!

It may amuse you to know that I refuse to smoke Winstons because I'm so infuriated by the ad, to which has now been added ". . . tastes good like I knew it would." However, *SR* accepted Goodman Ace's ". . . that looked like it might break a window" [*SR*, May 14, next to last paragraph]. But what could be more inexcusable than "Us . . . would rather fight than switch"?

You are probably being inundated by readers' pet peeves in the area of bad usage; but I venture to add just a few of my own. A plural pronoun following a singular noun heads the list: "Ask anyone what they think." I recall a futile attempt some years ago to introduce "thou" to indicate "him" or "her." While it was too awkward and revolutionary to be accepted, I believe that it pointed up the fact that the masculine

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pronoun is understood to refer to either gender. And what has become of the possessive case? I just heard ". . . without me being there" on television uttered by a commentator. Putting "only" in the wrong place is only mildly annoying compared to the mispronunciations that assail our ears, such as "Pull-itzer" for "Pewlitzer." (I'm told that some dictionaries allow "pull" as a second choice, but Webster's second edition does not.) I suppose that "despicable" is here to stay; but I'm heartily sick of "stummick."

I've never been able to understand Dr. Bergen Evans's seeming passion (aided and abetted by Webster's third edition) for weakening the structure of our language by endorsing ungrammatical usage when nothing is gained by such sloppiness. Of course languages change, often for the better, as colloquialisms are adopted. No one admires a prig; but surely we can be informal and idiomatic without ignoring basic and logical rules of grammar and pronunciation. I think that radio and television do a disservice to the young people who are bound to ape their mistakes, by being so careless in this regard. I fear that Chet Huntley's words which closed a newscast some time ago fell on deaf ears when he made a plea for the preservation of the beauty of our language. However, there's hope as long as we have *Saturday Review*!

SUE KIMMELL.

Hollywood, Calif.

THE BUSINESS of *like* for *as* has had a thorough going over now, and your contribution in the May 14 *SR* was very satisfying to us former teachers of English who insisted on the diction used by the "best writers and speakers." Now, how about the use of *further* for *farther*? The latter word seems to have dropped out of use entirely. They go "further" down the road, and I have seen no objection from the communication experts. In your own article, page 60, paragraph two (half-way down the page) you use the expression "go a step further." A *step* would seem to be a measure!

BLANCHE E. DOOR.

Minneapolis, Minn.

LIKE US permissivists say: "Returning back to English grammar is not 'a step back to good diction.'"

In regards to good English, we are anxious to have some kind of a consensus of opinion about what's more correct. Do we say *it is me* and *it is he*? Are they both equally as good? Or perhaps neither of them are no good? The confused public should have some authority who they can turn to. If they would have faith in we permissivists (and we try to be scientifically uninterested), they would take descriptive English like the authority it is, and they would find in it all kinds of preventatives. The people have got to express themselves democratic-like, don't they?

H. H. HART,
Assistant Headmaster,
The Oxford Academy.

Pleasantville, N.J.

MANY THANKS for your editorial in *SR* May 14. I personally switched away from Winstons when they started abusing *like*. I had begun to wonder if anyone else cared.

LOUISE T. NOEL.

Knoxville, Tenn.

WHILE I AGREE with and appreciate your courageous thoughts on the conjunction-preposition *like*, I must suggest that I feel you have avoided grappling with the tougher problem. What about *like* as adverb? Or is that what it's doing in the mouths of those who use it to modify a total thought? I'd like to launch a real investigation here, only I don't know where to begin, like. Or should I say: like I don't know where to begin? Anybody share my distress.

JUDITH M. BARNET.

Hyannis, Mass.

I ENJOYED your editorial "Like Your Cigarette Should" enormously. The sentence ending "and the fashion now is to constantly split them" was pure joy. Congratulations.

PHYLLIS SIMPSON.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Winstons taste bad
Like a cigarette ad.

NAN C. CARPENTER,
Visiting Professor, Music History,
Syracuse University.

Syracuse, N.Y.

I THOROUGHLY APPRECIATED your article on misuses of the English language. The only colloquialism, however, that I find even more inexcusable than using *like* for *as* is ending a sentence with a preposition. Somehow "we don't think we'll ever quite get used to it, even in the most successful cigarette slogan Madison Avenue ever gave birth *to*," if you'll pardon the expression!

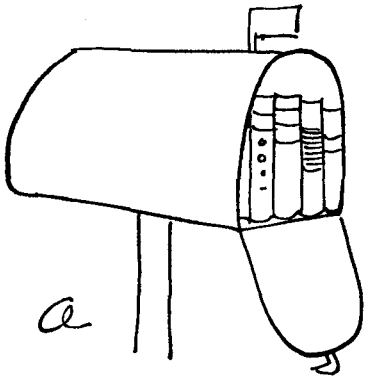
MARY GIESEL.

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: When a subordinate chastised Winston Churchill for ending a sentence with a preposition, the great grammarian replied: "This is the sort of arrant nonsense up with which I will not put."

Swiss Shelves

WHY NOT DO what I've seen done on shelves in Switzerland—as a voluntary service of the manufacturer, I'm told? The package price [*SR*, Apr. 9] is accompanied by a small notation as to price per ounce. Perhaps the storekeeper who would do this arithmetic for the shopper and leave the answer on the shelf would find this service more appreciated than others he now provides.



JAMES E. DITTES.

Rome, Italy

Hurrah for Ad Awards

WE WOULD LIKE to commend your program for awards to good advertising [*SR*, Apr. 9]. We feel that honesty in advertising should continue to be acknowledged in hopes that the quality of advertisements in America will improve.

Barbara H. Klug	Paul Vergoni
Pauline Stevens	Edward Penas
Marjorie Gent	John R. Troy
Cheryl LaBagh	Raymond Butler
Ann Hatchman	Terry Battalino
Gregory Smith	John Duffy
Robert Sedgwick	Olivia O'Donoghue

Chas. W. Eldred

Albany, N.Y.

Canby on Peckham & Parton

THE FOUNDING of *American Heritage* in 1954 was certainly one of the highlights of publishing history in this country. Against all prognostication, a magazine devoted, of all things, to history became a huge commercial success. It is obvious that Mr. Peckham, in answering my previous letter, still does not understand what happened. I concede that in my previous letter I did less than justice to the contribution of his American Association for State and Local History (the "other society") to the success of *American Heritage*. Both the title of the new magazine *and* its American history formula were theirs. But both our societies were devoted to history, and it was therefore pretty clearly the "hard cover" plan of the Society of American Historians that was responsible for the magazine's success.

Parton based his entire publishing venture upon our plans (he got them from me, with a full explanation) because he realized that his magazine could never have survived on advertising revenue. On the other hand tests of our magazine had shown returns as high as 4.5 per cent, which indicated that the magazine could break even at around 50,000 circulation—a pattern which, I understand, was subsequently followed by *American Heritage*. Moreover, in his initial promotion Parton used our mailing piece, and exploited to the full the names of our eminent sponsors (Eisenhower, Luce, Marshall Field, DeWitt Wallace, etc.). Yet Mr. Peckham describes the SAH's contribution as "nothing more than some opinions about using hard covers and a high price"!

But what of content? Both societies were equally dedicated, in Mr. Peckham's words, to the bringing of "authentic, reliable history to general readers" and the only question was whether it should be American or world history. The early issues of *American Heritage* contained many articles by the distinguished members of the SAH.

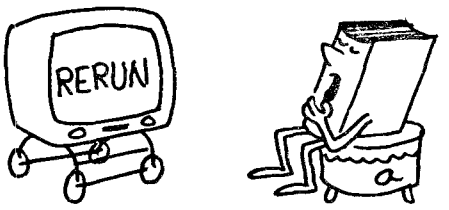
In other words, I hope that it can now be recognized that *both* societies, in different ways, helped to launch a remarkable publishing venture.

COURTLANDT CANBY.

Ossining, N.Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Coming Cable TV War



By ALBERT WARREN

IN CUT BANK, Montana (population 4,539, according to 1960 Census), television viewers watch five channels, just as they do in San Francisco (population 740,316). In Othello, Washington (population 2,669), they watch seven, just as do viewers in Philadelphia (population 2,002,512). Cut Bank is 100 miles from the nearest TV station, Othello, fifty. San Francisco and Philadelphia, of course, are zero miles from their stations. The reason for this anomalous picture-parity is termed "community antenna TV" (CATV), or "cable TV."

A description of CATV is simplicity itself: A very efficient receiving antenna is placed on the highest nearby elevation. It picks up TV pictures from stations, near and distant, peels off their ghosts and interference, strengthens them electronically, and distributes them via cable to the homes of those willing to pay an average of $5 a month. Physically, the systems are much like telephone service. They use telephone poles, with wires down the street and into the home. This is conventional CATV. Of the new CATV, more later.

Broadcasting, the system customarily used by television and radio stations, sends its programs through the "air waves"—the radio spectrum—in all directions, to be picked up by anyone with a receiver close enough to get a signal of sufficient strength. Broadcasting was a revolutionary new technique some fifty years ago when it began liberating communications from the confines of wires. It enlarged communications from a message distribution system to a massive entertainment, journalistic, and advertising medium.

Today, the broadcasting industry is undergoing a strange struggle over the possibility that wire (cable), which once confined communications, may soon strongly supplement – and some fear, supplant—the broadcasting system which uses the free but not-so-wide blue yonder. Tomorrow, perhaps sooner than the industry realizes, satellite broadcasting looms with uncomfortable competitive implications for both the established telecaster and the incipient cablecaster. (There is no indication yet, however, that any of these profound potential technical changes—vital from a business and regulatory standpoint—portend equally profound changes in the end product, programs.)

CATV is still a tiny industry, but its implications are large. The Federal Communications Commission has as its basic job the determination of which services shall use which portions of the radio spectrum. The spectrum, theoretically infinite, is always quite finite from a practical standpoint. Though scientists constantly push the usable spectrum upward in frequency, there is always more demand for certain portions than the FCC can supply. Cable helps eliminate this congestion. For example, modern CATV systems provide twelve television channels, and there's nothing to stop engineers from developing systems with twenty, thirty, or more channels – all without any increase in spectrum crowding.

CATV originated in 1949, in Astoria, Oregon, when an eccentric engineer named E. L. Parsons, who owned radio station KAST, got the notion that he might pipe to his friends and neighbors the signals he captured with his elaborate antenna from the only station then operating in the states of Oregon and Washington – KING-TV, 125 miles away. Shortly thereafter, a bright young engineer in Pennsylvania, Milton Jerrold Shapp, who combined technical know-how with business and political talent, envisioned the concept as a whole new industry, and built the first truly commercial system in Lansford, Pennsylvania. It was also the start of the Jerrold Corporation, which grossed $34,000,000 last year. Shapp now is seeking the governorship of Pennsylvania.

CATV was truly small-town until the past two or three years. The writer coined the term "community antenna television" in the early 1950s because CATV was indeed a hamlet service, usually the sole source of TV in town. CATV is still peanuts when compared with TV as a whole. As of January 1, 1966, according to *Television Factbook*, only 1,576,659 American homes were served by the 1,570 CATV systems. This compares to 58,600,000 homes served by 699 TV stations.

The largest CATV system in the country, in Williamsport, Pennsylvania, serves some 20,000 homes. This is the number of homes served by station KDIX-TV, Dickinson, North Dakota, a market ranking 218th among all 230 TV markets in the country. Station WCBS-TV, New York City, by contrast, serves 5,375,400 homes.

The whole CATV industry grossed some $100 million last year, while conventional telecasting grossed more than $1.5 billion.

These figures suggest that CATV is a pipsqueak scarcely worth noting. Few big-city dwellers ever saw the initials until a year or two ago. So why the big fuss?

The reason is that CATV now bids to become big time. It seeks to move into the major markets, even New York City, which has nine powerful stations transmitting from the Empire State Building. The truth is that no one yet is certain how CATV will fare in the large cities, but many shrewd businessmen are staking millions of dollars on the bet that millions of city viewers will pay for an even greater variety of signals that they now receive freely out of the air—and that they want them with greater technical clarity.

SOME of the bitterest political fights in the country are being waged in the city councils of the nation's largest cities, to determine who, if anyone, should be permitted to "wire up the town." The passion aroused about the availability of TV continues to astonish even the most blasé TV industry people.

The major conflict is centered in Washington. The FCC for years regarded CATV as a rather interesting and innocuous novelty, useful for bringing TV to a few hundred thousand homes—but scarcely warranting a shift of its massive regulatory gears. To be sure, starting some ten years ago, here and there small-town TV station owners begged the FCC to step in and curb CATV. Their plea was that their tiny markets—Riverton, Wyoming, for example—barely supporting even one conventional station, were being fed a luscious smorgasbord of big-city signals, diverting their audiences and cooling their advertisers.

Some in the FCC became concerned. So did some Congressmen. Sporadic efforts were made to limit CATV's importation of signals. The commission imposed minor curbs. The U.S. Senate came within one vote of passing a restraining bill in 1960.

Some small telecasters went to court. They complained that CATVs were picking up and distributing signals with-

Albert Warren, editor and publisher of the weekly industry newsletter *Television Digest*, has covered television, radio, and electronics from Washington since 1945.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beauty serves the tastiest saké.

It is a tradition—centuries old and very Japanese—that feminine grace is part of perfect service. A tradition that your Japan Air Lines hostess has been schooled in since childhood.

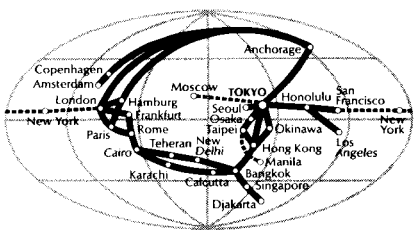
Classic beliefs like this

How charmingly your kimono-clad hostess offers the age-old graces of Japan. The welcome of warmed *saké*, exquisitely served in its tiny cup. The pleasing refreshment of an *o-shibori* hot towel. The piquance of *tsumami mono*, Japanese hors d'oeuvres, before your superb Continental cuisine.

Are the special charm of JAL today.

Wherever in the world you fly, you can savor this unique blend of Jet-Age airmanship and the timeless Japanese tradition of gracious, personal service . . . only on Japan Air Lines, "the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound."

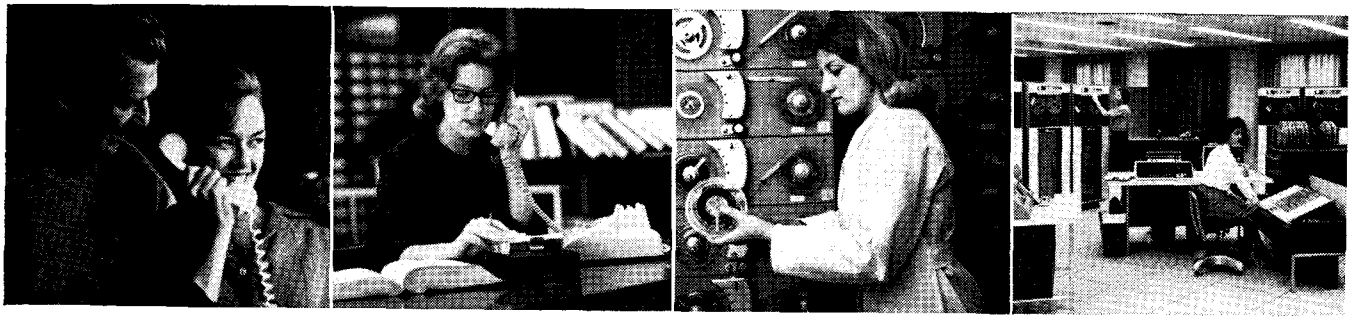
ENJOY THE SPECIAL CHARM OF JAL AT NEW LOW FARES. Take advantage of year-round savings on transPacific fares...up to 15% on winter Economy Class travel. Plan a Hawaii stopover at no extra fare. Plan also to fly JAL between the U.S. and the Orient, the Middle East . . . throughout Europe. Ask your travel agent about Japan Air Lines.



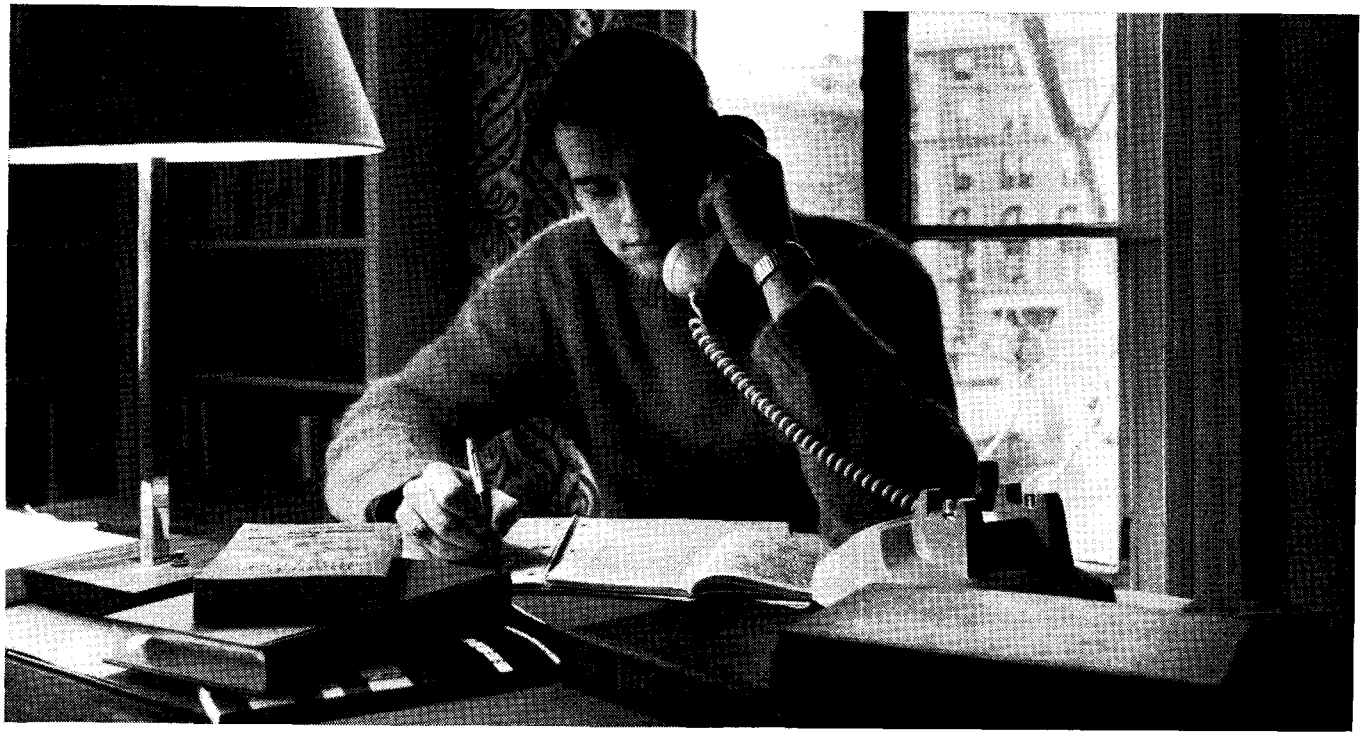
JAPAN AIR LINES JAL

the worldwide airline of Japan

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The expanding universe of today's student. His phone gives him easy contact with family and access to information stored in libraries, learning labs and computers.



A new era opens in educational communications

This year dormitory rooms at hundreds of colleges will have their own telephones.

What's happening? A new era in college dormitory life? Yes indeed. Colleges are installing room phones to help today's serious student use his time more prudently . . . to talk with family, friends and others without standing in line at a public phone.

Colleges—and other institutions of learning, too—are facing up to the twin explosions of population and information by looking more and more to communications. On many campuses, for example, the student will use his phone to "attend" language labs and to retrieve other information recorded on tape. More students than ever before will be able to share lab facilities.

Soon the telephone will be used to get information from computers or set up problems for solution. Some colleges and high schools are already using teletypewriters for computer-assisted instruction.

Communications that make the fullest use of our educational resources are under continuing development by the Bell System. They are another way that we serve America's communications needs with imagination and economy . . . providing useful, dependable service of all kinds at low cost.

AT&T Bell System
American Telephone & Telegraph and Associated Companies

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out anyone's permission. The courts ruled against the stations, saying that their remedy, if any, must come through suits charging violation of program copyrights. A film distributor, United Artists, began such a suit against a CATV operator in Clarksburg, West Virginia; it has been going on for six years now—but a decision is finally imminent, and may be issued before this is published.

SO THE conflict, simmering for about a decade, was minor until about two years ago. Paradoxically, the explosion then was precipitated largely by big-time telecasters who, one might assume, should have been delighted with a very profitable status quo. These few broadcasters foresee CATV as a vast new metropolitan medium. Leaders among them are organizations of no small achievement in telecasting. Among the earliest and most fervent were Cox Broadcasting and Triangle Publications. The Cox interests, led by J. Leonard Reinsch, discovered CATV, bought a flock of small systems—then set sights on such cities as Toledo and Atlanta. Triangle's Walter Annenberg, a pioneer in telecasting, went all out, proposed to build in Philadelphia, ready to spend $40,000,000 if needed.

The dam then broke. Many telecasters went for CATV with excitement and enthusiasm. Others jumped in reluctantly, openly stating they were "buying insurance," covering themselves in the event big-time CATV ever amounted to anything. The tincture of broadcasters in the business, or determined to get in, is distinctly blue-chip. Consider: All three TV networks (ABC, CBS, NBC); Meredith Broadcasting (Better Homes & Gardens, etc.); Time-Life; Avco; Kaiser; John Dille, chairman of the National Association of Broadcasters; Cowles (*Look* Magazine, etc.); Newhouse; Gannett; John Fetzer and Jack Kent Cooke, the pro sportsmen; General Electric; General Telephone; Westinghouse; International Telephone & Telegraph; Warner Brothers; Gene Autry; Bing Crosby—scores more.

President Johnson himself is in the business (through trustees while he's in the White House). Even former Presidential aide Walter Jenkins has just bought himself a little system in Eagle Pass, Texas. At the first of this year, 232 broadcasters owned systems, and as many more were clamoring to get in. Sources of financing are imposing, including Chase Manhattan, Lehman Brothers, Morgan Guaranty, Bank of New York, and Mutual of New York.

Such names contrast—dully, in some ways—to the pioneers of CATV. The first president of the National Community TV Association, Martin F. Malarkey, Jr., started with a system in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, then spent his spare time flying a war-surplus P-51 Mustang fighter plane ("I got rid of it before I hurt myself") and entering car races with a series of Jaguars, Mercedes, and Ferraris. He's now a CATV consultant in Washington. NCTA's second president, Bill (not William) Daniels, is a leading broker of CATV systems, with headquarters in Denver. He flies almost daily—as a passenger. It wasn't always thus. He used to command the Navy's Blue Angels acrobatic team of fighter planes.

The recent rush of more sophisticated money put a severe strain on the National Association of Broadcasters. A split threatened as ranks of status-quo telecasters dwindled, but in the showdown, NAB voted for tight restrictions on CATV.

The FCC became alarmed. It spent more time discussing CATV than in consideration of anything since the conflict over color TV standards fifteen years ago. Finally, in March of this year, it came up with a final decision. It ruled:

(1) All CATV systems must come under control of the federal government—the FCC.

(2) No one can build a CATV system within some forty to fifty miles of the largest 100 television markets without proving, in an exhaustive hearing, that—

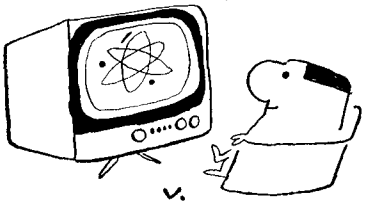
(a) The CATV system would not hurt the growth of new ultra high frequency (UHF) stations.

(b) There's no danger that CATV will become "pay TV," replacing conventional free TV.

(3) CATVs must protect local and nearby stations. This protection is to be achieved by putting the stations' signals on the cable, so that viewers are guaranteed access to the stations, and by blacking out ("non-duplicating") distant stations from the cable when local stations are carrying the same programs.

The major elements of the FCC decision were based on the fundamental assumption that free signals are best, that local signals are best, and that it's unfair for CATV to use stations' signals without paying for them. To the degree that CATV is successful in the larger cities, the FCC said, conventional stations are endangered. The demise of any stations, it stated, would deprive the public of a source of free, local programs.

The commission shunted several hot potatoes to Congress: Are CATVs public utilities, and should they receive local, state and federal regulation in the same fashion as gas, water, electricity, etc.? Should CATVs be required to get approval of stations before they carry their signals?



The commission also decided that Congress should forbid CATVs from originating most kinds of programs. CATVs do some originating—usually showing weather and time information on a special channel. Recently CATV came up with a very popular new origination—news. Working with the AP and UPI, CATV equipment-makers are producing machines that enable home viewers to read news tickers on their TV screens, getting their news as fast as newspapers and radio stations do. With its luxury of channel space in its cables, CATV can devote a full six megacycles to a news ticker. It would be prohibitively wasteful of the radio spectrum to do this over the air.

The CATV forces, led by the National Community Television Association and its president, former FCC Chairman Frederick W. Ford, insist that they agree with most of the FCC's objectives—that local stations are valuable, and that pay TV should not supplant free TV. But, they argue, the FCC has never proved that CATV ever hurt a single station. What's worse, they say, is that the FCC has never conducted a full-scale fact-finding proceeding to explore CATV's impact. The truth is, NCTA concludes, that such an exploration would disclose that no station has ever been driven out of business by CATV.

The FCC's answer, through ex-Chairman E. William Henry: "The commission didn't think it should wait until the bodies pile up before it acts." Delay, the commission said, could be fatal—because a fundamental of broadcast regulation is that once a substantial chunk of the public is getting a service, the government can never take it away. The healthy growth of stations, the FCC said, is paramount. Stations' signals are free, they reach everyone, they provide an outlet for local expression.

The FCC has spoken. Now the fight is in Congress and the courts. The House Commerce Committee had long been pro-CATV under Chairman Oren Harris, Democrat, of Arkansas. Harris had some important friends, including Arkansas Senators McClelland and Fulbright, who had personal or family ownership in CATV. House Communications Subcommittee Chairman Walter Rogers, Texas Democrat, is also a staunch CATV backer. But Harris is now a federal judge in Arkansas, and the new chairman is Harley Staggers, Democrat, of West Virginia, who stepped into the job with little knowledge of broadcasting and who is trying to go down the middle while he learns the issues. However, he is one of the few Congressmen who know what CATV is, because CATV

(*Continued on page* 101)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A NEW LOOK AT CURTIS

By JOHN TEBBEL

IN THE TURBULENT mass magazine business there is no story that quite matches the history of the Curtis Publishing Company. For nearly a century it showed the way to the others, not without some near disasters, but its very pre-eminence was a guarantee that when it fell upon hard times, as nearly all magazine properties eventually do, the descent from the heights would be spectacular.

No one doubts that Curtis's plunge lived up to expectations. It was the most hair-raising tailspin in magazine annals, and certainly the most publicized. A book about it was published recently. There have been hundreds of stories in newspapers, and in magazines, both trade and general.

Now that the smoke has lifted, however, it appears that the burial notices were premature. On the brink of the precipice, a dozen feet from the approaching train, a hundred feet from the ground, the Curtis descent came to a stop and catastrophe was averted. There she stands today, in new editorial offices on Lexington Avenue, in New York City. In those green-carpeted executive suites, once stained with executive blood, a calmness and confidence exist that have been absent for a long time.

Things are looking up. The company's net operating loss was $3,400,000 last year, but that was $12,400,000 less than it was the year before, and the last quarter of 1965 showed a modest profit of about $400,000. The *Ladies' Home Journal* leads the group with 6,700,000 circulation, and begins to look as fat with advertising as it did in the old, opulent days. The *Saturday Evening Post* is close behind with 6,500,000, and while it is not entirely out of the woods yet, it has stopped batting its panicky head against the trees. *Jack and Jill*, the children's magazine, is up to 800,000 and healthy. *Holiday* is holding its own. *American Home*'s advertising revenue in the first quarter this year was more than $3,000,000, highest in the magazine's thirty-five-year history and up 53 per cent over last year. Put them all together, they spell hope, a word no one at Curtis could even pronounce two years ago.

It may well be that the tendency in some circles to write off Curtis before the patient had expired was largely inspired by the somewhat parallel history of the Crowell-Collier group. In *Collier's*, it, too, had an old established leader, like the *Post*. It also had a women's magazine, *Woman's Home Companion*, and it had in the *American Magazine* a formula that had worked successfully for decades. Yet all three disappeared almost overnight, the result not only of competition but because the Crowell-Collier group, like Curtis, was only part of a diversified corporate structure that was doing well in other fields and could no longer justify its publishing losses to the stockholders.

The Crowell-Collier demise was also the subject of a book, Theodore White's *The View from the Fortieth Floor*. While Mr. White's view was carefully fictional—the sex lives of executives seldom figure so importantly in corporate decisions—there were easily recognizable parallels to some aspects of the Crowell-Collier debacle, and a fascinating exposition of the financial perils involved in publishing any magazine.

One fundamental truth explored was the syndrome of collapse, which occurs when a magazine is losing circulation and advertising, or perhaps chiefly advertising, and the agency media buyers are already mentally writing its obituary, with a concurrent decrease in advertising allotments—all of which makes banks less anxious to lend the money necessary to see the publication through its crisis period. Panic spreads like a contagion from magazine to advertising agencies and to the whole business community, especially the banks.

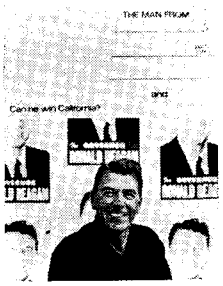
Something like that happened at Curtis before the brakes could be applied. It was only a repetition, on a larger scale, however, of other crises in the long history of the empire Cyrus H. K. Curtis started from virtual scratch during the last two decades of the nineteenth century. There was, for example, the dark day at the turn of the century when Mr. Curtis's treasurer informed him that the *Post* under its new editor, George Horace Lorimer, had already lost $700,000. Curtis's answer is well remembered: "Let's wait until he loses a million. I like round numbers."

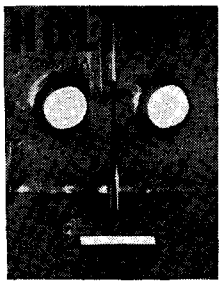
There was also the time in 1919 when Edward Bok, whose editorial genius had made the *Journal* a great publishing success, retired (with a parting shot, "Where America Fell Short with Me," published in the *Post*), leaving the magazine to falter and nearly fail in other hands until Bruce and Beatrice Gould began their long tenure as co-editors in the late Twenties. Another highly successful Curtis magazine, the *Country Gentleman*, encountered the urbanization of America during the 1930s and could not be saved from extinction. Then there was

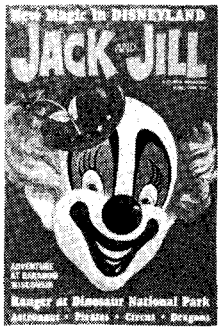
"What kind of an 'in' crowd do you travel with, the in doubt, the in debt, or the in trouble?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Five Curtis Publications







the crisis of leadership on the *Post* in 1936, when Lorimer retired and the magazine nearly collapsed before Ben Hibbs took up the reins in the early Forties. Few now remember that *Holiday*, too, barely got off the ground in its first few issues and might have disappeared if the late Ted Patrick had not taken it firmly in hand.

In the story of these recurring crises in the Curtis empire (and they could be duplicated in the history of nearly any major national magazine) there is a moral—one that Cyrus Curtis, the quiet man from Maine, well understood and on which he based his considerable fortune. The moral is that great magazines are built by great editors. However able the remainder of the staff may be, it is the guiding hand at the top that ultimately determines a magazine's success. Curtis, no editor himself, had the extraordinary ability to pick extraordinary men as editors.

Living in an age when so many editorial products are mass produced, it is easy to forget this homely truth, but the recent history of Curtis proves it once more. The script was followed with the utmost faithfulness. When the properties began to fail, there was a scrambling of executives at the upper levels, both in the company itself and on the magazines. New formulas were tried and discarded. Editors came and went. Optimistic statements were made and repudiated. The faith of bankers was tested to the limit. Curtis veterans recall those days of crisis with quiet horror, remembering the strange atmosphere of unreality, of sheer desperation, that prevailed in the executive suites and the editorial offices for a time.

In its president, Matthew Culligan, the Curtis Company had a hand on the wheel during those days that was strong enough, but not the kind essential for that particular moment. The times seemed to call for his brash experimentation and somewhat flamboyant managerial techniques, but what was really required was the more conservative touch of J. M. Clifford, the present president. Culligan was a splendid businessman who lacked a firm grounding in the editorial product. Clifford better understands the magazines themselves, and it was under his direction in the past year that Curtis has made its remarkable comeback.

Of the group, the *Journal* has made the most remarkable return to health. It was only fifteen years ago that the *Journal*'s chief worry was the complaint of some older readers that the magazine had become so thick and heavy (with advertising running between $2,000,000 and $3,000,000 an issue) it was a chore to hold it up if one were reading in bed. Then the Goulds retired, and it was not long before the *Journal* was thin enough to be held easily by an invalid. All efforts at resuscitation were largely unsuccessful until Curtis hired John Mack Carter, formerly of McCall's, and made him editor.

The *Journal* responded at once to his touch. Carter changed its visual appearance, bringing to it the outstanding design, layout, and art work that had helped to push *McCall's* into the lead in the women's magazine field. He also bought such audience-catching items as Elizabeth Taylor's autobiography (an exclusive), and Maud Shaw's memoirs. The *Journal* even began to have what used to be called "*Post* luck," when Lorimer's uncanny editorial prescience caused the *Post* to appear on the newsstands time and again with articles that coincided with the most sensational newspaper headlines of the day.

Newsstand sales of the *Journal* jumped 14 per cent over the first half during the second half of 1965, and continue to climb. The February issue was a sellout. Since the fourth quarter of last year, there has been a corresponding sharp rise in subscription sales. More important, the first quarter of 1966 showed the largest advertising figures for any such period in the *Journal*'s eighty-three-year-old existence, a total of $7,500,000. The March issue, with a total of $3,489,000, had more advertising than any issue for that month in *Journal* history.

The *Post*'s comeback is more modest, but it is encouraging. Even with its new price of 35 cents (Lorimer made magazine history early in his regime by reducing it from 10 cents to 5), the magazine sold 13 per cent more copies on the newsstands for the first three issues at that figure than it had sold for the same period last year at 25 cents.

William Emerson, the *Post*'s editor, has abandoned the exposé approach which, before his advent, had brought the magazine little more than a choice bouquet of libel suits. He has lightened it with more humor, a cartoon series, and a different kind of fiction—more in the mass market mainstream than the offbeat stories that had been puzzling the *Post* audience. The remainder of the Emerson formula is still evolving, but it appears to consist of variations and improvements on the "contemporary living" theme that is standard on several other publications.

American Home has also undergone a visual change, like the *Journal*, and has altered its formula to reach a younger audience—substantially the "young marrieds." It has introduced such variations on old methods as the medical article, long a stranger to similar magazines. Its advertising revenues continue to set records for individual months, up 41 per cent for the first half of this year over 1965, and March set a new record for subscriptions sold in a single month.

Holiday increased its price from 60 cents to 75 cents, effective with the May issue, but after twenty years it continues to lead the field in travel advertising, and the scope of the magazine is being broadened to include a spectrum of leisure-time activities besides travel, in a society so affluent that its play has become nearly as important an economic factor as its work.

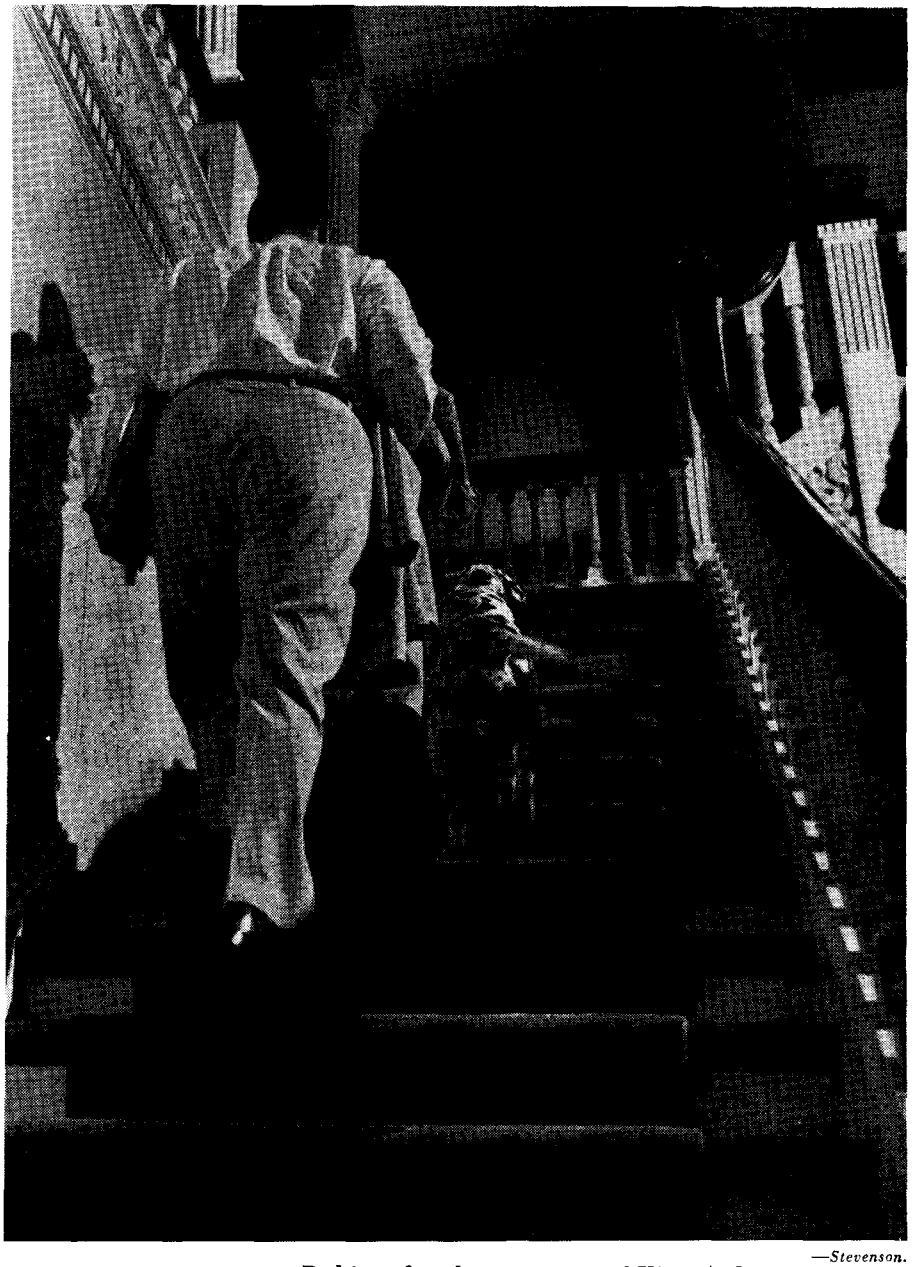
Jack and Jill, the bright and colorful, 50-cents-a-copy, lone survivor of an era when children's magazines were plentiful and excellent, began to accept advertising in 1963, and presently has something brand new in Wrigley's fold-out, pop-up ads, an ingenious device that produces instant nature dioramas.

A few weeks ago the first issue of a new magazine, *Journal Miss*, designed for girls from twelve to sixteen, went on the newsstands with an initial circulation of 150,000 and a price of 35 cents. Edited by the *Journal* staff, this pocket-size publication is primarily a service

(*Continued on page* 102)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A SPEAKING LIKENESS



—*Stevenson.*

Bedtime for the governor and King Arthur.

By MARGARET R. WEISS

FROM a quick scanning of its contents page, *Adlai Stevenson's Public Years* might be no more than a compilation of speeches and reports—a work of primary interest to students of political science and history. The fact that it will undoubtedly appeal to a much wider general readership may be credited to the photographs which transform an historical record into a human chronicle.

For this, appropriately enough, a full magnum of credit goes to Magnum photographer Cornell Capa. His was the camera that consistently shadowed Stevenson during conventions and campaigns. And his, too, was the discerning eye that conceived the editorial project and supervised the final selection of pictures.

Augmenting his own coverage, Capa tapped the work of two other photoreporters. One was a professional colleague, Inge Morath, whose international background matched the lens-and-language demands of a photographic assignment at the U.N. The other was John Fell Stevenson, the youngest of the Ambassador's sons, who under Capa's guidance proved to be an eminently professional amateur. It was his presence within the family circle that permitted his close-range camera access to the private moments of doubt and decision which humanize the story of his father's public years.

Adlai Stevenson's words speak for themselves—and so do the book's pictures. Together, they provide a speaking likeness of the critical thinker and thinking critic Walter Lippmann called "a deeply established American who had no part in the arrogance of the newly rich and the newly powerful and the newly arrived."

Photos: from the Hallmark Gallery memorial exhibit based on the book *Adlai Stevenson's Public Years* (on view through June 29).

The Ambassador with Eleanor Roosevelt at the U.N.

—*Monath.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—*Capa.*

During the 1952 campaign.

—*Stevenson.*

Lunch with Khrushchev on an Iowa farm, 1959.

—*Capa.*

At a New York rally, 1956.

—*Stevenson.*

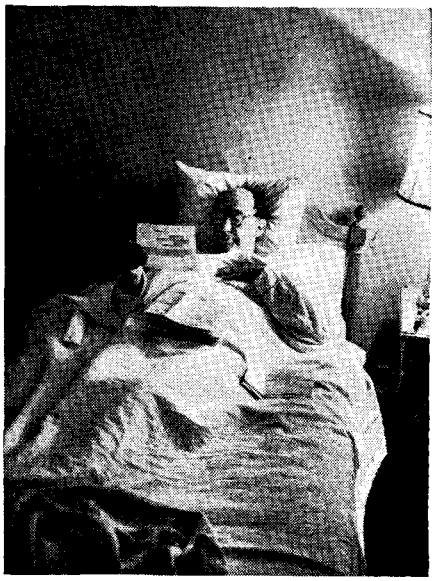
Seeing South America at close range, 1960.

—*Monath.*

With Secretary-General Hammarskjöld in the Security Council.

—*Stevenson.*

With son Adlai III and grandchildren.



—*Stevenson.*

2 a.m.—and a defeated candidate.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TAPE RECORDER AS HISTORIAN

By JOEL LIEBER

THIRTY YEARS AGO, while conducting his research for a biography of Grover Cleveland, a young historian was struck by the fact that he was able to locate only a few people who could still supply an anecdote or two about Cleveland; most of Cleveland's associates were no longer around and the memories that they could have offered of the President were lost forever.

Purely from an academic viewpoint, the historian wondered, why couldn't men in public life, most of whom would never write their memoirs, simply talk to an informed interviewer for the sake of history? They could be encouraged to speak candidly by having the right to check their remarks for accuracy and determine whether the material could be made public during their lifetime or several years after their death.

The whole idea was kind of a historian's pipe dream—that is, until 1948, when the historian himself, Dr. Allan Nevins, established the Oral History Research Office at Columbia University. The tool that transformed Nevins's idea into reality was the tape recorder. Now, eighteen years later, without much fanfare, Columbia's Oral History office has interviewed 1,529 "significant people" over a period of 8,515 hours. In manuscript form, the research comprises 225,000 pages.

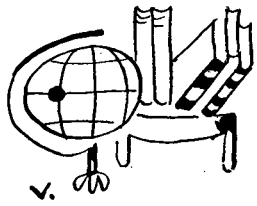
In this great reservoir of recollection is found information that exists nowhere else, and from it writers and historians have drawn anecdotes and details that form the bulwark of some forty or fifty books. The subject matter ranges over political conventions, peace treaties, big business deals, and the Black Sox scandal; disparate recollections cover Sigmund Freud and Henry James, as well as the occupation of Japan, the history of the Book of the Month Club, Alaska pioneering, early radio work, and the lore of the Flying Tigers.

The massive Columbia project and others that it has spawned are academic in approach, as contrasted to a plan which would benefit an individual questioner. Guiding the selection of subjects is the theory that the failure to record first-hand experiences results in a great waste of human knowledge and that the collection of reminiscence, through talk, can add a meaningful dimension to historical research. No matter that the late Supreme Court Justice Robert H. Jackson, U.S. Prosecutor in the Nuremberg Trials, stipulated that his 1,600 pages of taped material couldn't be opened till 1980. Fourteen years from now, his recollections will undoubtedly shed revealing light on that period of history in which he was a controversial figure. Without the right to stipulate closure, Jackson's memories would have been permanently lost.

Less academic, however, is the attitude of popular historians and journalists toward the tape recorder. Writers of non-fiction have come to rely increasingly on the machine, since the verbal-interview method is fraught with problems: the interviewer can't keep up with the rate of speech, he misunderstands and misinterprets, loses nuances and subtleties while taking notes, and slows the interview by interrupting and backtracking, a defective technique that not only disturbs the spontaneity but causes the subject to become ill at ease as well.

Harrison Salisbury, assistant managing editor of the *New York Times*, reports that as a matter of policy the paper often uses tape recorders in political campaigns "in order to get the text of informal or impromptu remarks." The tape recorder, he notes, is especially valuable in cases where there may be controversy over what a candidate has said, or where the newspaper wants to record in order to have its own text. The *Times* will also use the tape technique in Washington, particularly when a battery of reporters spends a couple of hours with a high government official. On the other hand, *The New Yorker*, known for its encyclopedic nonfiction quotes, notes—somewhat surprisingly, perhaps—that so far as it knows, none of its writers use tape recorders in their interviews.

A. E. Hotchner, whatever the propriety of details in his book, *Papa Hemingway*, nonetheless drew much of his material from tape recordings and thus has reliability and candor on his side. The same technique was used by Jeremy Larner for his book on drug addiction. Several of the writers of contemporary, popular history adhere to the tape methodology (though they prefer not to make it public). Barbara Tuchman, however, whose specialty is a more remote period of modern history, "never uses" a tape recorder.



Thus, the tape recorder has served the communications of research in two principal ways: as an instrument promoting accuracy and candor in journalistic endeavors, and as a collector of sometimes *abstract* experience for posterity. Ultimately, subtleties of use make the latter category more interesting than the former.

In Jerusalem, at the Institute of Contemporary Jewry (a department of the Hebrew University), Oral History projects have created documentation in fields virtually devoid of written sources. One project involved a series of interviews on the status of Jews in the part of Poland under Russian rule from 1939-41. It was a subject about which so little was known that, without the taped interview project, a scholar approaching the topic thirty or forty years from now would have found a total blank.

NEARBY, the Yad Vashem Institute—which supplied most of the research material for the Eichmann trial—has been involved in similar projects, concentrating on subject-arranged testimonies relating to the Nazi period. Interviews with more than 100 Lithuanian partisans and survivors of the Kovno ghetto led to the publication of a book on the subject—which would have been impossible without the Yad Vashem project. Another Jerusalem effort was devoted to the wartime rescue of Jews from Western Europe via Spain and Portugal. This involved recording dozens of interviews with former members of the underground in France and other European countries; with Jews who escaped across the borders into Spain; and with representatives of Jewish organizations working in the Iberian peninsula.

According to one Israeli source, the reason for all the taped history activity in Jerusalem is largely because no people has undergone such fundamental changes in this century as the Jews, and it was felt that the Oral History technique was the most thorough and sensible way to document these changes.

Commenting on the Jerusalem project, Mrs. Elizabeth Mason, acting director of the Columbia Oral History office, noted: "We have a lot of inquiries for advice from young countries. Oral His-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tory seems a particularly good approach for a new nation."

It is, in fact, to Columbia that almost every library anywhere in the world has turned when considering setting up an Oral History office. Thus Columbia's office, recently expanded to the second floor of Butler Library, has been a kind of mother hen to more than 100 tape libraries that have emerged within the past decade. Among the most active, along with Columbia and the Jerusalem project, are Oxford and the University of California.

Dr. Louis M. Starr, who succeeded Nevins in the Columbia office in 1958, admits that there are many fine points of methodology in the technique. The selection of the interviewer is most important: it must be someone knowledgeable about the subject's specialty field but, on the other hand, one who must never appear over-informed—who can create trust and a relaxed atmosphere.

Equally important, according to Dr. Starr, is the approach made to a subject, the psychological barrier that may be created by the implication: "You've led your life, now tell us about it." Reports Dr. Starr: "Absurd as it may seem, a good many subjects reply 'Tomorrow,' as if to postpone what sounds like a Day of Reckoning."

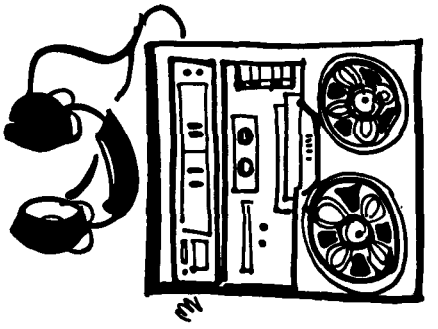
(General MacArthur, Dr. Starr points out, was one of the few who flatly refused an oral history bid. The nearest thing to an explanation was that he was preparing his autobiography at the time.)

One of Columbia's rules of thumb is that, except for a few fragments, tapes are erased and reused—"much to the horror of psychologists with their interest in speech slips and inflection." Dr. Starr's reasoning is that this transferring from tape to typed page gives the memoirist a chance to edit and correct. He believes it is also better from the scholars' viewpoint, since they would rather have material in black and white and know that the memoirist has read over what he said. (One that can still be heard is a 1950 recording of Herbert Hoover relating his battles, as Secretary of Commerce, with Aimee Semple McPherson, who considered it a God-given right to broadcast her message over any wavelength she chose. Hoover's sense of humor, to those who have heard this tape, comes as a revealing surprise.)

An equally important concern is ensuring the subject's security: he can speak in detail with frankness both because he can review the transcript and because he can restrict the material's use—for five years, during his lifetime, or for a stipulated number of years after his death. These latter options were exercised, at the time of their interviews, by such Columbia subjects as Daniel Bell, Chester Bowles, Bruce Bliven, Senator J. William Fulbright, Henry Wallace, Learned Hand, Felix Frankfurter, Nathan Straus, and Nelson Rockefeller. Memoirists who chose to leave their recollections "open" during their lifetimes include Maxwell Anderson, Roy Wilkins, Frank Lloyd Wright, Norman Thomas, and Upton Sinclair.

The range of material among the quarter-million typed pages in the Columbia file is nothing short of exciting. It may be Ben Shahn talking about his early life in Lithuania, Freeman Lewis discussing the founding and economics of paperback books, or Faubion Bowers recalling an episode when he was the translator who landed in Japan with the advance party that set up the surrender negotiations prior to the ceremony aboard the *Missouri*.

The Bowers tape amply illustrates one of the curious aspects of this taped history technique: how well it lends itself



to the recollection of the intriguing anecdote and conversation. Interpreter Bowers tells how the advance party landed at the wrong end of the airport, flustering the Japanese Imperial General Staff, and how the leader of his group hesitated to drink a glass of juice offered him by the Japanese. Some in the group were nervous, some terrified, and everyone awkward.

Bowers, when it was realized that he spoke Japanese, found himself surrounded by a group of Japanese reporters. Feeling sorry that things weren't going well, Bowers, for some reason, recalled that he had spent many prewar nights in the Kabuki theaters of Tokyo, and it occurred to him that he hadn't heard anything about Uzaemon, its great actor, since the start of the war. He nonchalantly turned to one of the reporters and asked, "Is Uzaemon still alive?"

His question became utterly historic and made every headline in Japan the next day, "because here the Japanese were expecting to be treated cruelly, to be overrun by barbarians." Asking whether "their greatest Kabuki actor was still alive . . . caused quite an uproar and made our entire stay absolutely one of the greatest pleasure and the greatest enjoyment."

To say that the Columbia project is purely academic would not be fair. Its mountain of information has provided the raw material for many notable books, which, according to their authors, would have been impossible without the Oral History interviews: the Schlesinger *Age of Roosevelt* books, *Felix Frankfurter Reminisces*, Lansing Lamont's *Day of Trinity*, and John Gunther's book about Albert Lasker, *Taken at the Flood*.

Still, the Columbia effort is intended to serve history, not the immediate publication of books, and the work goes on continuously and unobtrusively. (The present big project involves a history of the origins of the Social Security system.) Equally unobtrusive are the office's efforts to advise universities and businesses (Ford, McGraw-Hill, and Time, Inc., who are compiling histories of their companies) about the technique.

From either the journalistic or academic viewpoint, oral history has its limitations. It is largely an extention of research rather than an innovation, but it *extends* in a practical, facile, and—most importantly—reliable manner. It can be an invaluable supplement to books and government records. And it can be of great value in teaching the responsible historian and journalist to be critical of written records, to the extent, as one tape-oriented historian said, "that written records may often be drawn up to conceal as much as to record what was said and decided."

Not the least reason for the "necessity" of oral history is the nature of present-day communications, Dr. Starr further points out. When one person has something important to say to another, he merely phones or takes a plane and visits him. Or he may send a "juiceless, modern business letter that begins, 'In confirmation of our telephone conversation . . .'."

Had these conditions prevailed during, say, the Civil War, historians' resources certainly would be more limited. As it is, since there were no airplanes and telephones, a cornucopia of correspondence and intimate diaries is available. This change, according to Bruce Catton, is of no small significance, and indicates why Oral History may be only in its infancy.

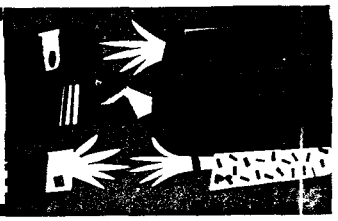
"I suspect most people never give a thought to the importance of source materials," says Catton, "for after all, most people don't use them. The simplest way to put it is that civilization is built on them. The building keeps going on as knowledge expands, is stored, evaluated, refined, redefined, and passed along through myriad channels from generation to generation."

Or, as Dr. Starr put it: "Most people are too busy, too lazy, too modest, or simply incapable when it comes to writing a memoir—but how much easier to talk one!"

Joel Lieber, a free-lance writer, is author of *Israel on $5 a Day*. His first novel, *How the Fishes Live*, will be published this fall.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Public Relations



Cowles Knows How

RARE IS THE NEWSPAPER publisher who has any real conception of the importance of good public relations. His idea of PR is usually colored by the publicity man who stands before his city editor with a press release in one hand and his hat in the other. And since the newspaper is one of the media essential to a publicity program the publisher tends to believe that because he controls a newspaper he has a sound public relations program. The newspaper has to be a good employer, an active participant in developing the community by work and leadership, a builder of good will by deeds, but this escapes him. He would no more participate in the hard, often dull job of working on committees to renew his city or improve its schools or attract new industries than he would stand on corners to sell cookies to aid the Girl Scouts.

Newspaper publishers are always ready to mount or intensify a campaign to sell more papers or more advertising. They are not as anxious to develop better newspapermen, to pay them better, to initiate pension plans, to keep their own employees informed on the progress of the paper, to take leadership in improving the cultural lives of their readers by building symphony orchestras, or developing local theaters, or joining in efforts to build better colleges.

There are exceptions, of course. And a notable one is John Cowles, president of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, which publishes the Minneapolis *Tribune* mornings and Sunday and the Minneapolis *Star* evenings. He is a first-rate example of what a publisher who has a sense of public obligation and public relations can do.

Today many publishers wring their hands and cry out at their meetings because college students are not flocking into newspapers. The shortage of editorial newcomers indeed is serious. The Minneapolis Star and Tribune, recognizing the trouble, has acted. Last year it announced a five-year, $100,000 scholarship program for the nation's top journalism students. Under this plan, which went into effect this year, an award of $400 goes to the student in each of the country's fifty accredited journalism schools who is rated the outstanding journalism student at the end of his junior year. There are no strings attached other than merit; journalism deans and directors pick the students.

Today many newspapers do not have employee retirement plans. The Cowles papers started a formal program back in 1949, improved it in 1959, and again in 1963. In addition, they keep their employees informed on the status of the newspapers, the business volume, the new projects, and keep steady internal communication through the monthly twelve-page paper, *Newsmakers*. Management believes that all the newspapers' employees have a right to know.

The Cowles newspapers do more than publish editorials and feature stories in support of the performing arts. Executives of the company were the driving force in founding, and raising funds for, the Minnesota Theater Company, which led to the establishment of the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis--and John Cowles, Jr., took the leadership as the top fund-raiser.

In top civic leadership positions for the years 1940-64, the Cowles papers had twice the representation of the next-highest company. This was revealed by a survey of presidents or chairmen of the city's summer festival, Chamber of Commerce, United Fund, Downtown Council, Citizens League, Orchestral Association, Minnesota Theater Company, and the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre Foundation. The other companies in the survey were two major banks, a major department store, five manufacturers, and a grain-handling company.

Executives of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company were the catalysts in getting a major league baseball franchise for the Minneapolis-St. Paul metropolitan area in 1961. Members of the marketing staff of the newspapers even prepared the original sales presentations used in trying to bring the New York Giants, the Cleveland Indians, and, finally, the Washington Senators to the Twin Cities.

The list of public services the papers provide is long. Included are world affairs school programs; sciences reading programs; newspaper workshops; scholarships to newspaper workshops; high school journalism clinics; open houses; films on newspapers and the Upper Midwest; a speaker's service; soil conservation programs; world affairs competitions; voters' guides; fashion shows; veterans' dinners; high school athletics awards; junior golf tournaments; boys' baseball clinics; state fair services; and scholarship programs for carrier salesmen, which have been in existence for a quarter of a century. The Cowles papers have undertaken programs that have proved themselves effective for industry, and found them valuable.

All this is no accident, but deliberate policy. In an unusual speech the senior Cowles made in September 1963, titled, "The Newspaper Business Is A Strange Animal," he outlined the functions of a first-rate newspaper. In the course of it he said: "Just as we try on our editorial pages to encourage our readers to support worthwhile projects, we believe that our executives likewise have an obligation to work actively in the support of major projects that will improve Minneapolis and the Upper Midwest."

The whole newspaper business is in a state of flux today. Unless encrusted newspaper publishers learn, as the Cowles people did a long time ago, that newspaper publishing is more than turning out a newspaper, their troubles will increase, not lessen. That Cowles can publish two profitable newspapers while spending time, money, and energy on public service ought to be proof enough to others that reform is essential if they are to survive in the struggle for readers and advertisers.

—L.L.L.GOLDEN.

Space Age

Yashica Electro 35

It's a revolution in 35mm photography! A practically indestructible transistorized shutter gives you literally perfect exposure, even at night, and indoors. You just sight and shoot for the most glorious color and black and white pictures, snap after snap. Under **$100,** plus case.

YASHICA

YASHICA INC., 50-17 QUEENS BOULEVARD, WOODSIDE, NEW YORK 11377 Dpt Y

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CATV

Continued from page 93

provides TV to his home in Keyser, West Virginia.

Current prospects are that the FCC decision won't be seriously modified by Congress. Staggers's committee doesn't seem to lean heavily one way or the other, and is caught uncomfortably between industry forces. Such posture seldom augurs quick legislation. The Senate Commerce Committee, under Warren G. Magnuson, Democrat of Washington, usually supports the FCC on basic policy matters.

THE contest in the courts may become more significant than the Congressional conflict. The three TV networks control copyrights of virtually all TV programs of any significance. If the courts conclude that CATV operators cannot distribute such programs without permission of those controlling the copyrights, such a decision might render much of FCC's actions moot. Presumably, copyright holders could exert powerful forces on the development of CATV—granting or withholding distribution rights. If it comes down basically to economics, TV stations have the edge—with their much greater financial power and the weight of their huge audiences.

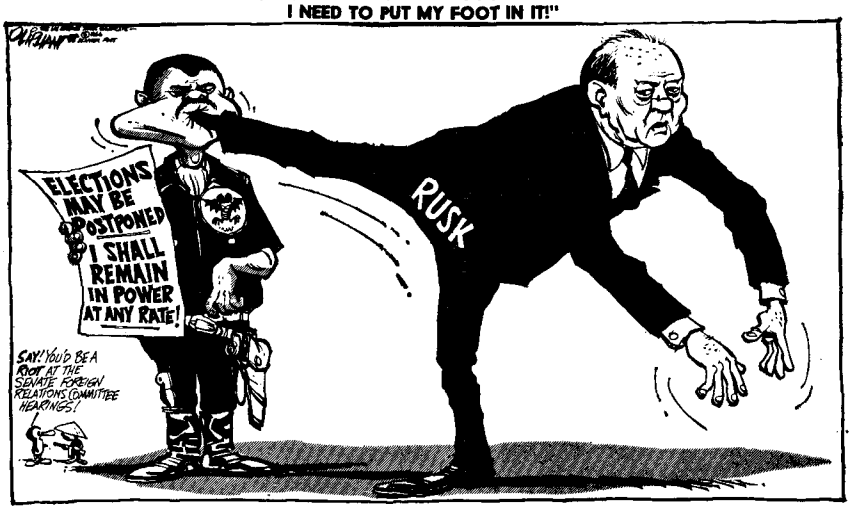
But even a lower-court copyright decision won't end it. First, the decision will go through the appellate courts. Second, a revision of the copyright laws is pending in Congress—and the current broadcaster-CATV jostling in that area will be multiplied manyfold. It's possible that the Supreme Court will be called upon finally to rule. If the courts rule in favor of CATV operators, the focus on Congress and the FCC will become greater.

The ponderous American Telephone & Telegraph Company has begun to move into CATV. Though it won't operate CATV systems, it is very eager to supply the hardware and run the technical side of the operations. Until recently, AT&T couldn't be bothered with the CATV pigmy; it was content to rent its poles to CATV operators at a modest price.

But CATV has possibilities that make AT&T uncomfortable. With its potentially unlimited access to homes, what's to stop CATV from providing many services other than TV? Facsimile newspapers? Shopping from the home? Library references? Channels of background music? Telegrams? Mail Delivery? Maybe—who knows—telephone service itself, not only aural, but visual?

Once you get that wideband cable into the house, once you get TV to pay the initial freight of getting it there—the door is wide open.

"HOW IS IT, KY, THAT EVERY TIME YOU OPEN YOUR BIG MOUTH, I NEED TO PUT MY FOOT IN IT!"


ELECTIONS MAY BE POSTPONED I SHALL REMAIN IN POWER AT ANY RATE!
RUSK
SAY! YOU'D BE A RIOT AT THE SENATE FOREIGN RELATIONS COMMITTEE HEARINGS!

Ky and His Big Mouth Mean Trouble

IT IS difficult to see how Premier Nguyen Cao Ky can go on holding power in South Viet Nam unless he can find a way to hold his tongue at the same time.

Ever since he became the front man for the military junta in Saigon, Ky has been making tactless statements. His verbal blunders have haunted his regime and produced a stream of difficulties for American policy spokesmen like Secretary Rusk.

At the very beginning of his administration, Ky expressed his admiration for Adolf Hitler and suggested that some of Hitler's techniques deserve to be emulated.

At Honolulu several months ago he professed to reach agreement with President Johnson and then made statements to the press that contradicted the terms of the agreement.

His most recent — and potentially most costly—statements now threaten the fragile truce between the junta and the Buddhists who tried to oust it last month with street demonstrations.

The agreement with the Buddhists calls for free elections and for Ky's junta to step aside for a new administration, unless the generals themselves run for office and are elected.

Ky said in Saigon, however, that if the elections lead to a neutralist government, he will not accept that government but will fight it. Also, he intends to remain in power at least until 1967. Rusk, testifying before a Senate Foreign Relations Committee, said some of Ky's remarks had been misconstrued.

The elections — once scheduled for August, but now for September—are for the purpose of electing a constituent assembly to draft a constitution. Ky apparently expects to remain in power until additional elections are held in 1967 to choose the members of the new government.

The Buddhists, on the other hand, will probably try to have the constituent assembly elect a provisional government to conduct the 1967 elections, and that could mean Ky's immediate departure.

WHETHER or not Ky likes the Buddhist approach, he can serve no useful purpose by taking issue with it now. All he has done is strengthen the doubts of his critics that honest and meaningful elections can really take place.

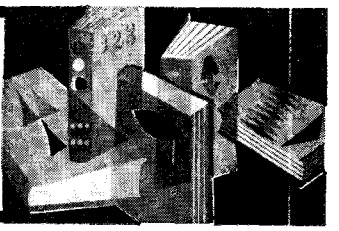
It will be hard enough to bring off the elections this fall, even if Ky keeps quiet. But with Ky yammering away without discretion, the holding of elections may become impossible. The Buddhists may lose faith in the promise of the junta and take to the streets again.

Reprinted from The Denver Post

Palmer Hoyt,
Editor and Publisher

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Communications



The Ivy Lee Story

FOR ALL its present-day ubiquitousness, the public relations business is of fairly obscure—or at least diffuse—origins. Last fall, one PR pioneer, Edward Bernays, attempted to provide some early history in his book, *Biography of an Idea* [see *SR*, Nov. 13]. Now Ray Eldon Hiebert has made a further contribution with his new book, *Courtier to the Crowd* (Iowa State University Press, $6.95).

The first full-length biography of the late Ivy Lee—who is generally regarded as the prototype of the modern PR counsel (a term coined by Bernays in 1922)—the book is interesting on several counts. One is the insight its subject's serendipitous career gives into the inevitability of the PR business. A minister's son, Lee became a newspaperman, then after the turn of the century began advising the Rockefellers and various other tycoons who he found needed and would pay for PR advice. Since then, like it or not, PR has become an apparently indispensable commercial and political function in our mass-distribution, mass-communications society.

There are many fascinating quotes and anecdotes about men of power. But as a biography the book has serious shortcomings. Hiebert, who is Chairman of Journalism, Public Relations, and Broadcasting at the American University, somehow never is able to portray Lee as more than a bland, one-dimensional figure. His historical perspective at times also seems unsure: when he indicates, for example, that widespread antagonism toward *laissez-faire* capitalism was "primarily because of a breakdown in communications between businessmen and the public." Nonetheless the book deserves a place among the standard reference literature of the growing PR industry.

Free Press, Fair Trial: Press coverage of the Kennedy assassination and its aftermath focused attention anew on the old problem of often-conflicting Constitutional guarantees of a free press and a fair trial. Thus when the Ford Foundation made a $25,000 grant for a study by a special committee on radio and television of the New York Bar Association there was reason for hope of significant enlightenment.

The study now has been published under the title *Radio, Television and the Administration of Justice* (Columbia University Press, $8). There are valuable inclusions, such as the text of the U.S. Supreme Court's reversal of the conviction of Billie Sol Estes on grounds of prejudicial pre-trial publicity; copies of codes of ethics jointly drawn by the press and bar in Massachusetts and Oregon; and a summary of laws and customs concerning radio-TV access to courtrooms, lockups, and police stations in various cities and states.

But on the whole, the study reveals a lack of depth and balance that almost certainly is attributable to lack of press-bar liaison. This, indeed, accounts for much of the difficulty in the field, and leads to renewed hope that soon a genuinely cooperative study-in-depth may be commissioned, if not by a foundation, then perhaps under auspices of Congress, a White House commission, or the Attorney General.

Commentary: Magazine-article anthologies too often are expendable non-books, as transitory in appeal as yesterday's newspapers. However, in observance of the twentieth anniversary of *Commentary*, Norman Podhoretz, its editor, has compiled a truly exciting, timeless anthology: *The Commentary Reader* (Atheneum, $12.50). To anyone interested not only in contemporary society but in some of its finest periodical writing, this is a book both to be read and treasured. —ALFRED BALK.

Curtis

Continued from page 95

magazine, employing the general art styles of the new *Journal* and slanted so directly at teen-agers that is uses authentic teen girls rather than professional models in its fashion layouts. The *Journal*, it will be remembered, was the first national magazine to reach this audience; its monthly "Sub-Deb" page (with a name coined by the *Journal*) began in 1928 and went on until 1956, promoting itself through more than 2,000 Sub-Deb Clubs, which the *Journal* tied in with the fashion departments of local department stores. "Junior Journal," which succeeded the Sub-Deb column, has continued to be so popular that the decision to make an entire magazine for this growing market was virtually inevitable.

A more sophisticated operation, a TV magazine, which is to be a specialized direct-mail promotional publication, will emerge from Curtis in time for fall schedules, after being test-marketed. This pocket-size venture, which will carry a sweepstakes contest and program promotion intended to build audiences for local television stations, will be published for only one station in each city. Advertisers will be invited to buy four-color pages from the station or from Curtis. There also is a new book division, of which William Buckley is editor-in-chief.

Curtis Publishing is, of course, only a part of the empire, which includes the Curtis Circulation Company; the New York and Pennsylvania Company, Inc., of Johnsonburg, Pennsylvania, which produces paper; the Curtis Manufacturing Services Division, in Sharon Hill, Pennsylvania, a printing plant; and a well-publicized sharing of Canadian mining and papermaking operations with Texas Gulf Sulphur Company.

Another corporation might not have been able to weather the buffeting Curtis has taken in recent years, at least without disposing of the source of its troubles (in this case the magazine division), but its Canadian interests have been the organization's financial anchor. Last December Curtis sold 251,000 acres of its mineral and timber land in Ontario (including some in Pennsylvania as well) to Texas Gulf Sulphur Company, its partner in Canadian development. This sale alone realized $24,000,000 in cash for the Curtis coffers.

There is much more where that bonanza came from. This is property embracing the spot where Texas Gulf in 1963 made one of the richest mineral strikes in history, the Kidd Creek Mine at Timmons, Ontario. While the December deal included Curtis's 10 per cent interest in part of the profits from the mine, and 13,000 acres surrounding it, besides 110,000 other Ontario acres and 141,000 acres of hardwood in eleven northwestern Pennsylvania counties, the company still has a 50 per cent interest in 35,000 acres only six to twelve miles from the strike, and a 10 per cent interest in any future mineral discoveries on 50,000 acres a little farther away from Kidd Creek.

As President Clifford noted in his annual report, 1965 was a "year of consolidation" at Curtis. It was also a heroic rescue operation which, by all the signs, should confound the skeptics and place the corporation on the profitable side of the ledger before the year is over.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 8, 6, 12, 14, 9, 11, 7, 1, 2, 4, 13, 10, 5, 15, 3.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, 70¢ per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times 62¢ per word each insertion; 26 times 64¢ per word each insertion; 13 times 66¢ per word each insertion; 6 times 68¢ per word each insertion. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Also tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 10 East 49th Street, NYC 10017. PLaza 5-1127.

MANUSCRIPTS TYPED, Tapes transcribed, proofreading. Audograph Transcribing Service, 146 South, Hyannis, Massachusetts 02601.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Evenings. Call 212-265-7300, Ext. 108, between 9 and 5 weekdays.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Box S-877.

BOOKS

SAVE TO 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Reader's Service, 1060 Twin Silo Lane, Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania 19006.

FRENCH, SPANISH, ITALIAN books. The Mail Order Library, 132 West 43rd Street, NYC 10036.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—all subjects. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, Matawan, New Jersey 07747.

SEND AUTHORS' NAMES and titles of out-of-print books wanted. You will get results. Kendall Gaisser, Booksellers, 1242 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609.

BOOKS ABOUT ASIA—ORIENTALIA. 11 East 12th Street, New York, New York 10003. Free Catalogue S.

PAPERBACK CATALOGUE, 217 pages, 13,000 titles, subject indexed, 154 publishers. Send $1. Store clearance sales included. Visit and save on Hardbounds, Paperbacks. New York Book, 4 West 43rd Street, NYC 10036.

BOOK COLLECTORS, small book dealers: You might find my Trite-to-Treasure book price guide of help. Price $2. Mention SR ad. Agnes B. Nagel, 130 Prospect Street, East Orange, N.J.

SELECTED CHINESE SAYINGS, by Professor T.C. Lai. A 3,000-year accumulation of proverbs beautifully translated. $3.50. Oriental Publication Service, Box 300, Norman, Oklahoma 73069.

"YOU CAN WRITE" without lengthy, costly training. One book method teaches step by step development from idea to marketing. $3. Book Builders, Box 4213, Covina, California 91722.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP. 700 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), NYC 10021, where French books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 70¢.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE—Many beautiful designs. Special designing too. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

PERIODICALS

AMERICAN HAIKU magazine. Subscription—$3.00 yearly. Box 73, Platteville, Wisconsin 53818.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

FRENCH, ITALIAN, SPANISH, POLISH periodicals, newspapers. European Publishers Representatives, 132 West 43rd Street, NYC 10036.

OUT-OF-PRINT

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT. Satisfaction guaranteed. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California 90212.

NAME THE BOOK. We'll get it. CHICAGO BOOK MART, P.O. Box 319, Park Forest, Illinois 60466.

HUGE STOCK—Search Service. Infinite Books, Box 18229, Cleveland, Ohio 44118.

CAN'T GET IT, WE'LL FIND IT and fast. Free experienced service reaches 5,500 dealers weekly, if not in our large stock. Beacon Hill Booksellers, 1077 Massachusetts Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138.

BAER'S BOOK SEARCH. 2856 Woodlawn Terrace, Memphis, Tennessee 38127. Book finders.

TRANSATLANTIC BOOKSEARCHERS. Wants actively sought in England and America. Matawan, New Jersey 07747.

ART

ORIGINALS cost less than reproductions! Contemporary, original, signed etchings, lithographs, woodcuts, $3.50. Guarantee. Free brochure. Graphic Circle (SR), 68 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10011.

ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPHS, ETCHINGS: Chagall, Miro, Braque. Moderately priced. Send 50¢ for color-illustrated catalogue. George Kirschner, 90-59 56th Avenue, Elmhurst, New York 11373.

KENNEDY head. Limited castings. Free brochure. Henry Devlin, 309 Langley Road, Newton Centre, Massachusetts.

ORIGINAL OIL PAINTINGS, $5 to $75, None Higher. Exciting works by talented artists just beginning to achieve recognition. Unbelievable bargains in America's Famous Galleries of Discovery. Arts International Galleries: New York: 1066 Madison; Chicago: 70 East Walton; Cleveland: 13122 Shaker Square; Denver: 515 16th Street; Detroit: 24 West Adams; Minneapolis: 38 South 6th; Philadelphia: 1711 Chestnut; Santa Monica: 109 Broadway; St. Louis: 8207 Clayton.

EDNA SCHMERIER PAINTINGS—first New York Showing to June 15th. Galerie Paula Insel, 987 Third Avenue (near 59th Street), NYC.

RECORD MART

ADAM: POSTILLON DE LONJUMEAU (complete) — only recording with John van Kesteren, Stina-Britta Melander, Ivan Sardi, Fritz Hoppe, Rias Chorus and Orchestra under Reinhard Peters. 2 Eurodisc Records, Mono $7.50, Stereo $9.50. Bremen House, 218 East 86th Street, NYC 10028, REgent 4-2500.

PLASTIC LINED RECORD SLEEVES with window, 50, $7.98; 100, $12.98. Heavy, plain white, blank, cardboard replacement covers, 10, $3.99; 50, $12.98. Free details, samples $1.00. 12" only. CABCO, Dept. 202, 89 East Woodruff, Columbus, Ohio.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

HARPSICHORDS-CLAVICHORDS: Catalogue giving detailed dispositions and photographs. Imported instruments. CLAVIS IMPORTS, Dept. S-1, P.O. Box 593, Bellaire, Texas 77401.

CHRISTOPHER BANNISTER and J. C. Neupert Harpsichords—Our aim is to offer the best available pianos and harpsichords in every price category. PIANO IMPORTS, John Wanamaker Philadelphia 19101.

SUPERB SOUND QUALITY makes Sabathil harpsichords famous. 3911 West 25th, Vancouver, Canada.

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y.

HARPSICHORD KIT. Build a replica of an antique instrument. Full size; 2 x 8', 1 x 4'. FF-gIII. Designed by Frank Hubbard. Single manual $550; double manual $750. For brochure write Frank Hubbard, 185a Lyman Street, Waltham, Massachusetts 02154.

DANCE

SARATOGA BALLET CENTER at Skidmore College, Saratoga Springs, 2nd Summer Session, Ballet, Modern Character, Jazz, under professional instruction. Attendance at new Performing Art Center. Coeducational 9-19. Many activities. Catalogue: Oleg Briansky, 27 West 71st Street, NYC 10023.

LANGUAGES

MANDARIN IN FOUR WEEKS. $3.50. Oriental Publication Service, Box 300, Norman, Oklahoma 73069.

SCHOOLS

THE DUGWAY. A small coeducational center of learning for children 7-17, for whom the traditional system of education is unsatisfactory, unrealistic, irrelevant and boring. Applicants must be 14 or under. Glendale, Massachusetts 01229. Telephone 413-298-3524.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

JOURNALISM IN DEPTH—six week program combining practical with liberal arts approach, grades 11 and 12. Triweekly press conferences with top newsmen, extensive field assignments. University and preparatory school faculty. June 26th-August 6th. Write Director, Journalism Summer School, Blair Academy, Blairstown, N.J.

ADULT EDUCATION

TIRED OF THE RAT RACE? Not finding life rewarding? Try the Montana mountains. Get fit and revive your spirit. Two and three week courses. Mid-April through October. Write Roger Nicholson, Sky Mountain Work Shop for Executives, 333 East 43rd Street, New York 10017. Phone 683-6027.

SUMMER INSTITUTES

BRANDEIS UNIVERSITY. Summer Institutes: Man in Contemporary Society, July 31st-August 6th; The Creative Arts in the Sixties, August 7th-August 13th. Write Brandeis University, Box D, Office of Adult Education, Waltham, Massachusetts 02154.

COLLEGES

SHERIDAN COLLEGE. Emphasizing individualized instruction. Humanities, sciences, social sciences, technical and vocational education. Degree Nursing Program. Engineering technology, medical, legal and executive secretary programs. Informal western atmosphere. Resident housing, new campus in beautiful Big Horn Mountains, winter sports. SHERIDAN COLLEGE, Sheridan, Wyoming 82801.

ROYALTON COLLEGE—4 years—Humanities-International Affairs—International Staff and Student Body—Ratio 1-12. Stress on possible achievements of student in Society rather than past performance. Write Director of Admission, Royalton College, South Royalton, Vermont.

COLLEGE DROP-OUTS: We concentrate on the educational redevelopment of selected students, including poor achievers, with unrealized learning potential. Educational Development Center, 23 Adelbert Street, Berea, Ohio 44017, Dept. SR.

SHOULD A COLLEGE ALLOW students with creative ideas about their education to design their own curriculum? The 190 students of Franconia College are doing so this year under the guidance of 34 teachers. 2- and 4-year liberal arts programs, community government, off-campus studies, work program, Peace Corps and Vista affiliations. Nicholas Howe, Franconia College, Franconia, New Hampshire 03580.

RATINGS OF COLLEGES. Statistical listing of leading American colleges and universities numerically ranked according to certain academic criteria. Divided into four parts. $1.50 postpaid. THE COLLEGE-RATER, P.O. Box 1146, Allentown, Pennsylvania 18105.

(Continued on page 104)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 103)

COLOR SLIDES

COLOR SLIDES (10,000+). Catalogue, 99 illustrated pages! Free—beautiful foreign slide! Free—"Travelogue Fun Tips!" Free introductory bonus certificate, $2.80 value. All for $1.00 postpaid, guaranteed. Wolfe Worldwide, Dept. 766, Los Angeles 90025.

CUSTOM PHOTO SERVICE

COLOR FILM PROCESSING? Discover a world of difference in color prints by Colorfax, acclaimed by quality-minded museums, scientific laboratories, critical photographers. Request free color kit: fact-packed Kodak tips, 18 page catalogue, money-saving coupons, mailers for color prints, duplicate slides, color film processing. Colorfax Laboratories, 1160-S Bonifant Street, Silver Spring, Maryland.

FOR THE GOURMET

MUSHROOM NIBBLES, unusual cocktail snack from Brandywine. Ineluctable! Ask your gourmet shop. Norton Company, New Milford, Connecticut.

IMPORTED ITALIAN DELICACIES. Catalogue. Manganaro's, 486 Ninth Avenue (38th Street), New York 10018.

PERSONALS

IF YOU REALLY WISH to learn FRENCH, spend a school year as paying guest in a French family. Also summer program. Write Thevenin, Solignac, Haute Vienne, France.

"PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM," Giant Photo Mural . . . Typical "BOGIE" pose (43 x 30) from one of his most famous movie roles lithographed on poster stock. Shipped in protective mailing tube. $2.00 p.p. Hudson Industries, Dept. SR8, 116 Charles Street, New York N.Y. 10014.

RAW SILK "kiimo" lounger . . . comfort personified. Twelve exquisite colors. Write for free swatches. The Orient Express, P.O. Box 2626, San Francisco, California 94126.

THE ARTS CENTER AT GODDARD COLLEGE is a time and place for adults seriously interested in chamber music, painting, sculpture, ceramics, dance, drama, to work alone and together with a skilled staff. Stay for a week or more in July or August. For information write to Ray McIntyre, Director, The Arts Center, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Employers provide transportation and liberal vacations. Comprehensive new booklet, "Guide to Employment Abroad," covers all possibilities in sixty countries, all occupations. Includes exclusive "Directory of American Companies Overseas." Special reports on summer jobs, Government careers overseas, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial positions. English language newspapers overseas, social work. Highly recommended. Only $1.00. Airmail 30¢ extra. Satisfaction guaranteed or payment refunded. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-X, East Islip, New York 11730.

YOU CAN FIND OUT! Confidential information developed, any matter, person, problem anywhere. Officially licensed. Established 1922. Equitable Service Bureau, 135 Broadway, New York 10006.

POSITANO, ITALY—Lovely apartment overlooking sea. Available fortnightly, June-August. Perfect 4-6 people. Large terrace. Write Miss Portman, 819 Madison Avenue, NYC or call 212-249-7405.

WANTED: 19th CENTURY AMERICAN PAINTINGS. Reputable gallery seeks fine landscape and subject paintings for discriminating collectors. Hudson River, Western, Southern, etc. schools, single works or collections of suitable material purchased. Bernard Black Gallery, 1062 Madison Avenue, NYC 10028.

BLUE GLASS LINERS for silver saltcellars and condiment holders. Glass inserts replaced. Hess Repairs, 168 East 33rd Street, NYC 10016.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure. "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 10022. 212-EL 5-3464-5-6.

PERSONALS

PUBLIC RELATIONS EXECUTIVE AVAILABLE—a 50-year-old PR expert with diversified worldwide experience. Press relations, editing, writing, special events, promotional tie-ins, community relations, corporate know-how, financial talents, counseling, management skills. Courage, imagination and ingenuity, tempered by the practical judgment of mature experience. Interviews arranged. NYC. Box P-860.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut 06069.

EXPERT SILVER REPAIRERS—Hallmark Silversmiths, 10 Millburn, Maplewood, N.J. 07040.

CATS FOR ADOPTION. All sizes, colors. Free. WAtkins 4-8493 NYC.

SEEKING PEACE OF MIND? Free home study course in the Catholic Religion. PAULIST FATHERS INSTRUCTION CENTER, Dept. S, 21 East Van Buren, Chicago, Illinois 60605.

UNCOMMON FABRICS—wool, silk, cotton. Unbelievably beautiful blankets. Carol Brown, Putney, Vermont 05346. Circular.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 790 Madison Avenue (at 67th), New York 10021. 212-RE 4-3902. Established 1887.

YOUR GLOBAL ADVENTURE. Largest journal of actual positions for teachers, administrators, students, librarians, scientists, etc. NOT just a list—includes specific U.S. and foreign positions open now. Includes summer jobs. Approved since 1952. RUSH $1.00 for current issue. Yearly membership $7.00. Manual, "Overseas Opportunities in Government Schools," $1.00 or FREE, with yearly. Advancement Institute, 171 North 9th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11211.

BUDDHA LOVED THEM. Now shipping fresh Florida Mangoes. Exotic tropical fruit. Send for free brochure. Airport Fruit Shipper, Miami International Airport, Miami, Florida 33159.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import. Coolsma, Purcell, $5, $8.95 up! Student Special. Corelli, $3.95; Recorder Music Methods. Guitar Music. Free Catalogue, 6-6-B, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC 10019.

MARK HOPKINS COLLEGE, Brattleboro, Vermont, interested in eager, creative, emotionally mature students for entrance to unique new school. Innate intelligence, yearning for learning, not Board scores, basis for consideration.

AFRICAN CARVINGS. TRIBAL MASKS. Free Brochure. Verkaufen Imports, Box 137, LeMars, Iowa 51031.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN, at a fraction of their American retail prices. $12.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Money-back guarantee. Write for illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 37 East Willow Street, Millburn, New Jersey 07041.

UNUSUAL, INEXPENSIVE, DELIGHTFUL PRESENTS shipped direct from Europe. Free catalogue. Europresent, Sharon, Connecticut.

FRESH FLOWER PERFUMES, hand blended, of exquisite fidelity to living flowers. Circular. May Cove, Mathews, Virginia 23109.

ORIGINAL MASTER CONCERT Classic Guitars from leading Spanish makers—Solar, Conde, Aguado, Martinez de Milan, etc., etc. from $80 to $1,200. Also fine lutes and violins shipped on 5 days approval. Finest repairing, restoring by mail. LOCKER'S-IMPORTERS, 21 South 18th Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. 215-LO 7-2972.

COVERED WAGON MOVERS. Competent, experienced, insured. For estimate call Jerry McGruddy, ALgonquin 5-1788 NYC.

MAKE $12 PROFIT each dozen sewing aprons. Details free. Redikuts, Loganville 44, Wisconsin.

TEACHERS' STRIKES AND SANCTIONS are analyzed in booklet entitled "The Uses of Teacher Power." 50¢ single; $20 per hundred for classes or groups. Published by American Federation of Teachers, 716 N. Rush, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

PERSONALS

WANTED TO BUY: James Fitzmaurice-Kelly's "Life of Cervantes." Box T-405.

SERVE HUMANITY and your curiosity in U.S.-Soviet Exchanges. Your State Department wants continuing contact with Russians to ease tensions. Find out how Citizen Exchange Corps, a private group, brings Americans of every age to Russia for three weeks to meet ordinary Russian people. To learn how you participate, write Citizen Exchange Corps, Dept. SR, 550 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10036.

MERITORIOUS RESTORATION. Antique, Modern China, Ivory, etc. Sano Studio, 767 Lexington Avenue, NYC 10021.

SPECIALIZING IN BROWNSTONES—general contractor, builder. Complete renovations and alterations private homes, apartments, commercial. Daji Associates. 212-LO 4-7928.

REWRITING. SPEECH WRITING. Male writer-editor, Phi Beta Kappa, nationally published. Experienced in social science, psychology, religious writing, political speeches, and promotion. Box P-22.

"MEADOWLARK" retreat center in beautiful valley. Individualized program of counseling and creative activity for renewal. Write: Friendly Hills Fellowship, Hemet, California 92343.

MAMSELLE IN MANHATTAN. Unique consulting service for young women moving to NYC. Assists in finding apartments, employment. Write for free brochure. Box S-83.

PORTOFINO, ITALY—Apartment off village square. 2 bedrooms. Small private garden. Available by week or month, June-September. Write C. Monica, 63 Atlantic Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts or phone 617-523-5650.

SUMMER IN N.Y.? Study modern popular piano with professional stylist. 212-OL 7-4532.

FOOT COMFORT—Double deerskin moccasins, slippers, casuals, 50 styles. Free catalogue SR. Cottage Crafts, Rutland, Vermont 05701.

FASCINATING MAGAZINE for book collectors! Information free. BLM, Box 157-31, Webster, New York 14580.

RESEARCH, writing, translations, expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Alex White, Allenhurst, N.J. 07711.

ARTS-HUMANITIES "Grants Indicators #1"—Planned categories and dollar amounts. How to apply to U.S. Arts Foundation. $2. "Grants," 115 5th Street, S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.

MacARTHUR QUERY. I would appreciate receiving letters, photos and other documentary materials of Judge Arthur MacArthur (1815-1896), General Arthur MacArthur (1845-1912), and General Douglas MacArthur (1880-1964). Philip Brower, Kirn Library, Norfolk, Virginia 23510.

BUSINESS WANTED: Cocktail lounge or small motel, Florida or Puerto Rico. Cozy, distinctive, profitable. Advertising man, 37, college grad, desires partnership or purchase. Picture and full particulars. Will invest $40,000. Box T-158.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY PRESS would like to approach Stanley Appelbaum about a project, if it knew where to reach him. Would he please get in touch with the Press?

BREAD LOAF WRITERS' CONFERENCE. Forty-first Annual Session, August 17th-August 31st, at Bread Loaf, Vermont. Poetry, Fiction, Nonfiction, Juvenile Literature. A few places remain for writers, aspiring writers, teachers. Bread Loaf Secretary, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont 05753.

ZEN—will get you far but The Prosperos will get you farther! Radical application of Truth studies, awareness increased in depth and scope. Classes, July 10th-16th at Lake Minnewaska, N.Y. Information: The Prosperos, 10781 West Pico Boulevard, West Los Angeles, California 90064.

PEQUENO, MEDIO, GRUESO—bulls of Spain. Stimulating conversation pieces. $1.00 per set. Vendedor, Box 553, North Miami, Florida 33161.

WANTED: 260 hula hoops, needed by regional ballet company for new production. Contact Ballet Guild of Cleveland, 2000 West 14th, Cleveland, Ohio 44113.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PERSONALS

EDUCATED, RESPONSIBLE French girl wishes give lessons to American girls Paris 16e, France. References exchanged New York. Box T-176.

PARENT OF MILDLY RETARDED young adult daughter, personable and sociable, seeks comparable person to accompany them summer vacations. Box T-165.

YOUNG EDUCATED ADVENTURER will consider any task anywhere in world. Box T-116.

GIRL, 24, B.S. Elementary Education, 2 years experience. Desires European teaching, governess, tutor. Interests: sports, drama, art, music. Box T-105.

MAN desires summer job. Has car. NYC metropolitan area preferred. Box T-141.

NEED A DIRECTOR for your theater? Male, 29, M.A. Experience. Will send credentials. Box T-180.

MALE, 32, M.A., experienced psychometrist and teacher of brain injured, seeks challenging position. Box T-144.

EXPERIENCED SECRETARY, college graduate, typing—80 wpm, shorthand—125 wpm, will exchange work as secretary/waitress/governess for round trip New York-Beirut, Lebanon, this summer. Box T-150.

DAY NURSERY OPERATOR, 21, outdoor enthusiast, instructor's swimming card, drives, seeks challenging summer/permanent employment U.S./abroad. Box T-192.

MALE, 23, B.A., 1 year experience, seeks position as secondary English teacher in southwest, preferably Colorado. Box T-178.

GOVERNESS—French, English speaking, available for motherless family. Box T-162.

LAWYER, 50, 22 years active practice, LL.B., LL.M., Chicago, desires teaching position: law, political science, administrative or related fields. Box T-153.

MINISTER, disillusioned, seeks different employment. Many abilities. Must have $10,000 annually. Box T-160.

ENGLISH GIRL, 25, seeks employment overseas, preferably social work. Ex-office worker, at present with horses—any suggestions. Box T-157.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

SUMMER EMPLOYMENT. Exciting, confidential research project for well-known author. More than one position open. Country-wide survey by section. Reply Box S-988.

LIBRARIAN—small residential school needs person to organize and operate library-cultural center. Contact Richard J. Lewis, Principal, George Junior Republic, Freeville, New York.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—teachers, all subjects and levels—department heads, administrators, housemothers, nurses, etc., private schools, all states, beginners, experienced. Initial details without obligation. Confidential. School Service Bureau, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut.

COLLEGE GRADUATES—Interesting, individualized skill teaching. Small groups. Background, Liberal Arts or Education. Single. Enjoy working independently. Travel, with N. Y. City base. Reply promptly. Interviews, New York area. Box S-1000 Saturday Review.

ADVERTISING PRODUCTION MANAGER—Temporary help wanted, male or female, New York. Approximately August 15th to November 15th. Responsible, capable, experienced traffic control and advertising production manager for glamorous special publishing project with reputable publishing company. Pleasant working conditions. Generous salary opportunity. Write Box T-197.

COMPOSERS AND AUTHORS—If you also know how to write GAP, FAP, SAP, or COBOL, FORTRAN, ALGOL, we would appreciate a chance to interview you for professional programmer/analyst positions. Our atmosphere of intellectual diversity and individual liberty nurtures mature rationality. CUC, 655 Madison Avenue, Dept. M, NYC.

SUCCESSFUL, MIDDLE-AGED WRITERS, childless, want flexible, self-reliant, educated woman as manager Connecticut, Florida. Typing, driving, ordering. Excellent salary. Box T-156.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

LENOX, BERKSHIRES—Three year old Colonial. Lovely view, small woods, 1⅛ acres. 4 bedrooms. $28,500. SR Box T-78.

OFF-WHITE ELEPHANT—Brewster, N.Y. 30 acre estate, 10 room Colonial, barn, pool, cottages. Possibilities galore. Reasonable offers? 212-FL 3-5465.

MOUNTAIN CABIN RETREAT. Fishkill, N.Y. 60 miles NYC. Acre land, woods, view. Stream. Electricity. $4,000. 914-YO 5-8916, 212-SY 2-7274.

DOWN A WINDING COUNTRY ROAD to a charming 1760 Colonial home on 20 beautiful Berkshire acres. 6 delightful rooms with old features and modern comforts skillfully blended. Old pegged barn, double garage, walled garden and VIEW! $29,000. The Kramer Agency, 232 Main Street, Great Barrington, Massachusetts.

TIDEWATER, VIRGINIA, RANCHER on saltwater. Living room, study, 2 bedrooms, 2 baths, air-conditioned, attractive. $33,500 with three acres, $26,500 one acre. SR Box T-409.

For Sale—Furnished

FURNISHED COTTAGE on southern Maine lake. Wooded lot near highway. Cement dock. $9,000. Box T-37.

For Rent—Furnished

LITCHFIELD COUNTY, CONNECTICUT. Unique 20 acres of privacy—magnificent scenery; 1½ hours Manhattan. Completely equipped country house, 2½ bedrooms, 2 baths, terrace, 2 car garage. Ideal for writer/artist craving seclusion. Available mid-June,, mid-October. Possibility yearly rental. Telephone: 203-354-6155.

For Summer Rental

PUTNEY, VERMONT 05346—Charming Colonial. 4 bedrooms, large living room with fireplace. June, July, August. $600. Mrs. Flora Hendricks.

HANSBURG ACRES, Walker Valley, N.Y. Rent summer cottages, beautiful wooded elevation, modern facilities, unsurpassed vacation, unusual swimming pool, 2 hours NYC. No colony. Telephone collect 914-647-6850.

SOUTHERN VERMONT, near Jamaica. Tech-Built 3 bedroom house. Deep well. $300 month. Box T-71.

MAINE. Large comfortable cottage. Private beach lakeside. 45 minutes Portland. $600 month. June, July. References. Box T-26.

VERMONT MAD RIVER CONDOMINIUM—3 bedrooms, electricity, dishwasher, fireplace. Soaring, all sports. $100 weekly. Box T-106.

EAST HAMPTON. Attractive A-frame. Glass and wood house in trees. Decks. Two story living room. Modern kitchen. 4 bedrooms plus. $5,200. June 15th-September 15th. 516-EA 4-1138.

"HILL-TOP" HOUSE, CHALET, 150 acres, pond. Chester Inn, Chester, Vermont 05143.

MONADNOCK REGION—Southern, N.H. Privacy. 3 bedroom farmhouse. Season $500. George M. Foster, Real Estate, Francestown, N.H.

EAST ORLEANS, Cape Cod—Quiet, wooded 2 bedroom, 2 bathroom, heated cottage. Near beaches, lakes, shopping. $1,000 season. Reply Box T-196.

MAINE—Lincolnville. Rent 10 room, 4 bedroom farmhouse 5 miles from Penobscot Bay on lake. $950 season. 201-671-3477.

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT, chalet. $75 week, June 25th to July 9th. 802-457-1231. Box 441, Woodstock.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

POCONOS—Looking for a cool, secluded spot? A 3 room housekeeping cottage—fireplace. Private estate—for discriminating guests. Bondbrook, Brodheadsville, Pennsylvania 18322.

NEWFOUND LAKE, NEW HAMPSHIRE—3 houses above lake with waterfront and tennis. Rentals $200 to $400 monthly, June 15th to August 15th. Box T-142.

BEAUTY AND SECLUSION. Rogers Rock Club-on-Lake George, near Ticonderoga, N.Y. 1½ miles shoreline. Fully equipped housekeeping cottages, by month or season. Ideal swimming, tennis. Golf nearby. Children welcome. Wilson, Apt. 10-A, 32 Gramercy Park South, New York City, N.Y. 10003.

INTERLOCHEN, MICHIGAN. National Music Camp. 2 cottages, $80 and $45 weekly. Box T-179.

IF HAPPINESS IS a spanking new 3 story A-Frame triad nestled against lush Glebe Mountain, Vermont, with views of Stratton, Equinox and Bromley; space and convenience of 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, double ovens, dishwasher, fireplace; total seclusion, but near swimming, golf, theater and a half dozen uniquely Vermont towns, then happiness can be had for $125 weekly. Box SR T-145.

2 CAPE COD HOUSES, both charming. Larger $1,800 for season, smaller $1,500, mid-June-August 1st. 1¼ hours from cultural opportunities Boston, Cambridge and from Provincetown. Box T-187.

MAINE ISLAND—Charming house, overlooking ocean. Privacy, fireplace, completely furnished, modern conveniences. Sleeps 4. $300 month. Box T-404.

NEAR BROOKLYN COLLEGE—Beautiful home, residential area, 3 large bedrooms, veranda, gardener, fully air-conditioned. July 1st to Labor Day, $600. 212-DE 8-1948, Box T-199.

NEWFANE, VERMONT. July through Thanksgiving—$1,000. Mountainside cabin, 4 double bedrooms, 2 baths, modern Kitchen, fireplace, private lake. SR Box T-403.

SERENITY—4 bedrooms, baths, barn-studio. Near lake, golf, riding. $185 month. Nordin, Maplewood, Maine. 617-267-3897.

NANTUCKET—Charming house. 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, utilities. June-July. Box T-402.

VERMONT LOG CABIN near Manchester. Sleeps 12. Modern, all facilities, mountainside. June through September. Write Colormation, 188 West 4th Street, New York, New York 10014.

CAPE COD, PROVINCETOWN—Cottages, lovely location, ideal for town and beaches. Write: Box 152, Provincetown.

HOUSE TO SHARE

CHARMING, near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Retired professional woman seeks same. Box T-167.

HOUSE WANTED

GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT, VICINITY — Writing couple and son can offer tender loving care and $180 a month for year-round rental house with at least two bedrooms and a tree to climb. Phone 212-222-5797.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

HOLIDAY HOME EXCHANGE BUREAU will arrange between reputable approved people. Write Box 555, Grants, New Mexico 87020.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent—Furnished

SAN FRANCISCO—Russian Hill penthouse. Panoramic view, sun deck, balcony. 2 bedrooms, 3 baths. July 1st—6 months. $875 monthly. Box S-364.

(Continued on page 106)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

(Continued from page 105)

For Summer Rental

NEW YORK CITY, 2½ rooms attractively furnished. Good, quiet neighborhood, 20 minutes Times Square. July and August. $115 per month plus electricity. Box T-186.

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for swimming, tennis, lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Some summer sublets. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

NYC UPTOWN, Hudson River—Modern 1 room apartment July-October. All facilities. 1 person. References. 212-WA 3-4843.

OGUNQUIT, MAINE. 2 bedroom garden apartment, excellent equipment, completely furnished. Near Lookout Hotel. Box S-913.

NYC, WASHINGTON SQUARE—Air-conditioned 4½ rooms July 22nd-August 20th, $325. Box T-140.

NYC, NEAR COLUMBIA, view Central Park. 2 bedrooms, terrace, air-conditioned, piano, playground. Box T-200.

APARTMENTS FOR SALE

NYC—Cooperative apartment with modern paintings, drawings and prints. Large living room, bedroom, small kitchen. Low maintenance. Beekman Place neighborhood. Principals only. Box T-159.

CO-OP APARTMENT with custom designed bookcases in interesting remodeled brownstone with landscaped courtyard. West 94th Street, NYC. 212-PL 2-3650 or 914-LY 1-7631.

TOWNHOUSE CO-OP, GREENWICH VILLAGE. Parlor floor. Here is a unique opportunity to buy an interest in a spacious townhouse on a fine residential street. 4 rooms, garden, windowed custom eat-in kitchen—dishwasher, wall oven, washer, dryer—pantry, new bath, high ceilings, marble wood burning fireplaces, excellent storage. Low maintenance. Asking $39,500. 212-AL 5-4245.

APARTMENT TO SHARE

MALE COLLEGE "PROF" will share pool apartment with Hollywood, California, visitors. SR Box T-151.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

SKI LODGE/SUMMER INN/HOME. Furnished. Owners retiring. Area Bromley, Stratton, Magic Mountains. 14 doubles, 8 bathrooms, 5 fireplaces. Master suite plus complete 2 bedroom apartment. Convertible to apartments. Box 39, Londonderry, Vermont.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD. Breathtaking views of ponds and ocean from secluded 2-6 acre settings. Beautiful beach nearby. NORTH SHORE ESTATE, Box 25, West Tisbury, Massachusetts.

NOVA SCOTIA. 1-3 acre oceanfront retreats on beautiful Atlantic Ocean. Picturesque harbors, magnificent views, fragrant spruce trees and your own private beach. Unusual opportunity for investment or summer homesite—not distant but different! Maritime Enterprises, Ltd., P.O. Box 283, Sherbrooke, Nova Scotia.

VERMONT LAND LOVERS: Tree farming is out, speculation in. If you want part of what remains, write Box S-399.

MAINE—Wooded acreage—$10, $15, $25 an acre and up. Old farms, shore property, retirement homes, cottages, cabins, business opportunities. Franklin Realty Co. (Mr. Barrows), Farmington, Maine. Telephone 207-778-2852.

ADIRONDACK HOMESITES. 100′ lakefront by 400′ deep. Boating, fishing, hunting. Clean air and water. Established community. Box N-391.

1,500 WILDLIFE ACRES, valuable timber, pond, etc. 1783 authentic Colonial. Request brochure. Trachy Agency, Franklin, N.H.

COUNTRY HOME and 42 acres in Island Pond, Vermont. Excellent condition, all modern conveniences. Two car garage, utility barn, picturesque landscaped grounds. *Three miles to town and lake on hardtop road.* Price $13,500. Corti Real Estate, Walden, Vermont. Telephone 802-563-2261.

CAMPS

HAS YOUR TEENAGE SON OUTGROWN "CAMP"? Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado, ranch-travel-work program provides constructive adventuresome experiences. 20th summer. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut.

CAMP BIOTA—Fun. Knowledge. Adventure. Natural Science. Academically talented boys, 9-14. Six weeks. Swimming, canoeing, riding, creative crafts, wilderness survival. Write Dr. and Mrs. Forrest S. Evans, Joelton, Tennessee. Call NAshville 766-2494.

NO FRILLS. Full $700 worth: Music, Drama, Dance, Fine Arts, Folk Music (Guitar), Sports (coed 6-16). Appel Fine Art & Music Center, Elmer 22, New Jersey.

GHOST TOWN—Great Books readings, mountain climbing, Indians teaching crafts, free piano, painting lessons. 8-16. Box 24, St. John's College, Santa Fe, N.M.

CANOE, HIKE, FLY remote Adirondack regions, boys 11-15, inexpensive. Timberlock Voyageurs, Indian Lake, Sabael, N.Y.

COLLABERG CAMP, Theills Road, Stony Point, N.Y. A camp for 25 children, ages 5-15. We are non-authoritarian . . . and we appreciate the heart as much as if not more than the head.

RETIREMENT LIVING

SEMI-RETIREMENT. Top-O-The Hill Homestead. Built 1768. Two barns. 165 acres. Fully equipped apple operation provides income to live in charming environment. 90 miles from Boston. Nearby lakes. Ski country. Reasonable price. Inquire R. F. Charron, Box 33, *Pittsfield, N.H. 03263.*

VACATIONS

GREEN SHADOWS INN. Old Lyme, Connecticut. Good country living. One housekeeping cottage.

QUIMBY'S CLUB AND INN—Opening mid-June—"Unspoiled Wilderness" — Uncrowded lake area — Vermont's Northeast Kingdom. Main lodge, recreation buildings for dining, sociability, entertainment. Rates include rooms or cottages, memorable meals, pleasing service, boats, every water sport, real fishing, tennis courts, children's counselors. Saddle horses extra. Golf nearby. Write for color folder, Averill 4, Vermont.

UP-ISLAND on Martha's Vineyard, you're away from frantic joy-mills, free as a gull. Picturesque harbor to paint, beautiful beaches, tennis, cycling, scholarly retreats. Modern cottages (non-housekeeping) for 2 to 6 guests. $85 to $115 weekly includes 2 delicious meals daily. Lower June rates. Write D. R. Thompson, Owner-Manager, Menemsha Inn, Menemsha, Massachusetts 02552.

A MOUNTAIN RESORT—Only 90 miles from New York City, Lake Mohonk Mountain House combines the best of two eras—the dignity and serenity of the past, the conveniences and comforts of the present. Fun and relaxation for the entire family, with planned activities, entertainment and all sports. Balconied rooms commanding picturesque views of the Rondout Valley or Mohonk Lake. We serve ice and mixes only. American Plan begins at $21.00. Reduced rates for children. (Smiley Brothers, Proprietors.) For descriptive folder and literature regarding our Mohonk Holidays, kindly write to Dept. "S", Lake Mohonk Mountain House, Mohonk Lake, New Paltz, N.Y. 12561. Telephone: Area Code 914-256-2211.

FALL UNDER THE SPELL of the sea as did many literary greats at this distinguished resort on Cape Ann. Quiet, restful. All rooms, suites with private baths and telephones. Broad porches. Excellent food. The Ralph Waldo Emerson, Rockport 2, Massachusetts. Telephone 617-546-6321.

MAINE COAST'S BEST! Four safe, sandy beaches. Surf bathing. Sailing. Deep-sea fishing. Golfing. Yacht and boat facilities. Smart shops. Historic Colonial Village accommodations for all tastes and budgets. For details, write Chamber of Commerce, Box 7, York Beach, Maine.

THE DANA PLACE—completely New England, in the White Mountain National Forest. An informal inn for those who prefer something special in cuisine, atmosphere and people. Exciting mountain climbing on the Presidential Range, leisurely walks, swimming, all-weather tennis *courts, golf privileges, music and reading library, afternoon* tea and cocktails on The Terrace. Folder available. R. P. Whipple, Innkeeper, Jackson 3, N.H.

VACATIONS

TEN MILES AT SEA: a small, tranquil inn on a serene outer island. The Island Inn, Monhegan Island, Maine. Box S.

LAKE MICHIGAN VACATION ESTATE—concerts, resident artist, cottages, apartments, studios: 1,000′ beach, pools, tennis, children's program. May-September. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan 49090.

BLUE HILL INN—Gateway Acadia, Blue Hill Bay and East Penobscot areas. Blue Hill, Maine. 207-374-2844.

ASPEN, COLORADO—If you're looking for horses, fishing, pool and sauna; good beds, cool nights, campfires—come to Heatherbed Lodge, in the high country. Box 537S.

REBIRTH OF A COLONIAL COMMUNITY—Visit authentic homes, c. 1700, on original sites. Tour handsomely furnished 18th century mansions. Watch in-progress restorations, period craft exhibits, demonstrations. Festival days, August 5th, 6th and 7th. Brochure, Strawbery Banke, Box 355-S, Portsmouth, N.H.

TANGLEWOOD THIS SUMMER? Enjoy swimming in a sparkling clear lake. Excellent tennis. Holiday Inn on Laurel Lake, Lee, Massachusetts 01238.

NEW MILFORD, CONNECTICUT. Private estate will accommodate refined guests weekends, summer, year round. 203-354-3504.

LIKE A CRUISE on the ocean with none of the motion. A small, luxurious, quiet, scenic inn. Salt water pool. With or without meals. No liquor. Open now to November. AAA Mobile Guide. Yankee Clipper, Rockport 3, Massachusetts.

VACATION at The Cliff House & Motels. Quiet, informal. No hay fever. Dining Room. Cocktails. Heated pool. Golf. Ocean fishing. May 27th to October 9th. Ogunquit 5, Maine.

SWISS RESORT, AAA. Nature, Peace, Beauty. Modern comfort; sports, Swiss cuisine, excellent library. Snowvillage Lodge, Snowville, N.H. 03877. Telephone Conway 603-447-2818.

FOR DELIGHTFUL, TALENTED, creative guests. Folk Dancing. Art Classes. Day Camp. Tennis. Swimming. CHAITS, Accord 5, N.Y. Telephone 914-626-7373.

GOOSE COVE LODGE on Deer Isle, Maine. In East Penobscot Bay. Sailing, fishing, hiking and picnics. Trained naturalist for nature lovers. An artist's paradise. Write for brochure. Dr. R. A. Waldron, Owner-Manager, *P. O. Sunset, Maine 04683.*

WHITNEYS' . . . Charming Inn off beaten path. Rooms, Cottages, Motel. All seasonal sports. Famous food. AAA. Open most all year. Folder tells all. Bill & Betty Whitney, Jackson 10, New Hampshire.

RELAX-BY-THE-SEA at superb Maine resort less than two hours drive from Boston. Excellent cuisine, championship putting green, swimming pool. The Lookout Hotel, Ogunquit 2, Maine.

BUSINESS AND PROFESSIONAL PEOPLE enjoy our unique deep woods lakeside location, our fine food, good music, cottage or cabin accommodations and especially congenial companions for rowing, canoeing, swimming, tennis, barbecues, outdoor buffets, etc. Simple, rustic, relaxing. Off highways but near Tanglewood. CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Massachusetts.

PEACEFUL PEOPLE with pampered palates who like woodland seclusion, brook, lake, shady lawns, charming hospitality, educated wines, civilized plumbing in rustic surroundings see Hide-Away Lodge, New London, N.H. 603-526-7861.

HERITAGE HILL, Holland—Colonial Country Inn. Hills, lakes; snug beds; food aplenty. Brochure. Telephone: 413-245-7728. Write: Sturbridge, Massachusetts 01566.

RELAX. Enjoy your vacation—quiet, unspoiled land and waters of Maryland's eastern shore. Colonial charm, finest food. The Pasadena, Royal Oak, Maryland 21662.

WALKER'S WRINKLE—Brooklin, Maine 04616. Unusual cuisine, comfortable accommodations, roam 73 acres.

THERE'S A PLACE you'll like—white sand beaches—uncrowded Island—nice. Box M-18, Chamber of Commerce, Longboat Key, Florida.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VACATIONS

BEAUTIFUL VERMONT—Attractive four-season vacation homesites on small highland lake. Can build to suit buyer. Jack Macleod, Wallingford, Vermont.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

OGUNQUIT. Famous summer vacation center. Magnificent beach, majestic cliffs, camera fans' dream. Many activities. Artists' colony, summer theater, deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants. For Information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

PROSPECT HOUSE Hotel-Motel-Golf Club. Reasonable rates! Panoramic, cool lakeside setting near Rutland (opposite Alexander Woollcott's island). GOLF, fishing, safe beach, boating, riding, tennis, dancing, movies, antiquing, special events. $65-$95 weekly. The Charles Bakers, Hosts. Write: Color Folder, Box 90-G, Lake Bomoseen, Vermont.

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

FAMILY VACATIONS! ALOHA MANOR. Vermont lake. Children under 12- or 24-hour care. Excellent counselors. Planned activities. For adults: canoe trips, sailing, water skiing, cookouts, tennis, fabulous meals. Cabins or housekeeping. Nearby: golf, antique auctions, summer stock. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC 10010.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Special summer rates. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel). Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $60 weekly. Bay Street Studio 333, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

IN THE HEART of historic and scenic Vermont. An exceptionally fine country inn overlooking village green of picturesque Brandon. Near library. Well-appointed, immaculate. Elevator, sprinkler, golf, heated pool, shuffleboard, garden, stream. Fine food, wines, liquors. Scenic mountain lake drives, trails. Antiques, country auctions, cookouts. Memorable. Folder. Brandon Inn, Brandon 3, Vermont.

CHARMING COUNTRY INNS and back roads are included in my free book. Berkshire Traveller, Box SR, Lee, Massachusetts.

SAND BEACH FARM, Stonington, Maine. John Marin scenery. Beach private. Food, heavenly. Cool, quiet, comfortable.

SNOWBIRD MOUNTAIN LODGE, Robbinsville, N.C. Exotic mountaintop location bordering Great Smokies. Small. Secluded. Informal. Brochure.

GARDEN GABLES INN, Lenox, Massachusetts. Charming rooms. Breakfast. Extensive grounds, in town. Swimming pool. Convenient restaurants. Tanglewood 1½ miles. Taxi, bus. Folders.

GLOUCESTER'S only Motor Inn with private beach directly on the Atlantic. Pleasant sun-drenched rooms with private baths. Limited number of efficiency apartments. For brochure, write Good Harbor Beach Inn, Thatcher Road, Gloucester, Massachusetts.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

CAREFREE. Your cottage in lakeshore pines. Delicious food, good beds, fireplaces, sailboats, sundecks, sauna, lobster bakes, fishing, water skiing, canoe trips, tennis. Children and pets, yes. AAA. Write Chute Homestead, Naples 7, Maine.

CANOE TRIPS OUTFITTED—everything furnished, $6.50 daily. Beautiful wilderness country. Free information: Border Lakes, Drawer 569, Ely, Minnesota.

BEDS TURNED DOWN EACH NIGHT. Beautiful eighteenth century New England inn in one of Vermont's loveliest villages. Old World charm. Gardens, tall trees, sweeping lawns. Advance reservations requested. Barrows House, Dorset 3, Vermont.

VACATIONS

RESORT LUXURY in the North Woods. Swimming pool, golf, archery. Excellent food, cocktails. Private airstrip adjoins. Two miles north of Jackman. Sky Lodge and Motel, Moose River, Maine.

THE YODLER—Golf, music, theater, pool, rooms, chalets. Stowe, Vermont.

PEACE—REST—REJUVENATION. Intimate, charming old-world "pension." Only five guests. Beautiful hill country. No TV. House on the Hill, Worcester, N.Y. 607-EX 7-6218.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn, apartments and motel with or without meals. Open through November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Rockport 2, Massachusetts.

ROAD'S END COTTAGES, an Adirondack camp. Lake Pleasant 2, N.Y. On Sacadaga Lake. Fishing, swimming, boating. Deluxe modern housekeeping. Sandy beach, sun deck, games. Suppers served daily. Phone: 6303. Vacancies now, June, August, September.

MOUNTAIN RESORT—STOWE—Scenic and unspoiled. Great golf, tennis, swimming, scenic tours, cultural events. For details, brochures or reservations at this delightful vacation spot, write Stowe Area Association, Inc., Box 206R, Stowe, Vermont.

MAINE'S LAKES AND MOUNTAINS. Your private lakeside cottage with fireplace, in a beautiful American Plan resort. Color brochure and rates: The Barker, Rangeley Lakes, Maine.

CONNECTICUT'S CHARMING SHORELINE. Cultural attractions. Cool, restful surroundings. Delectable food. American Plan. Weekly. $65.50 to $75. Brochure. Elm Terrace Lodge, West Haven, Connecticut 06516.

WINDHAM HILL FARM—West Townshend, Vermont 05359. Quiet country inn. Old magazines. Good food. Folder.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

THIS SUMMER Go Painting in Blue Ridge Mountains. Excellent food. Top instruction drawing, painting by George Solonevich, internationally known. Classes never larger than 12 with two instructors. Brochure: Blue Ridge Art Studio, Route 7, Roanoke, Virginia.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

PARIS AMERICAN ACADEMY OF MUSIC. Summer in France, July 1st to August 9th. For information: 25 rue Saint Didier, Paris 16, France.

CANADA. Combine a vacation and study at the Hockley Valley Summer School. Courses in the visual arts, performing arts and crafts. Junior centre for children of adult students. Variety of accommodation including camp grounds. Calendar from Hockley School, 602A Markham Street, Toronto 4, Canada.

TRAVEL

SAILING SCHOONER, Stella Boreas, cruising coast of Maine, Nova Scotia, Bay of Fundy, Grand Manan. Campobello Islands. Departing Rockland, Maine, each Monday morning, June 13th-September 12th. Accommodations $150-$200 for the week long sail. Reservations confirmed with $50 deposit. Address Captain Jotham Crane, Northcruise, Ltd., Dept. S, Rockland, Maine.

THIS AD + $7.00 daily entitles you to real value New York. Next time try HOTEL CENTURY, 111 West 46th Street, convenient theater and everything; 350 rooms, all with bath, radio, TV, air-conditioning. Double, add $3.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

MAINE WINDJAMMER CRUISES—6 memorable days carefree, exhilarating sailing on Schooners MATTIE and MERCANTILE. $99, June and September. $119, July and August. For free folder write Capt. Jim Nisbet, P.O. Box 617D, Camden, Maine. Phone Area 207-236-2938.

SPECIAL INTEREST TOURS. Archaeology, Art, Bird-watching, Bible Study, Castles, Fishing, Gardens, Golf, Music, Photography, Safari, Study and 40 other subjects. Catalogue from Spectours, 48 East 43rd Street, New York 10017.

TRAVEL

FOR A VACATION THAT LASTS, Rancho La Puerta, across the Mexican border in Tecate, Baja California, provides neo-rustic setting with complete accoutrements of health spa and family vacation resort. Vegetarian diet, special reducing dining room; fun exercise classes, fully equipped gym. Massage, facial department; beauty room. Riding, sports, craft classes, organized evening entertainment, etc. Guests may use optional clock schedule to ensure full, busy days. Guaranteed weight loss. Utter relaxation. New-found vitality. Rates nominal and phenomenal—$10 per day and up, three meals, all-inclusive. Only in Mexico. Staff of 100 for 150 guests. As featured editorially in LIFE, VOGUE. Operated by same management as deluxe Golden Door. See Chapter Seven, Doing it by Osmosis, in current best-seller, Overweight Society. New color brochure, write Rancho Vacation, Tecate, California. Telephone 354-1005.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE—$1.25. Rates, schedules 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21XS Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

BE OUR GUEST, guided tours, Boston area. SR Box S-351.

SAIL TO THE ISLANDS of Maine on Gloucester Schooner, "ADVENTURE." An unusual, informal, fun filled vacation, $125 weekly, all inclusive. Brochure. Capt. Jim Sharp, Box 696, Camden 7, Maine.

SAIL THE MAINE COAST. Historic Schooner, "Stephen Taber." Relaxed and informal vacation. $125 weekly. $100 in June and September. All inclusive. Write Stephen Taber Cruises, Box 561, Camden 7, Maine.

BACHELOR PARTY®—Worldwide cruises and tours for single people. Free 36 page catalogue. Dept. SR, Bachelor Party Tours, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . private bath, air-conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Moderate rates. Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write Hotel Bedford, 118 East 40th Street, for brochure.

SWITZERLAND—INDIA—NEPAL by deluxe bus. Guided tour throughout 13 countries, with stopovers in many fascinating places. Duration of journey about 60 days. All inclusive rate $1,367. Departure September 1st, 1966. The trip for those who like the unusual. Ask for detailed information from Gian Monsch, Switzerland-Nepal Overland Tours, CH 7076 Parpan/GR., Switzerland.

BOOKED FOR BRITAIN? Don't just arrive without knowing how to make the best use of your visit. Personal Host Tours Ltd., 44 Earls Court Road, London, W.8.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

SAIL AWAY ON SHENANDOAH. 5 glorious days of romantic adventure along the warm Southern New England coast. Good food, comfortable accommodations on new 108-foot topsail schooner. COASTWISE PACKET, Dept. 29, Vineyard Haven, Massachusetts.

TUDOR HOTEL, 304 East 42nd Street, New York 10017. On N.Y.'s fashionable East Side. One block from U.N. All transportation, churches, shops, theaters only steps away. All newly decorated accommodations have private bath, television and direct dial telephones. Old English lounge and restaurant is N.Y.'s favorite rendezvous. Singles from $7; doubles from $10 daily. Special family rooms featuring 2 baths and special rates for extended stays. Write for new brochure. 212-YU 6-8800.

EUROPE ON $5.11 DAILY. Newsman Planck's book, "How Two Do Europe," authentically documents experience of author and wife driving through fifteen enchanting countries on fascinating 16,800 mile vagabond trip at daily cost $10.22 for both. You would enjoy duplicating this delightful experience which unlocks secret of low-cost travel. Many leading travel editors say . . . "a must for planning and reference." $2.50 postpaid. Breniman Travel Books, Box 530-S, Santa Rosa, California 95402.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1679

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

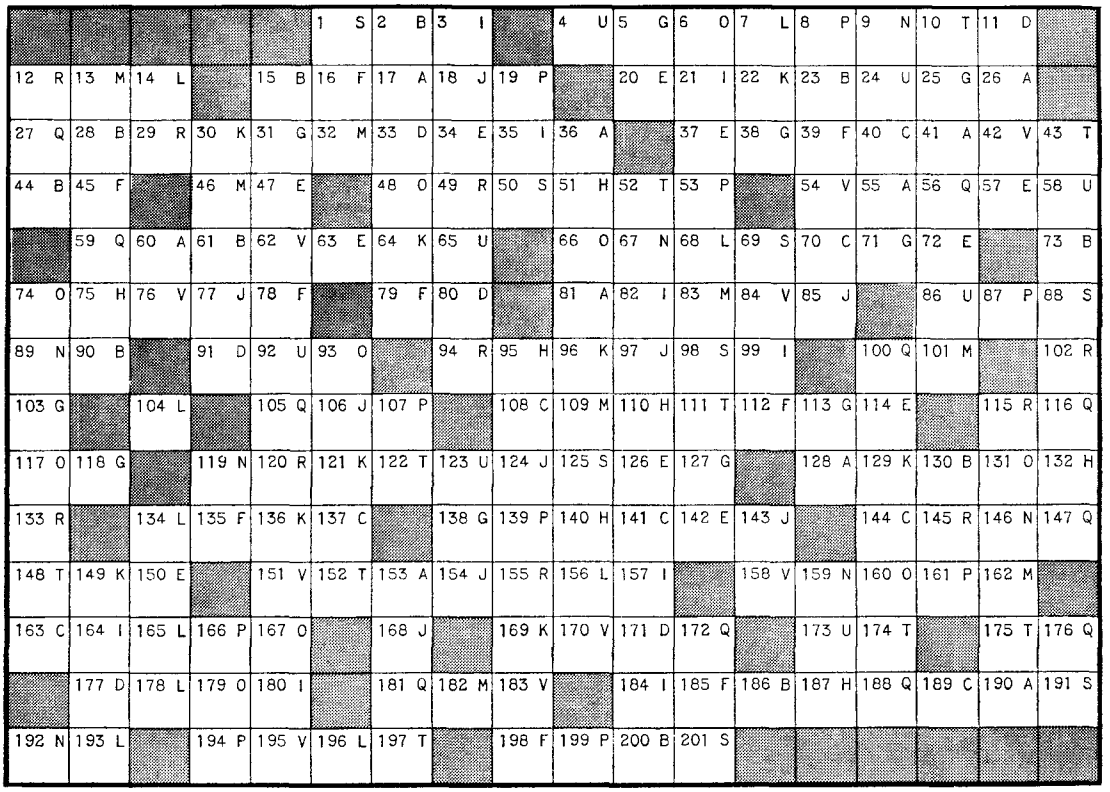
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Shameless and impudent audacity.	60 26 81 128 55 17 41 190 153 36
B. Large, heavy work animals, usually weighing over 1600 pounds and standing over 15 hands high (2 wds.)	200 61 186 15 73 2 28 130 23 44 90
C. Creature whose bill annoys one as does *a story with a moral appended*, acc'g to O. Henry.	189 163 137 144 108 40 70 141
D. Lacking proper vigilance.	171 33 177 91 80 11
E. One of Cole Porter's most popular songs, introduced in *The Gay Divorcee* in the Thirties (3 wds.)	72 37 150 20 34 126 142 114 57 63 47
F. Where many students live away from home.	45 79 112 198 16 185 135 39 78
G. Genealogical ramifications symbolized (2 wds.)	103 138 118 5 25 127 31 38 113 71
H. Economist's wd. for the power to satisfy human wants.	95 187 75 132 51 110 140
I. One outstanding orchestral and operatic conductor in America.	35 3 21 180 184 99 82 157 164
J. Of recent times (comp.)	154 168 97 77 143 124 18 106 85
K. Surround.	136 149 169 96 22 64 129 121 30

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Describing furniture which has been newly restored.	196 156 165 68 14 104 193 178 7 134
M. Army slang for a staff officer (2 wds.)	46 83 13 101 162 182 32 109
N. Small room set apart for private devotions.	159 89 9 192 146 67 119
O. In a different place from *this one*.	93 6 48 117 160 66 74 179 167 131
P. Residential suburb within New York City limits on Long Island, apparently named with reference to an Alfred Noyes poem (2 wds.)	161 166 194 53 199 8 107 87 139 19
Q. Achieve complete success in whatever one has worked for (3 wds.)	56 188 100 27 116 181 105 172 147 176 59
R. A settled and equable temper of the mind.	120 94 145 49 29 155 12 102 115 133
S. What traditionally existed bet. the Hatfields and McCoys.	50 98 191 125 201 69 1 88
T. Specifying a kind of *rendition* required by Art. IV, sec. 2 of the U.S. Constitution.	148 52 122 111 10 174 43 152 175 197
U. Monocle.	24 86 123 92 4 173 58 65
V. Category comprising certain turbines, a noria, etc. (2 wds.)	54 42 84 183 76 158 62 195 151 170

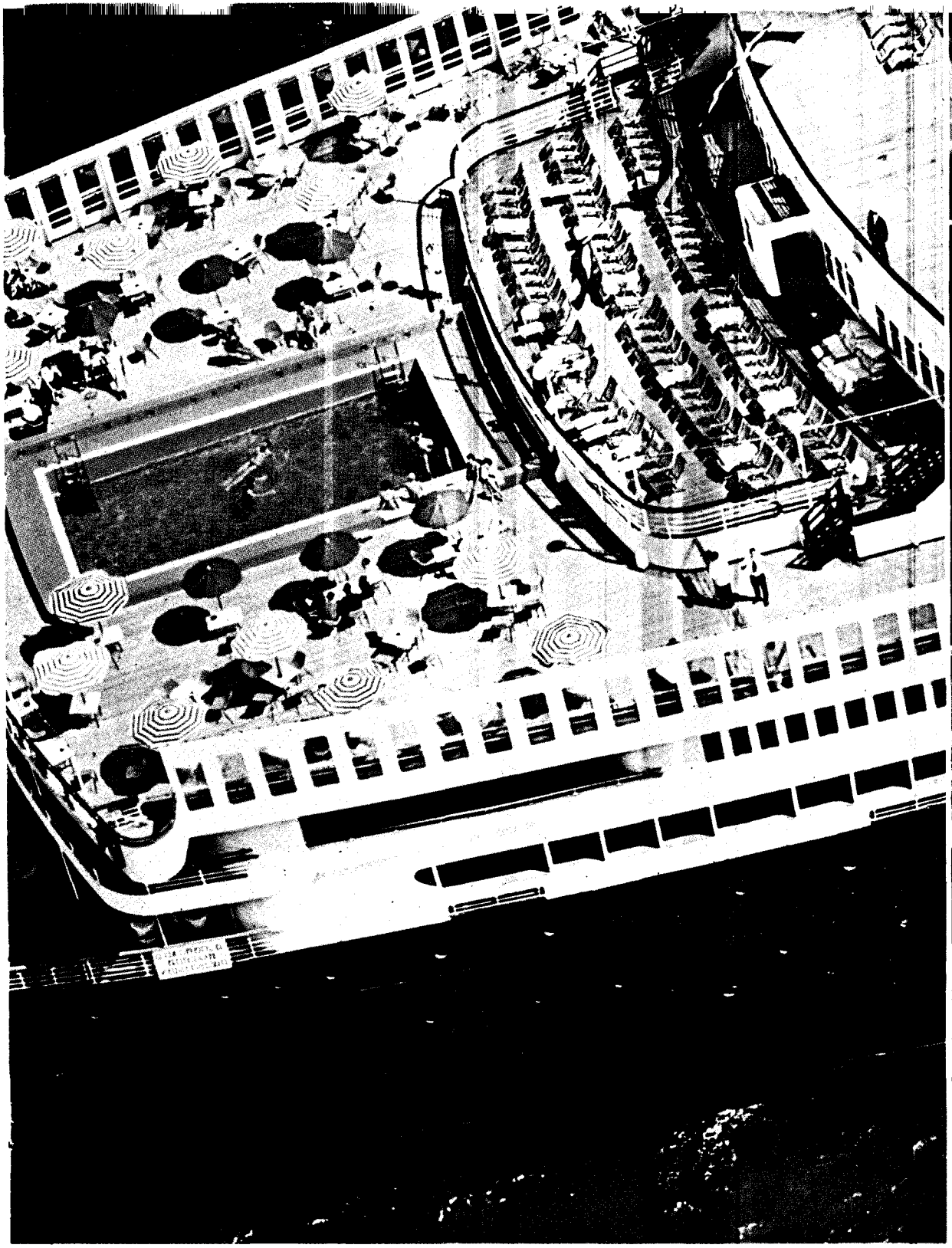
DIRECTIONS

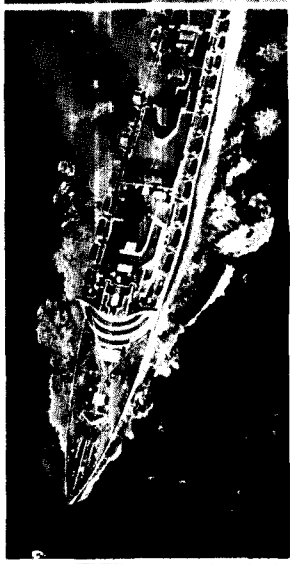
To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





big top

The biggest shows on earth aren't on earth at all—they're Cunard's Queen Elizabeth and Queen Mary plying the sparkling Atlantic. (Pictured, the glorious new Lido Deck of the completely air-conditioned Queen Elizabeth, that makes a crossing more than ever a 5-day houseparty to Europe.) The Queens reign as the biggest liners afloat by far, affording you more room for more pleasure. And it's all in the fare. Peerless international gourmet cuisine. Meticulous British service. Sports and games. Dancing. Nightclubbing. Rejuvenating and refreshing you as only the grand resort life at sea can do. Begin your vacation with a vacation. Sail. Soon. Big. Any Wednesday. **CUNARD QUEENS**

All Cunard liners are of British Registry . . . you'll appreciate the difference.
See your travel agent or Cunard: Main office in U.S., 25 Broadway, New York.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

Muelle Pescadores, Acapulco, Mexico

Fishing and financial situations well in hand

As this young sportsman brings in his first sailfish, Dad beams, relaxes while First National City Bank keeps a weather eye on his financial affairs back home.

He is one of Long Island's leading automobile dealers... a man of ability who, in consultation with his Attorney and his Trust Officer, has planned wisely for the future. We are Executor and Trustee under his Will.

Also, he has named First National City Bank as Trustee of a living trust for the education and future security of his teen-age son. Under this arrangement he may change or terminate the trust if circumstances should ever so dictate, and, at the same time continuing trust benefits are obtained. (The advantages of appointing the Bank as your trustee are many and varied, as our new booklet demonstrates.)

New booklet explains trusts. Our illustrated "Professional Planning for Your Personal Trust" outlines the uses of modern trusts, provides clear, typical "case histories". Perhaps it will suggest a productive application to your own situation. Why not write or telephone (212) 559-0191 for a complimentary copy—now while you're thinking of it? Ask for booklet R-26.

FIRST NATIONAL CITY BANK

TRUST AND INVESTMENT DIVISION • 399 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED